THE BOOKMAN

A MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

MAY, 1913

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Newcomers Old and New

As WE announced last month, this issue of the BOOKMAN is essentially a new writer's number. To new writers is devoted the greater part of this department, and special attention to first or second books is given elsewhere in the magazine. If among the new books there happens to be a genuine masterpiece or half a dozen genuine masterpieces the reader will have to turn to later pages to be informed of the fact. These paragraphs in the Chronicle and Comment are merely by way of introduction. Miss Robinson's first novel may be the find of the year, while Mr. Brown's initial venture may be unutterably dreary and badly written. For the moment these matters do not concern us. It is enough to present Mr. Brown and Miss Robinson to your attention, to tell you anecdotally and informally who they are. To be absolutely candid, in our opinion, the majority of the men and women mentioned here will, five or six years hence, be quite forgotten as literary factors by all save their immediate friends. But some of them will not. And it is those certain survivors—they may be few—who compel respect for any group of newcomers in the bulk. At that future time there will be a grim irony in the thought that writing for the BOOKMAN for May, 1913, we were greeting Mr. So and So, perhaps just a little patronisingly as a literary aspirant, and politely wishing him success.

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After all, there was the once-upon-a-time when all the great men and women of letters were newcomers. Suppose, for example, that about the year 1835 some one connected with the publishing enterprises of Messrs. Chapman and Hall had tried to interest the literary editor of the London *Times* or the editor of *Blackwood's Magazine* in a forthcoming volume of sketches by a young London newspaper reporter. Cannot you imagine the expression of amusement or of annoyance on the faces of these worthies and their disdainful comments? In the eighteen years and four months of this magazine's existence nearly every popular writer of the younger generation made his or her first appearance in these pages just as much an unknown and an experiment as any of the thirty or forty writers whose portraits are here reproduced. About the year 1898 we were just as hesitating and non-committal in our introduction of Mr. Winston Churchill, "whose forthcoming book is to be entitled *Richard Carvel,* and who published two or three years ago a little volume called *The Celebrity,* the hero of which is said to resemble closely a well-known novelist." Then, a year or two later it was Miss Ellen Glasgow, or Mr. McCutcheon, or Mr. Tarkington, or Mr. Stewart Edward White, or Mrs. Wharton, whom

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we were presenting with the same guarded reticence, the same care, lest we be misinterpreted as regarding that forthcoming first book as being of any importance whatever.

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Without committing ourselves in any way about the book, we can say that William C. Van Antwerp's *The Stock Exchange from Within,* published by Doubleday, Page and Company of Garden City, has had an astonishing response. Designed to defend the Stock Exchange from the attacks which have been so persistent in recent months, the Exchange itself and its friends have welcomed it splendidly. Although the book has been out but a short time it has received more than four hundred reviews and, strange to say, the best of them are said to have come from London. Mr. Van Antwerp traces his writing training back to the old familiar school—the newspaper office. He was born in Omaha, Nebraska, in 1867. His father was the rector of the first Episcopal Church to be established in that State. At the age of fifteen Mr. Van Antwerp entered the naval academy at Annapolis, where he enjoyed the distinction of standing at the foot of his class. In those days there was no navy in the modern sense of the word, and Congress passed a law that only the ten highest men in a class should be taken into service,—a law that has since been repealed. Accordingly, after serving the full four years' course, Mr. Van Antwerp found himself adrift with one year's sea-pay in his pocket and a career to develop. The first thing he did was to start a Republican newspaper in Arkansas, but the political atmosphere of that day in that territory was not especially hospitable and he soon found himself facing the world again without a dollar. The next few years he represented various newspapers and magazines in a roving commission throughout the far west which finally brought him to the staff of the New York *Times,* and thence to the Stock Exchange. He has been a member of that institution since 1889.

Another first book from Messrs. Doubleday, Page and Company is Frederick Ferdinand Moore's *The Devil's Admiral.* Mr. Moore's career has been varied enough to satisfy the taste of the most exacting lover of the adventurous. When he was fifteen he ran away to sea, shipping as a seagoing cowpuncher out of Boston in a cattle boat bound for Liverpool. Then for ten or twelve years he roamed the world by sea routes as soldier, sailor and newspaper correspondent. If it hadn't been for the Spanish-American War he believes that he would be a sea captain to-day, and if it hadn't been for the Russo-Japanese War, he probably would be an officer of cavalry in the United States Army. "Kipling and the blowing up up of the *Maine* made a soldier of me," he says, "and took me from the sea, for which I still have a weakness. Then the Japanese pulled off that little affair at Chemulpo just as I was ready to get a commission in the American army in the Philippines, things were happening which I wanted to see, and I took my discharge by order of the Secretary of War, and let the commission go, preferring to be a correspondent, which promised more action than soldiering for Uncle Sam. Away I went, pursuing the will o' the wisp of adventure, and after the Portsmouth treaty I found myself in San Francisco, waiting for the fire and other doings in April, 1906. Then I had to stay and see the city built again, and remained with a San Francisco newspaper until December, 1912. It was there that *The Devil's Admiral* was written, and its characters are some of the men I knew as shipmates from the day I passed Boston Light outward bound until the day I sat down at my typewriter to tell the story. I would go over the old routes again if I could—either as a sailor or a cavalryman, for both services appeal to me strongly.

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Harry Herbert Knibbs, the author of *Stephen March's Way,* published by Messrs. Houghton Mifflin Company, is a native of southern Canada. After fin-

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ishing his studies at an English Church School in Canada he went to Buffalo, New York, where he became a stenographer, working for several years at secretarial work and salesmanship. During this time he wrote a volume of verse entitled *First Poems,* which was published over the pen name of Henry K. Herbert. Having decided to make writing his life work, he went to Harvard, where he specialised in English under Dean Griggs and Professor Bliss Perry. In Cambridge he and his wife lived on thirty dollars a month. During a whole year they never once used a street car, but walked round Boston and the suburbs. During the Harvard years he spent several seasons in the Maine woods. His wife always accompanied him, and they fished, hunted and canoed in the northern part of the State. In 1911 they went to California, where they now live. Generally speaking they spend all their spare time in the woods and mountains. Once they took a seven months' trip through California, equipped with a camp wagon and two saddle ponies. Mr. Knibbs has never hired a guide, and has never suffered hardship through becoming lost for any length of time. He once refused a position on a New York newspaper, giving as his reason that he could not write editorials and could not accept two hundred dollars a month as the price of outdoor liberty. Owing to their experiences in the wilderness, they are able to live for any number of months or years in the woods on fifty cents a day for each of them.

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Max Rittenberg, the author of *The Mind Reader,* published by the Appletons, is an Australian, in his early thirties. He was educated at Cambridge, and after leaving the University entered London journalism. He describes himself as a confirmed wanderer, with a curiosity to know why Americans don't bring their railway systems up to European standards of comfort.

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Charles McEvoy, the author of *Brass Faces,* a first novel, published by Houghton Mifflin Company, is the son of the late Captain Ambrose McEvoy, of the Bureau of Ordinance, Richmond, Virginia. He was born in London thirty-three years ago, and began his writing work as the editor of a children's page in an evening newspaper. Although this is his first novel he has written several plays. The first of these was *David Ballard,* which the London Stage Society produced five years ago. George Bernard Shaw characterised the play as a great play and its author as a genius, and when he himself wrote *Misalliance* he openly stated that it was more or less founded on *David Ballard.*

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From sources other than the publishers we have heard that Edmund C. Bentley's first novel, *The Woman in Black,* is a very good story indeed. Mr. Bentley collaborated with G. K. Chesterton and Hillaire Belloc in founding the weekly paper *The Eye Witness.* Though still under forty his experience has been varied, both in the literary field and out of it. He is an Oxford man, and when an undergraduate was president of the Oxford Union. This is the University debating society, and Mr. Bentley describes it as "for all the world like the House of Commons, but brighter." At Oxford he also started a weekly paper, and became a keen oarsman. After leaving the University he read for the Bar, and was called, but the only money he ever earned from the law was a prize in the qualifying examinations. Following the example set by Mr. George Warrington and many subsequent inhabitants of the Inns of Court, Mr. Bentley took to newspaper work. He joined the *Daily News* staff in 1901; and left it for the *Daily Telegraph,* where he is now the chief editorial writer in 1912. He had written a good deal of verse for *Punch,* contributed regularly to a literary weekly, a light illustrated weekly, an automobile weekly, and to the *Fortnightly Review.*

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John A. Moroso, whose first book, *The*

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Quarry, is published by Little, Brown and Company, of Boston, is a product of that school which has contributed so much to American fiction—the daily metropolitan newspaper. For years he was police reporter and the writer of special articles on the New York *Press.* To this field he turned naturally enough, for his father, John A. Moroso, Senior, was one of the editors of the Charleston *News and Courier.* Mr. Moroso is by birth a South Carolinian. He was educated at "The Citadel," Charleston's famous military academy, where he was poet of his class. As a police reporter he saw life in the prison van and became familiar with the workings of the law and its use and misapplication by those in authority. Although *The Quarry* is his first book, he has contributed during the past two years a number of short stories dealing with the underworld to the magazines. He is described as the sort of man "who delights in strenuous outdoor labour." He lives in a cottage in New Jersey, where he does all his writing before the break of day, and then with the coming of the dawn he turns gardener.

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George K. Stiles, the author of *The Dragoman,* a first novel published by Messrs. Harper and Brothers, is a Baltimorean and a graduate of the Johns Hopkins University. After living several years in the West he became an editorial writer on the Baltimore *Herald.* About four years ago he went to Europe to live first in London and then in South France. Then he went to Egypt, where he donned native garments and disguised by these and his own dark complexion he was able to penetrate among the people in a way impossible to the ordinary tourist. Also from the Harpers comes *The Bend in the Road,* by Truman A. DeWeese. Mr. DeWeese was born in Miami County, Ohio. His practical education on the farm was supplemented by academic studies at Dayton. He was for years a newspaper man and a frequent contributor to magazines. He was appointed Director of Special Publicity for the St. Louis World's Fair in 1908. Another Harper first novel is *The Wings of Pride,* by Louise Kennedy Mabie. Mrs. Mabie is the daughter of a journalist, and began her writing career by short stories for the newspapers and magazines. She was born in Cleveland, but has lived most of her life in or near New York. Outside of her writing she has a strong interest in music.

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Earl Derr Biggers is the author of *Seven Keys to Baldpate,* which is issued by the Bobbs-Merrill Company of Indianapolis. Although this is his first novel, and he is only twenty-eight years of age, he had been writing ever since he was a sophomore in Harvard, when he sold his first short story to a magazine. He has been a practical newspaper man and special writer, and the author of one play, *If You're Only Human,* which was first produced in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, last Thanksgiving Day. Another new author presented by the Bobbs-Merrill Company is Mrs. Nina Wilcox Putnam, the author of *The Impossible Boy.* She was born in New York, but lived in Europe until she was six and had to learn English. She never went to school and her education was gleaned entirely from reading books obtained from the public libraries under the direction of William Dean Howells. When she was eleven years old she wrote her first story, which won a New York *Herald* prize competition. Scattered stories and verses by her have been published in *Munsey's, Ainslee's, Smith's, Harper's Weekly* and elsewhere. Mrs. Putnam gives an interesting list of her dominant beliefs. First of all she believes in votes for women, and then she believes that women should be economically independent.

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Again from the Bobbs-Merrill Company comes *The Lovers of Skye,* the first novel from the pen of Frank Waller Allen. Mr. Allen is a Kentuckian. He was born about thirty years ago among

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WILLIAM C. VAN ANTWERP ("THE STOCK EXCHANGE FROM WITHIN")

FREDERICK FERDINAND MOORE ("THE DEVIL'S ADMIRAL").

MAX RITTENBERG ("THE MIND READER")

HUMFREY JORDAN ("THE JOYOUS WAYFARER")

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MRS. HENRY BACKUS ("THE CAREER OF DR. WEAVER")

DELLA CAMPBELL MACLEOD ("THE MAIDEN MANIFEST")

MARGARET TURNBULL ("W. A. G.'S TALE")

VERA NIKTO ("A MERE WOMAN")

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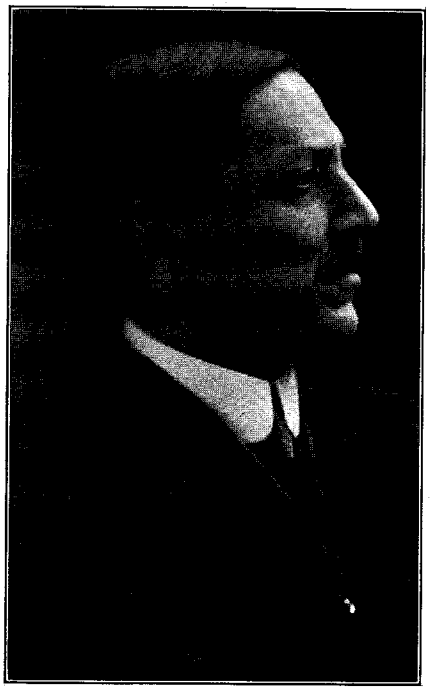
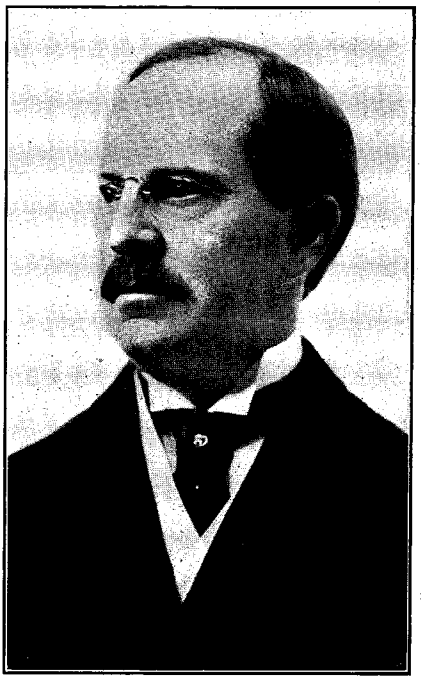


JOHN A. MOROSO ("THE QUARRY")



TRUMAN A. DE WEESE ("THE BEND IN THE ROAD")

T. EVERETT HARRÉ ("THE ETERNAL MAIDEN")

W. RILEY ("WINDYRIDGE")

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EARL DERR BIGGER ("SEVEN KEYS TO BALD-PATE")

FRANK WALLER ALLEN ("THE LOVERS OF SKYE")

FRANK L. PACKARD ("GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN")

MAX EASTMAN ("THE ENJOYMENT OF POETRY")

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ETHEL SHACKELFORD ("THE JUMPING OFF-PLACE")

NATALIE S. LINCOLN ("THE LOST DESPATCH")

FRANCES NIMMO GREENE ("THE RIGHT OF THE STRONGEST")

RACHEL HAYWOOD ("THE HIPPODROME")

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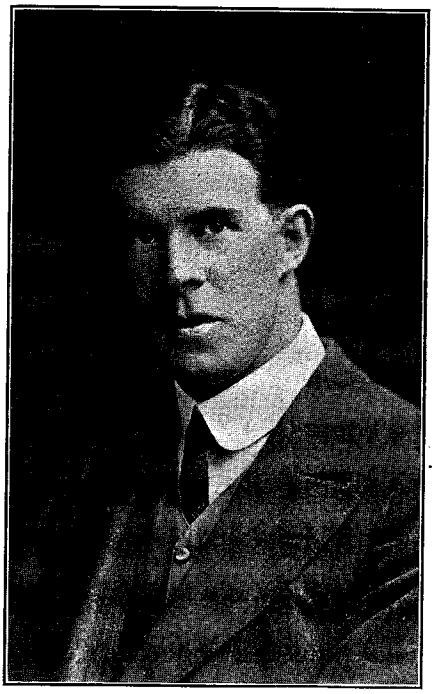
From an etching by Augustus John
CHARLES MC EVOY ("BRASS FACES")

JEAN FINOT ("THE PROBLEM OF THE SEXES")

ROBERT DULL ELDER ("THE SOJOURNER")



E. C. BENTLEY ("THE WOMAN IN BLACK")

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LOUISE KENNEDY MABIE ("THE WINGS OF PRIDE")

ELIZABETH STOTESBURY HUTCHINSON ("A PAIR OF LITTLE PATENT LEATHER BOOTS")

MRS. T. P. O'CONNOR ("LITTLE THANK YOU")

EVELYN VAN BUREN ("PIPPIN")

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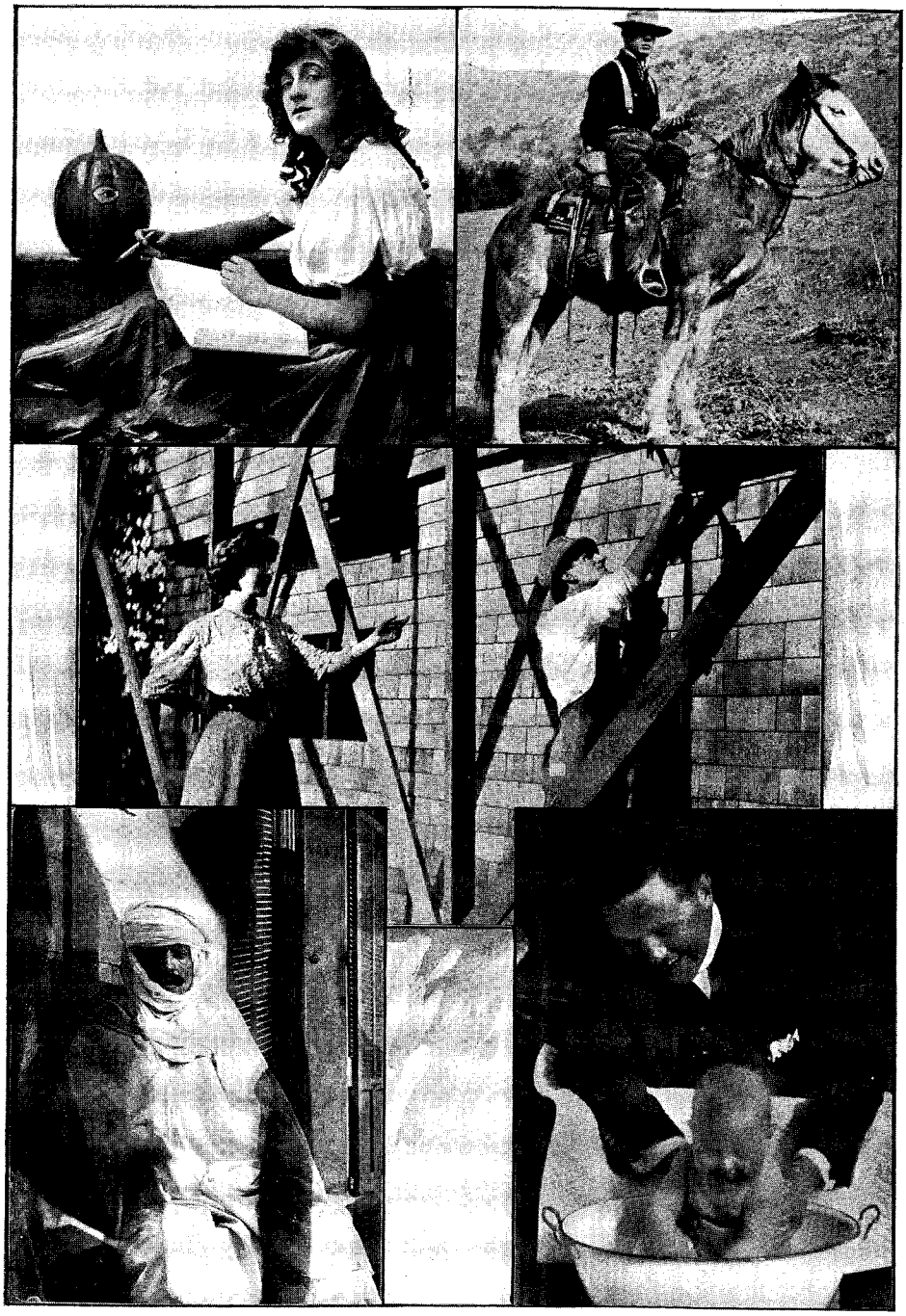

ELSIE JANIS ("LOVE LETTERS OF AN ACTRESS")
HERMAN WHITAKER AND WIFE ("THE MYSTERY OF THE BARRANCA")
GEORGE STILES ("THE DRAGOMAN")
HARRY H. KNIBBS ("STEPHEN MARCH'S WAY")
GEORGE PATULLO ("THE SHERIFF OF BADGER")

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the scenes that he describes in his story. He attended Transylvania University, Lexington, Kentucky, an institution of which there is much mention in the novels of James Lane Allen. At seventeen Frank Waller Allen was a cub reporter on the Louisville *Times*. Later he became a special writer on the Louisville *Courier Journal*. Then he went to Kansas City and was on the staff of the Kansas City *Journal* for about six months, after which he changed to the Kansas City *Times*, where he remained for two or three years as reporter and literary editor. According to Mr. Allen, Skye actually exists. In reality it is Ghent, Carroll County, Kentucky, which is to be found in the very large atlases and which is a town of about five hundred inhabitants. All that part of the Ohio River Valley about Skye was originally settled by the French. It was the field of the scene of the old French War. In February, 1790, some six hundred French immigrants set sail from Havre de Grasse, and some months later settled in Gallipolis, Ohio, a town not far from Skye. Although *The Lovers of Skye* is Mr. Allen's first novel, he has already published two books of verse, *Back to Arcady* and *The Golden Road*.

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The stage this season contributes, as usual, its share of new authors. First there is Miss Elsie Janis, whose initial venture in the writing field, *The Love Letters of an Actress*, comes from the press of Messrs. D. Appleton and Company, of New York. Miss Janis, we think, needs little or no introduction. Then there is Miss Evelyn Van Buren, whose *Pippin* is published by the Century Company. Miss Van Buren describes herself as a Michigander by birth, having some claims to the titles of Coloradoan and New Yorker. A graduate of the Sargent Dramatic School, she has played both in England and America. She made her début with Nat Goodwin in *The Cowboy and the Lady*, and since has appeared in London in Sir John Hare's production of Pinero's *The Gay Lord Quex*, and with George Alexander in *If I Were King*, and *Paolo and Francesca*. Before she could succeed in England she had to conquer her American accent, which is an insuperable obstacle to many of our actresses who try their fortunes abroad.

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Messrs. L. C. Page and Company, of Boston, issue *The Career of Dr. Weaver*. The book is the work of Mrs. Henry Backus, of Cincinnati, and is described as dealing with certain modern conditions in the medical profession which constituted the principal topics of discussion at the convention of surgeons held in Cincinnati in March. Like Miss Evelyn Van Buren, to whom reference has already been made, Miss Margaret Turnbull began her career by taking a course in a New York dramatic school. She was determined to become a playwright, and knowing no one in the theatrical world she prepared for her work in this way. Then she joined the local stock company for six months in order to gain the requisite working knowledge of the stage. She collaborated with William C. DeMille in *Classmates* and wrote *The Stronger Claim*, which was produced last year with Edith Wynne Mathison and Richard Bennett in the leading rôles. Her first book, *W. A. G.'s Tale*—published by Houghton Mifflin Company, of Boston—was written according to her account as a "rest cure" between plays. Another new writer with leanings toward play-writing is Miss Della C. McLeod, whose first book, *The Maiden Manifest*, comes from the press of Messrs. Little, Brown and Company of Boston. Miss McLeod is a newspaper woman, at the present time writing on the New York *Press*. The title page of *Mere Woman*, published by the Appletons, bears the name of Vera Nikto. Vera Nikto is, however, merely a pseudonym.

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Two women authors whose first books come from the press of the George H. Doran Company, of New York, are Ethel Shackelford and Rachel Hayward. Miss Shackelford's book is *The Jump-*

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ing-Off-Place. The author was born in Denver, and spent her girlhood on a cattle ranch in New Mexico. From those early surroundings is taken much of the colour of *The Jumping-Off-Place*. Miss Shackelford wished to become a singer, and studied for six years in Boston and Dresden. Confronted with the practical problem of earning her living, she turned to writing and did musical criticism for the Denver *Times* and feature articles for the Boston *Evening Transcript*. Rachel Hayward, the author of *The Hippodrome,* is an English woman. She was born in London and brought up in the Isle of Wight. The education of the conventional kind she received was very limited. Like Miss Shackelford, her early ambition was to be a singer. But this had to be given up, owing to ill health. While living in a country rectory near Chichester, Sussex, Miss Hayward met the original of the heroine of *The Hippodrome*. The book was begun there, and finished in a workman's cottage near Lille, in the north of France, in a colony known as a "hotbed of anarchists," where the author learned to know them and even wrote articles for anarchistic newspapers.

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Without saying anything about the book we can endorse *Little Thank You* as an excellent title. It is the first work of Mrs. T. P. O'Connor, the wife of the well-known British political leader, invariably referred to by the man in the street "Tay Pay." Mrs. O'Connor is an American woman by birth. The same publishers who are bringing out Mrs. O'Connor's book, G. P. Putnam's Sons, of New York, also issue Jean Finot's *Problems of the Sexes*. Although M. Finot has previously written a volume entitled *The Science of Happiness,* which is well known to French readers, *Problems of the Sexes* is the first volume from his pen to make its appearance in an English version. Also from the Messrs. Putnam comes *Patchwork Comedy,* by Humfrey Jordan and *The Hero of Herat,* by Maud Diver. Although these two are sent to us as new authors we hardly think that, strictly speaking, they can be regarded as such. Mrs. Diver's novel deals with India and Afghanistan before the outbreak of the first Sikh war, and *Patchwork Comedy* is described as introducing an accomplished blackmailer. Still as we say the only way that we can accept these as first books is by dismissing the two authors' earlier work as being of decidedly minor importance.

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"The Castle of Zenda"

A conspicuous step in the development of the Moving Picture was the recent presentation by Mr. Daniel Frohman of Anthony Hope's *The Prisoner of Zenda* in a series of films which carried Rudolf Rassendyl from his London Club through his adventurous journey to the Kingdom of Ruritania and back again. The pictures, which extended over about two hours' time, followed Anthony Hope's story much more closely than did the play that was first presented about seventeen years ago. They were made in Westchester County, New York, and the cast was an unusual one, with Mr. James K. Hackett, who took the leading part, after Mr. E. H. Sothern, in the play, appearing in the dual rôle of the English hero and the weak king. Although some persons have tried to trace its inspiration to Robert Louis Stevenson's *Prince Otto, The Prisoner of Zenda* is unquestionably the pioneer in a certain very active field of romantic fiction. On that account perhaps it has much to answer for, but its individual vitality is amazing. Although nearly twenty years have elapsed since it appeared to win fame for Anthony Hope, there is now hardly a year in which several thousand new copies are not sold in some form or other.

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The Prisoner of Zenda was taken rather seriously in its day. Possibly that was because the avalanche of imitation had not yet begun. Back in 1897 a certain Mr. Howard Ince made it the basis of an article which he contributed to

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COUNCIL CITY NEWS

Vol. 3. No. 14. COUNCIL CITY, ALASKA, JUNE 13, 1903 Price 25c.

First Boat Arrives at Nome

Corwin Drops Anchor at 7.30 This Morning.--Railroad from Solomon to Council Assured.

By Telephone from A. E. Boyd. Nome correspondent to the Council City News.

The first steamer to land at Nome for the year 1903 was the well-known coaster, Corwin. She dropped anchor in the Nome roadstead this morning at 7.30. She left Dutch Harbor on June 8 and was preceeded from that place by the Oregon, Senator, St. Paul and a number of other vessels engaged in the Nome trade.

The railroad from Solomon to Council is assured. Dr. De Sota, who formulated the scheme, sold out his interest to a syndicate of capitalists headed by A. Gibson of Philadelphia, and the rolling stock, rails, and other equipment have been shipped on the Jeannie, which vessel left Seattle on June 1. If possible the road will be completed this year.

The Wild Goose Mining & Trading Co's railroad at Nome, has been sold to the Pioneer Mining Co. and J. W. Kelly.

The Corwin brought 52 passengers, many of whom are old-time residents of Nome.

It was learned from some of the Corwin's passengers that Frank Price was shot and killed, last March, in California. No details of the occurrence had been learned when the News went to press.

At 11-o'clock this morning the ice at Nome was 12 miles out to sea and was breaking up rapidly.

At 1.30 to day no more steamers were in sight at Nome.

BIG ICE JAM ON NEUKLUK

Water Raises Four Feet In a Few Minutes.

At 11 o'clock Thursday evening an immense ice jam broke loose from somewhere in the upper river and for an hour floated past Council, raising the water several feet and completely floooding River street and the water front. The grinding, crushing chunks of ice presented a grand spectacular effect, but for a few minutes it was thought that it would prove destructive to the buildings on the water front. Large chunks weighing several tons began to bump against the water front sidewalk, the residents become alarmed and hasty preparations for removal were being made when the water began to recede, leaving enough ice on the sidewalks to furnish the city with one of the component parts of cocktails for the coming summer.

Job Printing at the News Office.

Hydraulic nozzles and hose couplings. Tom Wa'cott's.

AN EXCITING EXPERIENCE

Two Men Nearly Drowned In Ophir Creek.

Two men and a span of horses narrowly escaped a watery grave Thursday afternoon on Ophir creek. Steve Reddy, who by the way could not swim a stroke to save his soul, and Ed. Fleming were desirous of crossing the creek at claim No. 3 above. Fleming was driving a team and wagon carrying about 500 feet of hose and he induced Reddy to accompany him across the stream.

When the conveyance reached the center of the stream, the wagon box floated off, carrying Reddy with it, but Fleming hung on to the lines. Reddy and the wagon box floated down stream about 100 yards, when the box overturned, precipitating him into the stream, but fortunately he landed on a submerged island, where the water did not reach above his collar button, and from which place he was ultimately rescued.

Fleming, the hose, horses and wagon became almost inextricably entangled and floated still further down stream in a wriggling, struggling mass which eventually drifted to the bank. Bob Shaw and some other miners quickly disentangled Fleming from amongst the horses, hose and other material, and then rescued Reddy from his dangerous predicament. The wagon box was hauled out of the Neukluk opposite the Beach saloon.

Will Go Into Retirement.

Anton Reith, who, some time ago, by mistake or otherwise planted the blade of a large hunting knife between the ribs of Jerry Driscoll, was sentenced by Judge Moore on Monday last to a term of four years penal servitude. Reith will leave for McNeil's Island on one of the first boats.

Dick McArthur Dismissed.

The indictment rerurned against R. A. McArthur on a charge of "salting" a claim has been dismissed by District Attorney McGinn. Mr. McArthur is expected back in Council in a few days.

REST FROM THEIR LABORS

Grand Jury Files Report.--Richards "Roasted."

It is learned by telephone that the grand jury have ended their labors, and several residents of Council who expected either an indictment or a subpoena will breath a sigh of relief. So far as can be learned no more indictments were returned. Their report, filed last evening, severely criticised Marshal Richards and some of his subordinates. They also excoriated Ex-Chief of Police Jolly. The office of the clerk of the district court was found in excellent shape. Judge Moore adjourned Court Wednesday, expressing his intention of going to the states on the very first boat that leaves Nome.

Notice of Meeting.

A public meeting will be held at 8 o'clock Wednesday evening June 17, in the Arctic Brotherhood hall, for the purpose of discussing the advisability of procuring a townsite patent, and to devise plans to accomplish that end. Every property holder in Council is requested to be present.

D. D. GARVEY,
Chairman.

THE FARTHEST NORTH NEWSPAPER. THE "COUNCIL CITY NEWS" WAS FOUNDED AND PUBLISHED BY MR. J. J. UNDERWOOD, THE AUTHOR OF "ALASKA, AN EMPIRE IN THE MAKING." BEFORE HE COULD SET UP HIS PLANT MR. UNDERWOOD HAD TO DRIVE HIS LOAD OF PRINTING OUTFIT FOR MILES OVER THE SNOW IN A TEMPERATURE OF SIXTY DEGREES BELOW ZERO. THERE WERE SOME STRANGE ADVENTURES, FINANCIAL AND PERSONAL, IN THE EARLY DAYS OF "THE NEWS," BUT FROM THE FIRST THE PAPER WAS A SUCCESS.

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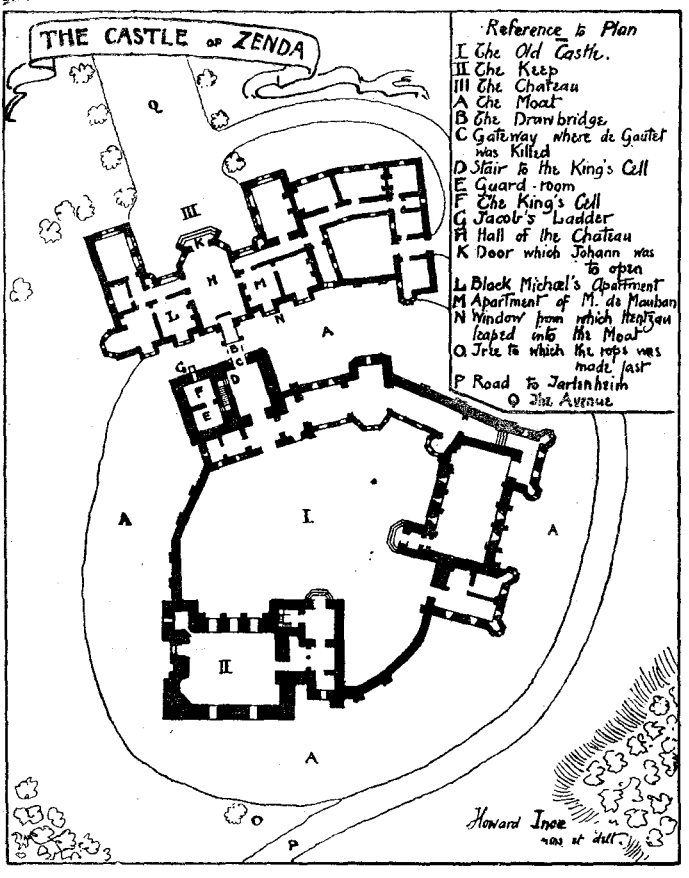

PLAN OF THE CASTLE OF ZENDA

the *Architectural Review* under the title "Architecture in Poetry and Fiction." He also designed the accompanying plans for the purpose of enhancing the value of his observations. Referring to the plans based on Anthony Hope's descriptions, Mr. Ince said, "It is an elaborate and complicated piece of design. Even Mr. Hope gets a little confused." He continued:

He tells us that, as "the play actor" stood in the shadow of the gateway watching the fight between the Duke and Rupert of Hentzau in Madame de Mauban's apartments, he heard a stir down to the "right," in the direction of the King's cell and Jacob's ladder. Now a reference to the plan will show that as these were nearly opposite the Duke's apartments on the other side of the drawbridge, and Rassendyl would naturally stand with his back to the gateway of the old castle to look across to the chateau. The King's cell was on his left hand. This position, too, would leave his sword-arm free for the swift and deadly stroke which slew de Gautet. One would have thought, too, that Hentzau would have noticed this corpse lying in the gateway when he climbed up after his plunge into the moat and defied the Duke's retainers from the reinstated drawbridge, but there was little light so early in the morning, and Rupert was "drunk with blood." The author may well be proud of his splendidly constructed piece of architecture. He must have studied it long and carefully.

• • •

Mr. Pickwick

That the moving-picture camera would be turned on Mr. Pickwick and his comrades against the actual backgrounds of their adventures was inevitable. The adventures have been described in such detail that it is still easy to identify many of the original scenes. The old English inns, in many instances, stand unchanged in any essential detail, the charm of the English lanes and the quaint village streets still justifies Dickens's description of them. The theatrical company which enacted these scenes from Pickwick for the moving-picture camera travelled back and forth

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for many weeks in search of the proper historic setting. The accompanying photograph, taken at random from the films, will be quickly recognised by all lovers of Dickens. After suffering from the several unfortunate encounters with the wily Messrs. Jingle and Trotter, Mr. Pickwick, it will be recalled,

MR. PICKWICK STARTS FROM HIS HOME IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURE

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learned that the precious pair were stopping near by at the Angel Inn, at Bury Saint-Edmunds. Accompanied by the faithful Sam Weller, he hurried to the town and procured lodging without disclosing his name, and, as he imagined, his identity. His enemies are alert, however, and despite these precautions, Sam is deceived by Trotter in the famous pump scene, and the adventure at the young ladies' academy follows. The comedy is played in and about the original Angel Inn at Bury Saint-Edmunds, even the courtyard being utilised to lend the last touch of realism.

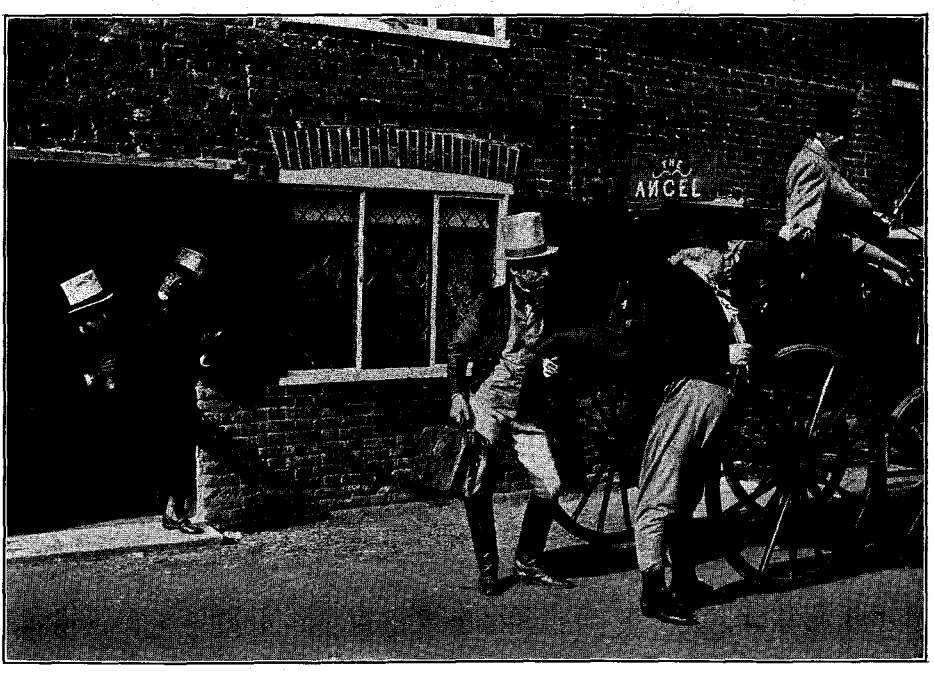
• • •

Thackerayana

One by one the choiest bits of Thackerayana are finding their way to this country, and they seem destined to remain here permanently. Three years ago the celebrated Postage Stamp picture of the English Royal Family was bought by an American at auction in London for three hundred and sixty-two dollars. At a sale in Philadelphia late in March it was resold for eight hundred dollars. Despite the marked increase in price considering the short time that elapsed between the two sales the price does not impress us as being high or even adequate in view of the circumstances connected with the making of the sketch.

• • •

The Postage Stamp picture shows twelve members of the British Royal Family on parade, with Queen Victoria and Prince Consort Albert at the head. One day Thackeray was lunching at Folkestone with Lady Knighton, and suggested that they have a bottle of wine. "Champagne at luncheon! Oh, no, Mr. Thackeray, I shan't allow it," said the lady. But Thackeray was not to be dissuaded. He argued his own thirst, of-



MR. PICKWICK AT THE ANGEL

"The coach rattled through the well-paved streets of the handsome little town of thriving and cleanly appearance (Bury Saint-Edmunds) and stopped before a large inn situated in a wide open street, nearly facing the Abbey. 'And this,' said Mr. Pickwick, looking up, 'is the Angel. We alight here, Sam. But some caution is necessary. Order a private room, and do not mention my name. You understand.' "

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fered to drink the greater part of the bottle, and finally promised Lady Knighton a shilling if she would consent. That bribe could not be resisted, and the wine was ordered. The next day Thackeray sent her the shilling in the shape of twelve penny postage stamps with the head of the Queen in red. He cut the head out of each, and pasted the stamps on paper. Her Majesty's body was finished with pen and ink. Another head was supplied with a moustache and was made into a resemblance of the Prince Consort, while the other ten, by means of clipping with the scissors and pen additions, complete the Royal Family from the then Prince of Wales down. In the background there is an outline sketch which, without doubt, is meant to be Windsor Castle.

• • •

In a recent issue of the *British Weekly* there is a contribution to the old topic of what Thackeray thought of Dickens and Dickens thought of Thackeray. It is well known that Thackeray frequently expressed his admiration for Dickens during the lifetime of them both. When Thackeray died, Dickens wrote a tribute to his memory in the *Cornhill Magazine*. But did Dickens ever commend the work of Thackeray while Thackeray was living? That is the question that puzzles "A Man of Kent," who refers to Francesco Berger's recently published *Reminiscences, Impressions, and Anecdotes*. Mr. Berger tells that he dined with Dickens at the Garrick Club on June 16, 1857. Mr. Berger says:

"As we were finishing, a tall, square-shouldered man entered the room. Dickens immediately rose, went to greet him, and brought him to our table. It was Thackeray! and I was introduced to him."

Mr. Berger also mentions that he met Thackeray at the house of Charles Dickens in Tavistock Square. He tells also that he attended Thackeray's lecture on "Week-day Preachers" on July 22, 1857, at St. Martin's Hall.

"Then, to my great delight, I heard him make that wonderful pronouncement which has become so well known, and is as often misquoted. He said: 'The other day my daughter said to me, "Pa, why don't you write books like Mr. Dickens does?" and I replied, "I only wish I could."' This is the exact wording of the tribute paid to the genius of Dickens by the lips of Thackeray, and *I heard him say it.*"

Mr. Berger's insistence that he heard it himself is entirely superfluous, a fact of which "A Man of Kent" seems to be unaware. The tribute can be easily found in Thackeray's lecture on "Charity and Humour," which was delivered for the first time in Yonkers, New York, the evening of November 30, 1852.

• • •

Old Letters

There is mention of many famous literary names and much fragmentary literary anecdote to be found in the two volumes of *The Letter Bag of Lady Elizabeth Spencer-Stanhope* which is edited by A. M. W. Stirling and published by the John Lane Company. The letters, which extend over a period of sixty-seven years, form a sequel to two previous publications, *Coke of Norfolk and His Friends,* which appeared in 1906, and *Annals of a Yorkshire House,* which was published two years ago. In the early chapters of the present series the reader has glimpses of the old world and the old manner,—the writers concern themselves with the doings of the Court and the dandies, Brummel, Alranley, and the rest, with matters of government, and with the menace of the great Napoleon. Byron is a familiar figure here. We see him at a brilliant masquerade at Burlington House, given July 1, 1814, in honour of the Duke of Wellington, clad, sombrely but effectively, in the dark flowing robes of a monk, a striking contrast to the magnificence of the other merrymakers.

• • •

A letter of 1844 describes Disraeli

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DAUDET'S MILL. IN THIS PICTURE AN AMERICAN WRITER, H. M. DAVENPORT, THE AUTHOR OF "THE LIKABLE CHAP," IS STANDING AT THE DOORWAY. OVER THE DOOR ARE THESE WORDS OF DAUDET: "TO MY MILL, WITH ITS DEAD WINGS, I COME BACK TO DREAM OF FUTURE NOVELS."

and his devoted and elderly bride, the latter "in a lace dress, looped up on each side, and a wreath on her head, though I should think near fifty." She had been giving the company an account of the scenes between Sir Bulwer Lytton and Lady Lytton, and her own ineffectual attempts to reconcile them. Curious glimpses of Dickens and Carlyle in the presence of their sovereign are given in an undated letter which apparently was written about the year 1860.

I was told the other day that when Dickens had an interview with the Queen, she kept him standing all the time, and although kind in her manner, treated him *de haut en bas,* not even offering to shake hands with him when he took his departure.

With Carlyle, the case was somewhat different. The old Scotsman calmly took the initiative. Having greeted the Queen with due respect on her entry, he observed confidentially—"And noo, your Majesty, I would remind you that I am a verra old man, and so *I will tak' a cheer!*" and down he sat without any permission on her part. He then, with equal freedom, proceeded to criticise her ministry and give her much unsolicited advice, which, nevertheless, showed a foresight she might with advantage have made use of.

The Queen, however, was much affronted at his freedom of speech, and after the interview declared that she would see no more literary men!

• • •

Not exactly a matter of literature, but still of significant interest just now is the account given in these pages of the reception of the waltz in England. In 1812, it attracted universal attention and roused a storm of opposition. General Thornton of the First Regiment of Guards, who was one of its earliest advocates, having ventured to praise it at a fête given that year by the Countess of Buckinghamshire, was violently attacked by Theodore Hook, who declared that the obnoxious dance "calculated to lead to the most licentious consequences." The result was a duel between General Thornton and Mr. Hook, on account of which the former was forced to resign his commission.

Subsequently in the *Sporting Magazine* a correspondent who signs himself *Hop* denounced in unmeasured terms the dance which "to the disgrace of sense and taste, has obtruded itself into the whole circle of the fashionable world." It was, he pointed out, "a will-corrupting" dance, it was "a compound of immodest gesture and infectious poison . . . and while no Englishman would refuse currency to German music, this disgusting interloper must be dismissed and exported again to the soil whence it came duty free." Even though the Czar Alexander made it fashionable amongst a certain set at Almack's, so great was the horror with which its growing popularity was regarded, that the practicability was even discussed of getting up a petition to Parliament to prohibit an innovation which might be viewed as a national danger, since it was considered to threaten most seriously the whole moral tone of the social world.

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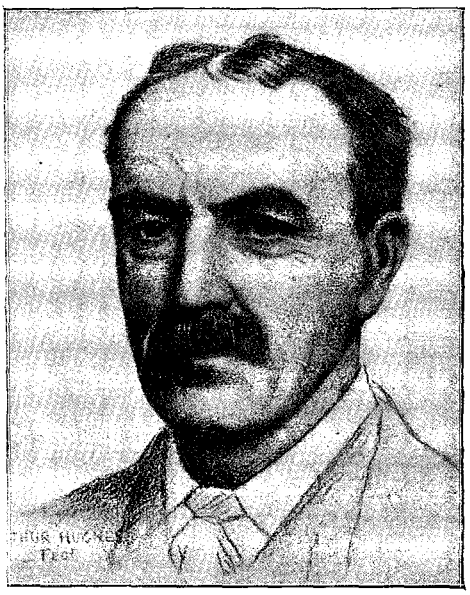
"Mark Rutherford"

The late Mark Rutherford (William Hale White), who died a few weeks ago near Tunbridge Wells, England, at the advanced age of eighty-three, began his literary career with a contribution to *Chambers's Journal,* which cradled so many eminent writers in its day. The article was entitled "Births, Deaths and Marriages," and appeared in the issue of March 6, 1858. Mr. White had an official position in the Registrar-General's office, Somerset House, and the article arose out of his experiences in his work. Of the archives of Somerset House he then said: "Here lies the real history of the English people for the last twenty years. My history's epochs are my birth, my marriage, and the memorable days when Tom and Jack, Susan and Jane, came into the world and gathered round me. The history of the nation may be in Macaulay or in the columns of the *Times,* but the history of the people is in the Registrar-General's vaults at Somerset House."

• • •

Describing the careless and irregular method of registration at Somerset House previous to 1837, and contrasting it to what prevailed in 1858, Mr. White cited a number of pathetic and ridiculous entries. An illegitimate child was named Alpha and Omega, while names occurred that sounded like school nicknames, such as Kidnum Toats, Lavender Marjoram, Patient Pipe, Talitha Cumi, Fussy Gotobed. But the strangest of them all was Lama Sabachthani Pressnail. The Crimean War was responsible for such names as Malakoff, Sebastopol, Redan, Inkerman, and Balaklava, and an abundance of Florence Nightingales. The marriage registers disclosed some amusing entries, such as "ceremony begun, but not finished, the marriage being broken off;" "bridegroom so drunk that the marriage could not proceed." A "Lamb" married a "Lion;" "Nightingale" wedded a "Partridge;" "Mutton" was linked to "Ham;" and the strange complaints of



MARK RUTHERFORD

which some people die included "hanged himself in a fit of temperate insanity from excessive drinking."

• • •

Mr. White once took the public into his confidence and gave his experiences of house building in a letter to the London *Spectator,* January 27, 1877; and Mr. Ruskin reprinted this letter in *Fors Clavigera,* styling it admirable, and containing nearly all "I have to affirm as to the tap-roop of economy, namely house-building." But as far back as March 18, 1865, Mr. Thomas Hardy, then an unknown young architect, had contributed his first paper to *Chambers's Journal* on a similar theme, which he called "How I Built Myself a House." Conan Doyle also made his first literary essay in the pages of *Chambers's Journal,* as did George Meredith with his first attempt at verse in 1849, and as at a much later date did Stanley Weyman. Mrs. Lynn Linton, before and after her marriage, was a contributor to *Chambers's* and while still Elizabeth Lynn she described "The Chateau of Monte Cristo" in 1856, and had papers on "Art Gossip" (1857) and "Suicide in France," pub-

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lished in the columns of the magazine. Few periodicals could boast of having published so many first contributions by writers who afterward became famous. *Chambers's* at one time was a kind of reservoir for rising talent, much of which came to maturity elsewhere. It numbered a curious motley among its contributors: lords and ladies, priests and lawyers,—one day, indeed, Mr. James Payn, while editor, recorded the communications had been received from a bishop, a washerwoman, and a thief.

• • •

The Old, Old Story

So long as men write books and other men illustrate them there will always be discord and inconsistency in the world. Yesterday it was one novel, to-morrow it will be another, to-day it happens to be Booth Tarkington's *The Flirt* that puzzles us, trying to reconcile text and illustrations. The drawings for that book are the work of Clarence F. Underwood, and first of all we want to congratulate Mr. Underwood on the various pictures of Cora Madison. Some years ago we picked, from the fiction of a twelfthmonth, those heroines who most appealed to us as presented by the illustrators. If we were to indulge in the same whimsical fancy for 1913 we don't think any newcomer would be likely to supplant the charming little virago, drawn by Mr. Underwood, and facing page 20 and page 34 of Mr. Tarkington's text.

• • •

But having said this we feel at liberty to find fault. Without being unduly exacting the reader has the right to expect a certain amount of "team work" on the part of author and illustrator. We do not attempt to place the responsibility, but it seems not unreasonable to ask that the writer pay some attention to the picture or the illustrator to the text. If, in *The Flirt,* Mr. Tarkington was writing around Mr. Underwood's pictures, he was conspicuously careless. For example, to take the scene of the story. From the text the reader would naturally believe Capitol City to be a town such as Indianapolis, or Toledo, or Cleveland, or Columbus, or Buffalo, or Detroit. There can be no doubt about that. From the moment Valentine Corliss walks up Corliss Street in his white serge suit the urban note is struck, and the very first page informs us that Corliss Street esteems itself an established cosmopolitan thoroughfare. But one illustration showed us a village school on that street, and another presents one of the street's backyards pitched in a wilderness with the moon rising in the west. In a word, from the text Capitol City is a big, smoky city, and from the illustrations it is a hamlet. But that is not all. In one place the author described a house as being heated by grate fires. Having seen the radiator in the illustration we know better. The author wrote of a man leaning against a bed. It wasn't a bed, it was a desk, and we can prove it by the illustrator. Then the text was entirely wrong in placing that man on the porch, for from the picture he was obviously under the trees. Finally, Mr. Tarkington seems to have been entirely wrong in describing Mrs. Madison as middle aged and worn out, for a mere glance at that half tone shows that she was some years younger than her daughters. All of which may seem captious and trivial. Some persons thought so when, years ago, we pointed out the absurdity of an illustration showing a surgeon in a hospital operating in a frock coat. Yet we feel that a reader has the right to ask for a little better "team work."

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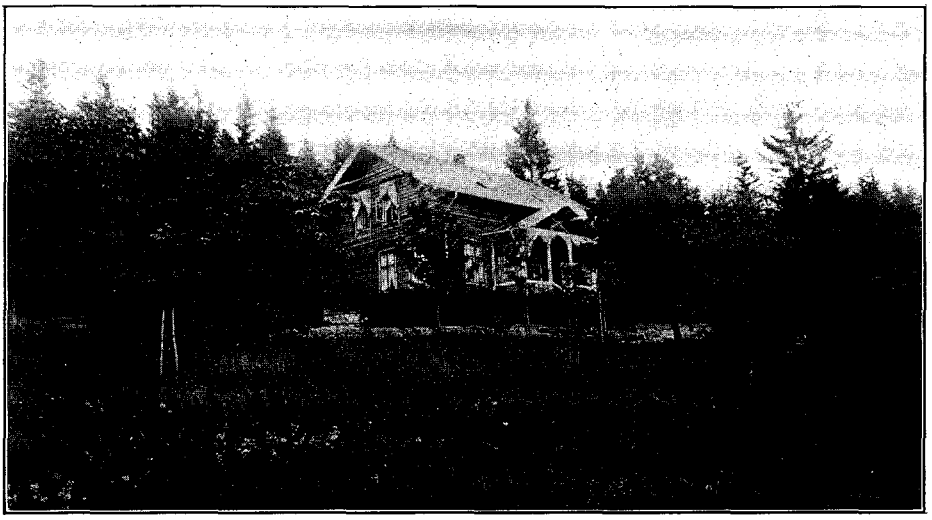

DR. SONTUM'S SUMMER HOME AT GREFSEN, A WATERING PLACE NEAR CHRISTIANIA, WHERE IBSEN OFTEN VISITED AND WHERE HE LAID SOME OF THE SCENES OF "JOHN GABRIEL BORKMAN"

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF IBSEN

BY BOLETTE SONTUM

To the ordinary student of Henrik Ibsen—especially in America—he presents two characters—one the purely intellectual Ibsen, pitting an intensely Scandinavian mentality against an age overstrained with sentiment, himself grappling for the realities of life to find them shadows, and yet unable to offer any curative philosophy beyond the vitalising sympathy of genius, which made his own creatures more real than these realities; Ibsen, the intellectual Prometheus, peering with intense vision into the windows of humanity's cottage for the glow of his own fire, but himself always the outsider, aching for the warmth of human love and kind fellowship, yet numbed beyond their penetration.

The second characterisation of Ibsen commonly develops with more intimate study. It adds the superficial personality of a genius whose idiosyncrasies were bred of his very simplicity—Ibsen frightened at an interviewer, rude to strangers, grunting at praise, yet childishly vain of the Ribbons of Order rainbowed across his breast; Ibsen with hair like an electrified porcupine's quills, to whom the safety of his silk hat and glittering tan shoes momentarily overbalanced the entire welfare of the universe.

What would Henrik Ibsen, the philosopher of reality, say to this? Possibly he would hurl some fierce thunderbolt that would set every noun and verb in Norway bouncing! But Henrik Ibsen, the dear old friend with the trembling smile, Ibsen, our "dear old Doctor," who could share each tragic sorrow over this dolly's lost eye and that dolly's lost wig as no other grown-up could; Ibsen, who added to his carefully chosen Christmas gift for each of us some loving thought, who remembered us when we were ill and whose inner life was a beautiful expression of fatherly concern for all who were dear to him. Surely he

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would turn to his play-time friends for champions.

It is unfortunate that a true appreciation of the great-hearted "porcupine" can be shared only by those who have had the privilege of growing up beside his knee—and what Ibsen liked most—deeming it with youthful impunity no privilege at all. We loved Ibsen with sure childish instinct, and the great man, around whom everybody trembled in awe and admiration, was to us just a lovable, loving old friend.

The relation between Ibsen and my family was a long established one. Years before he was even a conspicuous figure in Christiania or the major star in that brilliant constellation of neighbours—Björnson, Lie, Grieg and Kielland, he used to live in my great-grandmother's house as director of the theatre in Bergen. Ibsen was very fond of this great-

Photograph taken by the writer of these recollections

ELLEN SONTUM AND IBSEN AT SANDEFJORD, THE GREAT NORWEGIAN WATERING PLACE

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grandmother and took a keen interest in all her children. One son particularly fascinated him. He was a wild, roving fellow full of the traditional Norseman's love of the sea. To Ibsen the tide of this life forever rolling from coast to coast symbolised the life force of the water itself. In *The Lady from the Sea* at last he had trapped this rover as "The Stranger" into a permanent habitation.

To show Ibsen's fastidious care of the feelings and the making public of personal peculiarities of others, I quote this letter written to my father attacking the Danish author Herman Bang's statement that Ibsen had made a character sketch of the same great-grandmother. The letter is dated March, 1895.

DEAR DOCTOR SONTUM:

My attention has been called to an article by Herman Bang in a Danish review, that very likely arises from a friend's recollections of my stay in Bergen as director of the theatre there. This article is unreliable from beginning to end. And it is particularly a false conjecture that I should have taken several of your grandmother's traits for the use of portraying a character in one of my plays. For one year I lived in your grandmother's house and for six years I daily ate at her table. Always have I encompassed her with grateful devotion and with unlimited esteem in every respect.

Yours very sincerely,

HENRIK IBSEN.

When Ibsen returned from abroad in 1891 the then merely social acquaintance with my family became an intimate one. It was at my uncle's house that he met my father, then a young physician, and when that winter Ibsen was taken ill he sent for my father, who attended him then and became his friend and physician until my father's death in 1902.

From that day Ibsen came a great deal to our house, and I remember well the first time we children were allowed to see him. We were at my uncle's. My little brother and I were to play a duet sonata by Beethoven for the famous guest. We were both very frightened. I can still feel my fingers getting cold as they touched the keys.

When we rose I sent a timid, beseeching glance to the old man standing in the doorway, in his long black frock coat with the broad lapels, which he always wore with the pride of a dandy. He came over to us at once and said: "How wonderful, how wonderful!" so kindly that our dread for the great, silent old man disappeared at once. To him the simplest accomplishment of a child was always a wonder. No doubt it was our complete self-possession that awed him. Ibsen's real knowledge of the music was little better than our own.

He had no idea of how to treat children, and addressed me by the formal "De" (you) instead of the familiar "Du" (thou) when I was only eight years old. That winter he came often to our home for dinner with a few other friends. He was always very prompt and never, like the rest of the guests, counted on a late dinner hour in a physician's house. I remember once we children went in to speak to him while he was in the drawing-room. My mother was called out and my father was still busy with his patients, no other guests arrived, so we felt it our own duty to entertain our guest. My younger sister promptly asked, "Would you like to play dolls with us?" Ibsen wrinkled his heavy white eyebrows, but in a moment was ready, looking as though he were going to do a serious job, but meant to do it well. She trotted out of the room and soon came back loaded with dolls, dolls of all sizes and in all conditions, dolls with heads and without. She placed them all in his lap, told him all their names, giving him a maternal account of their rag and bisque tragedies.

One specimen, the doll Mette, who was perhaps worse looking than any, had once been a great beauty in a wonderful red and white dress. Now she was headless and legless and of course my sister's pet. Mette had to have an honorary position on Ibsen's knee. My father opened the door just as the mas-

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ter of the great *Doll's House* was taking all our dolls for a ride!

In the summer of 1892, while Ibsen was at work on the *Masterbuilder,* the first play since *The Pretenders* written in Norway, he often took a holiday and drove out to the sanatorium "Grefsen," where my father was resident physician. Nothing could be more convincing of Grefsen's tonic air than this fact that Ibsen actually drove out to get it. His fear of driving was a byword in Christiania. However, only one particular horse and one driver were trusted. Certainly he had little to fear from their energies. As the funny little rig came creeping up the valley slowly and laboriously like a very tired snail, it creaked and swayed with the roughness of the roads. Then the whole grotesque little outfit took up the motion—the old horse nodding from his ears to his tail, the fat lazy little coachman droning in his half sleep, the reins lax in his pudgy hands, his cap with its silver band tick-tocking like a pendulum. And behind on the soft, worn cushions sat Ibsen conjuring up every accident possible to unrestrained speed. At one certain turn the road smoothed itself out like a well-ironed cap whose frills were the intricate masses of flowers that bordered our cottage.

Right here I used to run down to meet our old friend. And each time we regularly repeated our mutual greetings. "Welcome to Grefsen!" I would call out, very cautious with my best muslin dress and my most ceremonious curtsey. "Goddag, goddag," he would call back, his whole face lighted up with smiles. Promptly he would open the low door —"You will drive the rest of the way, my little friend?" Then I would spring up to the back seat more respectfully than timidly. "No, no, right here beside me," Ibsen would urge, and I, trembling with happiness, quickly obeyed, murmuring: "No, no; perhaps I had better not." "Grunt—grunt," he would reply. Each time he came we had our little comedy. Surely his sense of the dramatic was gratified in one small farce.

As Ibsen's utter fastidiousness in dress and all matters of the toilet is proverbial I cannot help telling of the dreadful fate that overtook me the day I was allowed to wear my wonderful red leather boots just come from Vienna to run down and greet him. As I hurried over the rough country-roads the tight little shoes with their toothpick heels began to hurt cruelly. I called on my pride as a crutch. "Ibsen will see my boots. He will be glad" I said again and again, until one last twinge brought me to the ground hastily tugging them off, too unhappy to have stood them a moment longer even for royalty's self. While I stood—my poor feet still bare—the little carriage and my old friend's famous silk hat glittered before me. That one day I did not wait on formalities. With a bound I accepted the offered seat beside him and sat, my bare toes tucked under my skirts, the red boots proudly held in my lap—glad, perhaps, that they were even more conspicuous than before.

Ibsen keenly appreciated the queer, whimsical fancies of children. Meeting him down town in Christiania one summer day, my father and I accepted his invitation to lunch at the Grand Hotel. I was just nine years old and no fairy palace could have held more wonders than that hotel for my first visit. While carefully studying the waiter as a possible genii, I discovered his manner of serving with a napkin loosely tucked under his arm. The next time Ibsen had tea with us I saw my opportunity. As I passed him a plate of sandwiches I quickly tucked my own napkin waiter-fashion under my arm. He looked at me solemnly, yet quickly catching the spirit of my adventure. "Won't you sit down," he asked, to show his approval. "Waiters don't sit," I replied seriously. After this whenever we met he always asked: "Waiter, will you sit?"

In the summer of 1893 Ibsen and Grieg met at our home at Grefsen, and were together for the first time in many years. Grieg had come back to Norway from a sojourn in Germany, tired and utterly worn out. His physician had

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ordered the air at Grefsen instead of his own delightful place, Troldhaugen, near Bergen.

That 15th of June Grieg celebrated his fiftieth birthday with us. Ibsen was not present that day, but later one Sunday in July, while he sat on our little porch, Grieg walked over to see him. I can never forget that meeting. Ibsen was sitting on our veranda looking at the glorious panorama—the black Asker mountains brushing their firs against the intense blue sky, the broad lapped fjord holding its islands like jewels flashing their fires to colour the broad white sails as they skimmed over the water.

Ibsen sat brooding, solemn and melancholy. But suddenly his face lighted up radiantly as Grieg, light-hearted and buoyant as a sunbeam, tripped up the steps. The two masters clasped hands. They had not met for years and there was a shot of questions and answers as between two boys, Ibsen's deep basso vibrating thunders to Grieg's piping Bergen soprano. Half serious, half jesting, they discussed the plan of Grieg's setting *The Vikings at Helgoland* to music.

After dinner at the Sanatorium we induced Ibsen, in behalf of the balmy summer afternoon, to walk with us to the "Little Outlook," a particularly choice viewpoint on the Grefsen plateau, which commands an excellent perspective of Christiania miles below in the valley. Ibsen walked very slowly, his shoulders stooped, one hand against his back, the other clasping the gold head of his walnut stick. This stick was as personally associated with him as his big, gold-rimmed spectacles. These he had twisted so that the left eye always seemed larger and more drooping than the right and really exaggerated the severity of his piercing gaze. The stick itself was a necessary complement to the glasses, as his near-sightedness made him helpless one step beyond his immediate vision.

We walked very slowly on his account, especially when climbing the last steep round of the mountain. Finally, we came up breathless but rewarded with the inspiring view of the fjord. Ibsen sat down heavily on a rustic bench under one distinctly black fir, whose craggy, dead branches cut appealing grotesques against the blue sky. As the evening clouds melted slowly in a soft harmony of after-sunset yellows, the farm bells tinkled their call to suppertime. We sat there breathless, hearing their plaintive little bleats, like tired sheep coming home for the night. This walk he has immortalised in his play, *John Gabriel Borkman*. Before Borkman dies he takes his sister-in-law, and together the pair of lovers follow the path of this little walk to sit on the rustic bench under the black fir for a last glimpse of the city, with its great factories, in whose smoke and grime ambition has choked his life. It was just so that Ibsen saw them that day from those clear heights where the tragedy of Borkman's misspent genius was conceived.

In the winter of 1894 *Little Eyolf* was given at the old Christiania Theatre. Ibsen and a few intimate friends, among whom were my mother and father, went to the first night performance. *Little Eyolf* was one of the few plays of which Ibsen saw the première, and his presence added to the excitement of the packed house. As his plays always created such a duel of applause and protestation, Ibsen was very nervous about the reception of *Little Eyolf*. He kept saying to my mother, who sat next to him: "Do let us get out before the curtain goes down." It was always a torture to him to see his own plays, for, though the acting was superb, he could hardly judge the merits of the characters, as they never seemed real to him through the medium of the actors after the vitality of his own imagination. *Little Eyolf* was received with great enthusiasm and the curtain calls were many, but, though they clapped persistently, the audience was not able to make the author appear. Finally, the stage-manager promised to give their congratulations personally to him.

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Ibsen, meanwhile, was driving to the Grand Hotel in a shabby little sleigh as fast as one plodding horse could carry him through the streets. It was snowing heavily, a real Norwegian winter-night, the very sky seeming to melt down in soft white flakes.

When Ibsen reached the "Grand" he was very much overcome by the performance and exceedingly nervous. He begged my mother to order the supper for him, and seemed like a child asking for protection. The hearty food and some good wine soon raised his spirits. When my mother, still full of the play, said: "Poor Rita, now she has to go to work with all those mischievous boys!" Ibsen replied: "Do you really believe so? Don't you rather think it was more of a Sunday mood with her?" He really looked doubtful himself. Then a storm of conversation burst in, everybody thought this and meant that and finally my father raised his glass and asked if they did not think they ought to give the author a chance at his own opinion. Ibsen, now in very high spirits, spoke freely and joked with them, and it was long after midnight when his guests saw the celebrated dramatist to his home.

The only other remark I can recall him ever making of his own plays was in discussing *Love's Comedy* with my mother. "But Svanhild should not have engaged herself to Guldstad," she protested. "Console yourself, dear friend," he replied, "the next day she will have a *rendez-vous* with Falk!" My mother was fortunate enough to enjoy his boyish love of little jokes. He especially loved to tease her about her enthusiasm for his characters.

Among the many little notes which we have from him (he loved the pretty courtesies of life and was strictly faithful to them), I find this one written to my mother on her birthday to offer an exquisite bouquet of roses. She had written the article here referred to for a Norwegian newspaper in October, and although her birthday was the 23d of May, he still remembered it.

23 May, 1895.

DEAR MADAM:

Please receive my heartiest wishes for the new year. And beside the wish and hope for unwearied progress along Literature's honourable but also thorny path.

In friendship and affection
An older colleague.

Ibsen never forgot my mother's birthday, and no greeting was more regular than his good wishes to her. As a coincidence he died on her birthday, eleven years later, in 1906.

Another point of Ibsen's character—apparently unappreciated—was his extreme punctiliousness in money matters. The following is a letter written to my father, in which he presses his point with a wit as charming as his obligation was sincere. It is touching to remember that his first care in the new century was for the welfare of others.

Kristiania den 4-1-1900.

DEAR DOCTOR SONTUM:

I can no longer submit to parading on your list of arrears as an unreliable debtor from the last century. As you take no step to see yourself righted, I take matters into my own hand and allow me to send you the enclosed amount as a compensation for your trouble and loss of time. The renewal of youth which you have helped me to, I would not be able to pay with its weight in gold. A happy New Year to you and yours.

Yours very sincerely and indebted
HENRIK IBSEN.

It is a great surprise to many who inquire into the domestic life of Ibsen that his wife, Fru Susanna Daae Thoresen Ibsen, is so little known outside a close circle of friends. But owing to her poor health she was and still is obliged to live almost entirely on the Continent. In this misfortune as invalid she figured little in society, but when the chance afforded she was always extremely hospitable and her keen virile mind was not only a spur but often a stirrup to Ibsen.

I can remember clearly one celebration where both presided in their home.

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It was Ibsen's birthday, an "open house" day to all his friends in Christiania. When we arrived at the usual reception time in Norway, between twelve and two at noon, we found Mrs. Ibsen in a black silk dress, presiding over a heavily laden feast table on which every kind of cakes, fruit, wines, and hot chocolate centred about a huge white frosted birthday cake. The large drawing-room was filled with noted authors and artists and their mirth rang to the high ceiling. Ibsen did not remain with the guests, but every little while would reappear to shake hands and sit for a few moments with each new group—until the personal excellence of each speaker was so clamorously impressed upon him he would withdraw again.

That particular afternoon the guests, especially the women, questioned Mrs. Ibsen on every possible point of his domestic life. Once, she casually mentioned his reading the Bible. "Does Ibsen read the Bible!" they all cried, as if it was beyond belief. Nor would they be satisfied until they saw a large copy beside the writing desk in his huge book-lined study, whose simple furniture and precise order was the best indication of his mental clarity. "I read the Bible for its language," he muttered, gazing fiercely at them as if they had suddenly turned to a yard of cackling hens. We ourselves knew that Ibsen was a faithful reader of the Bible, as the worn pages of his own large volume bear testimony.

It was some years before this particular birthday that I met young Mrs. Ibsen at this same house. Her marriage as Bergljot Björnson, oldest daughter of Björnstjerne Björnson, to Sigurd Ibsen, the master's only child, revived in Norway the dramatic feud of the Capulets and Montagues, for the enmity between Ibsen and Björnson was personal as well as literary. The only time I myself recall seeing these two rival captains together was at the opening of our National Theatre in Christiania, on September 1, 1899.

This was, of course, a great event in Christiania. For more than half a century attempts had been made to establish a National Theatre. Ibsen and Björnson were the first to fight the Danish influence on the Norwegian stage and produce Norwegian plays acted by Norwegian actors. They had both, with intervals, acted as director of "Christiania Theater." Here most of their plays were presented first, but the stage was not large enough nor did they have any modern theatrical properties to give the plays a worthy setting. It was, therefore, a personal triumph to Ibsen and Björnson to take their masterpieces to a home where they could be given an ideal execution, not only to their countrymen, but also to the many travellers who visit Norway and for whose benefit special performances of Ibsen's and Björnson's plays are given in August and September every year.

At the close of a beautiful September evening, with the stars shining clearly, despite our long twilight, we caught a first glimpse of the new theatre, its yellow brick walls and heavy granite pillars lit by six huge torches flaming against the balcony. Directly in front were the life-size statues of Ibsen and Björnson, which had been unveiled in the afternoon. Among the many notable guests who flocked to the opening performance, Ibsen and Björnson were the heroic figures. As they passed through the crowd it waved to right and left, at each whisper: "There goes Ibsen," "Here comes Björnson."

When the two masters finally took the honorary seats in the front orchestra row, the whole house cheered wildly. Björnson, tall, handsome, very much the King of the feast, bowed gracefully to each salute. Ibsen sat rigid, looking straight at the curtain, nervously tapping his chair. The first evening of the three days' festivities was devoted to Ludwig Holberg, the father of Norwegian literature, the second to Ibsen with a presentation of *The Pretenders,* the third to Björnson with *Sigurd Jorsalfar.* Ibsen and Björnson talked intimately between the acts of the first night, but neither expressed any valuable sentiments beyond congratulations.

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The summer 1898 we went to Sandefjord, an excellent watering place on the Christianiafjord. Ibsen published his last play, *When We Dead Awaken,* in 1899, and he has chosen the scenery of Sandefjord for its first act. Here the insane Irene wanders about, followed everywhere by her nurse, the black-clad deaconess. By a strange coincidence Ibsen himself had to go to Sandefjord under my father's care the next summer and was attended by a deaconess, whose sombre garb attached her character physiologically to Irene's attendant.

Ibsen had been ill in the spring and wanted to spend the summer where he could have my father right at hand. Shortly after his arrival erysipelas in the foot developed and his condition was so critical that Mrs. Ibsen had to be summoned from Italy. The beautiful old place, "Hjertnes hovedgaard," was secured for his retreat, and here he could enjoy the privacy he so much loved. He recovered rapidly, however, and we soon had the pleasure of seeing him at our table again.

While he was ill we were allowed to pay him short visits. My youngest sister was then only three years old and a very popular little pet among the patients. She had heard so much about the big man and was anxious to see him. One day when my mother went to take tea with Mrs. Ibsen she brought little Ellen with her. While Mrs. Ibsen and my mother were chatting, Ibsen was busy in his study with some letters, and as the little girl thought the tea-time very long and tedious, she left them to hunt for the big man herself. Ibsen was just stepping out on the veranda with his nurse, when little Ellen came peeping in the door. When she saw him, she stopped short, opened her baby lips round, and said: "Oh, are *you* the big man!" Her little face showed how disappointed she was, that every great man was not a great big one. Ibsen was much amused and winked at his nurse. To make up for the little one's disappointment he took her around to his study, and as he never knew how to treat children or what to give them, he offered her some claret. Shortly afterward she came tripping out to my mother, her eyes shining from the wine: "I have had such a good time with a *little,* kind man, in there!" she said.

I knew Ibsen hated to have snapshots taken of himself, and I dared not use my camera without asking permission. One day when he came down the Hjertnas Promenade at his usual time, I stood inside our gate, kodak in hand. He called out to me: "What are you doing there with that thing in your hand?" I called back: "I hope to get a picture of none less than yourself." "Wait a bit," he said, and started to brush the dust from his coat, looked down at his shoes, which were tan that day, and then he sighed.

Since his illness my father had ordered a special shoe for him, flat and broad. He did not like these, as they were not nearly as neat as his own patent leathers, but he was partially consoled when my father told him that he could have them tan. "How do you want me to pose?" he asked, with a last glance at each detail of his toilet. When I saw that he was quite ready, I snapped briskly, fearing each minute that he would change his mind. When the films were developed, I saw to my life's sorrow that I had focussed my lens too close and only his bust was taken and not the tan shoes.

As I was ready to snap a second picture my little sister came running down the street. Ibsen tried to catch her and asked why she was in such a hurry. "It is dinner time," she replied. "Papa says I must get there early to-day, before the old doctor comes." As he paused a moment, his hand on her shoulder, I snapped them so together, such a tender study of the weatherbeaten oak gnarled and snow-crowned and the sweet young violet smiling its springtime face full of love and confidence toward a world full of storms. Ibsen himself must have wondered as he looked at the prints which I sent him later, in his last sickness.

Ibsen was so regular in his habits that he might have been called the clock of

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the neighbourhood. Although he was seventy-two years old he was as regular on the Hjertnes Promenade at noontime as on Carl Johan in the early nineties, passing the University clock at the tick of two. When my sister said one day: "The old doctor is my clock," it so pleased Ibsen that he told my father that he thought his little daughter was extraordinarily intelligent.

The last day of our summer vacation he had a special dinner for us, as my mother, too, was going to the city. He slyly gave us children champagne when our parents did not look our way. In a little speech he thanked us for the pleasant summer and hoped we would study hard and please our teachers. We all said "Skaal" and felt tremendously proud to be treated just like grown-ups.

That fall Ibsen sent my father a large photograph of himself with this lovely dedication: To my friend and saviour, Doctor Sontum, as a small remembrance of the summer 1900, in Sandefjord.

4-11-1900.

He always took great pains with his writing, and this little letter shows how he has first ruled the pencil lines by which he could write perfectly straight. Ibsen was almost seventy-three years of age and still weak after his illness when this was written.

In the fall Ibsen's health began to break down again. I went to see him a couple of times and he looked pale and thin, but was still interested in everything. He asked about my studies and was I to be confirmed in October? It is customary in Norway to give presents on this occasion, and Ibsen every day asked my father to be sure to get me something nice. He evidently had it on his mind. One day, when my father made his daily call at noon, Ibsen handed him a parcel, saying that his brother-in-law had bought something for him, if my father would give it to me on my Confirmation day. It was a beautiful brooch with a large amethyst in an exquisite setting. I called to thank him for it, and that was the last time I spoke to him that winter. He always bowed smilingly when I passed him out for his daily ride. That winter of 1901 he was very ill and we were all very anxious every time the night telephone rang and my father was called out.

But when the next summer my father was taken ill and we came back from Sandefjord it was Ibsen who called every day at our house to hear how the patient was. I usually went down to his carriage. He was so kind and sympathetic to us all in our sorrow. There was, of course, a great difference in age between Ibsen and my father, still they were very dear friends. He was so touching one day when he asked me if he might go in and see my father for the last time. "I cannot walk, you know, but they can carry me!" My father was too ill to see anybody, so Ibsen asked me to take his card in to him. On it was written in pencil and with a trembling hand the one word: "Tak!" (Thanks.) It is one of the last words Ibsen ever wrote.

After my father's death Ibsen called again, and when I came down to his carriage he took my hand and his voice quivered as he said: "How are you all? I am thinking about you all the time. I, too, have lost my best friend."

In the fall 1904 I saw Ibsen for the last time. I was going to America to take the course at the Carnegie Library School in Pittsburgh. He was very much changed, so thin and white and, oh, so little. His shoulders, always so proudly erect, had shrunken pathetically and his lion head had grown so small that it was only the intense fire of his eyes that quickened it. It seemed to pain him that he did not have the strength to keep up a conversation. Yet he recognised me and smiled when I came in, and in a few moments he regained his interest and asked all about my America plans. Mrs. Ibsen had told him that I was sailing for New York and had come to say good-bye. We talked about the happy days at Grefsen and my father, then he said: "And now you are going to America. Are you going to write books?" "Oh, no," I laughingly answered, "I am going to learn how to put them correctly on the shelves." He said:

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"Yes, their libraries are famous," and then he sat thinking. "It must be a great country with many chances," he repeated slowly, twice. "But it seems so far away. You must be careful with yourself. My son says, beware of the ice-water and the hot bread!" Mrs. Ibsen also asked me not to have too much of those American dishes. Chivalrous as always, despite his absolute frailty, Ibsen wanted to see me to the door, but asked me to excuse him, adding he was so tired. He kissed my hand and I left him. When I was out on the street I looked up to his window, where he was standing in his black frock coat and I waved my last good-bye to "the old Doctor."

When I returned from America I was just in time to pay my last homage to Henrik Ibsen. He died on a beautiful spring afternoon, the 23d of May, 1906, a day on which he had always, either in person or by letter, celebrated my mother's birthday.

For the last time he was dressed in his black frock coat with the broad lapels and laid out in state in the Trinity Church of Christiania. The day before the funeral the people flocked to the church and thousands stood outside waiting for their turn to pay their last respects to him. In the choir the coffin stood loaded with flowers and around it the students of the University kept a guard of honour. The organ played softly as the crowd moved past the coffin. There was nothing in the white little Ibsen that awed them. The task of the fiery judge was done, the Norwegian people, awakened from their sleep, now came to show their respect and to thank him for the honour he did his country.

The funeral service was attended by King Haakon and Queen Maud, the cabinet ministers, members of the "Storthing," diplomatic corps and representatives of artistic, dramatic, military and scientific societies, Scandinavian and foreign. All flags were halfmasted and the church bells chimed clear and triumphant when the great cortège wound to the beautiful cemetery, "Vor Frelsers Gravlund," where the city had selected his grave on a large open space under some weeping willow trees. But in the long and brilliant procession there were outside his family only a few people who really knew Henrik Ibsen. These let the tears roll down their cheeks while they bowed their heads in deep sorrow, though the crowd held its high with pride, for children still they really loved the great old man because he was a dear old man.

No word has become more firmly imbedded in our current critical vocabulary than "decadence," unless it be "degeneration," with which it is closely allied, both in its significance and in its origin. To say that an author is a "decadent," or that his work exhibits "decadent" tendencies, is to condemn it utterly to-day for hundreds of thousands of serious, intelligent, and right-minded men and women. And yet if any one of these was asked to explain the meaning of the word, or to justify its use in an artistic sense, he would probably find it very difficult to do so. For it is essentially a vague word and indeed its very vagueness is no small part of its power and of its appeal to the imagination. It seems surrounded with an air of sinister mystery and suggestion and there is no limit to the unpleasant things it appears to imply covertly. This is why it was adopted half a century ago by a group of young French writers, now famous, who loved to think of themselves as living at the latter end of the Roman Empire, and to impress the public with their sophistication and their wickedness. How what was on their part a piece of pure "fumisterie" became erected into a dogma of serious literary criticism, will be explained in the June BOOKMAN *by Mr. William Aspenwall Bradley, who will give an account of a picturesque period of French literature, and, at the same time, deal with the idea of "decadence" as it has entered into our own intellectual life and is affecting our appreciation of the fine arts.*

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OUR CITY GARDENS

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK

In our large towns, most of the gardens made or rearranged within the last half century seem laid out on an unvarying plan. They all present the same winding paths, which turn upon themselves to lead nowhither, the inevitable lake, in a more or less drawn-out ellipse, the essential lawn, with the useless and obvious mounds and valleys, adorned at intervals with everlastingly oval flower-beds, while, here and there, an exotic plant, a palm, an araucaria or an aloe, stands chillily awaiting an uncertain ray of sunshine. All this is neither extremely ugly nor extremely displeasing, because nothing is quite ugly or displeasing in the world of plants and the most indifferent display of green is welcome to the eye of one who lives in a stone prison; and yet we are entitled to ask if these paltry and monotonous combinations really exhaust all the joys that the trees and flowers can give us.

In my opinion, the "landscape garden" or "English garden" which is thus abused is a great mistake on the part of our horticulturists. It is natural, it comes into being spontaneously, so to speak, when we can dispose of extensive spaces that mingle, in a country of hills and groves and rivers, with the surrounding landscape. It is then just that landscape itself, discreetly arranged and corrected "for the pleasure of the eyes." But it infallibly comes to look false and more or less absurd so soon as it aims at accumulating, in some poor enclosure, beauties which exist only by favour of the most serene lines of the horizon and which are nothing more than space harmoniously displayed. Let us not forget, besides, that the "English garden," which is natural or "sub-spontaneous," as the botanists say, in England, is rather, as we understand it, of Chinese origin and that there is no art nor taste more impenetrable and more hostile to our own than that of China.

The garden of the white races, at least the European garden, was always wiser and more logical. Go back as far as we may, we see it striving to adapt itself to the architectural schemes that surround it. It continues them, interprets and completes them. We are able, for instance, thanks to the paintings at Pompeii, nearly to reconstruct the Greek and Roman gardens:

"They consist," says Gaston Boissier, "of regular paths, contained within two hedges of witch-elms and intersecting one another at right angles. In the centre is usually a sort of round space with a basin, in which swans float. Little green arbours have been contrived at intervals, formed of intertwined reeds and covered with vines; inside these, we see a marble column or a statue and benches placed all round for the convenience of strollers. The paintings remind one of that sentence of Quintilian's which ingeniously expresses the taste of his time: 'Is there anything more beautiful than a quincunx so arranged that, from whichever side we behold it, we see straight paths?' "

We find the same arrangement, more or less prominent according as it comes before or after the Renascence, in all the Italian gardens; and Le Nôtre's patterned flower-gardens but revived a tradition that had never quite died out. This tradition is significant. It was evidently born of a need of harmony inherent in our nature. It has always seemed to us necessary that that which surrounds our dwelling should partake, in some small measure, of its shape and its regularity. It has always struck us as disagreeable that the featureless plain or the unkempt forest should begin abruptly at our front-door or under our

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window-ledge. A transition was indispensable and naturally entailed the appropriation of the nearest plants and their submission to the symmetries of the building.

This transition, this traditional harmony, which has been deliberately disregarded in our towns since the excessive use of the small English garden,* is still found here and there in certain antiquated and almost dead cities, where perfect models survive of humanised walks and parks. I need not mention Versailles and other French gardens, whose sylvan decoration is so closely adapted to the buildings of the three Louis. Nor, by a stronger reason, need I recall the illustrious gardens of Italy, whose perfections are so manifest: they contain and continue their porticoes, columns and balustrades in so inseparable a fashion that this earth, perhaps, possesses nothing more satisfactory or more stately. But other instances, nearer at hand and not so splendid, are quite as topical. Carry back your mind to some little Dutch town, with its canals bordered by giant espaliered lime-trees and little red houses, gleaming with mirrors and brass. Think also of the Béguinage at Bruges, whose simple triangular lawn, planted with a few trees, or of the Petit Béguinage at Ghent, whose wide rectangular grassy spaces, lined with old elms and intersected at right angles by paths that lead to the church, offer the most persuasive examples of gardens in strict keeping with the appearance of the surrounding houses. At Ghent, in particular, the proof is the more striking inasmuch as the counter-proof is easily made. Go to the other end of the town, to what was once the Béguinage de Sainte-Elisabeth: it is now used for other purposes, but its general achitecture has remained almost untouched. Though all the indented gables, all the little green doors of the convents, all those pleasant little pink-brick walls have remained faithful to their posts, without atmosphere, without style. Is this because of the departure of the béguines? Not at all: the little streets in this dying quarter are almost as deserted now as in the days when the pious sisters alone gave life to them with their long black veils. But, for the plain squares of grass, simple, primitive, immemorial and bordered with tall, straight poplars, the authorities have substituted a sort of vulgar and pretentious Parc Monceau, which would be lordly and is positively shabby. The necessary harmony between houses and trees has ceased to exist; and one of the most delightful memories of former days disappears with it.

You will find many other horticultural errors at Ghent, a city which has been too actively and somewhat recklessly tampered with. For instance, between Saint-Bavon and the Château de Gérard le Diable there is a fairly large open space which the authorities have turned into the inevitable English square. The effect of its sickly, exotic and anomalous greenery against the austere and mighty background of the cathedral is childish beyond all dispute. Would not a humble grass-plot, planted with Lombardy poplars, have better respected the harmony that we expect to find between the stones and plants; or else the old-fashioned Flemish mall, peopled regularly with big, round, comely, bunchy lime-trees? These, moreover, do not in any way exclude floral ornamentation, provided that the latter follows the general and familiar movement of the grass and the shade.

It will, perhaps, be said that this harmony is easy enough to realise when we have to do with styles of architecture so marked as are those of the French seventeenth- and eighteenth-century elevations or of the Dutch and Flemish houses. But in the presence of our modern five- or six-storied buildings, in which all the styles mingle and clash, what relations are we to establish between their incessant contradictions and

*For observe that the small English garden, upon a pinch, can provide a setting, in the open country, for a rustic cottage, but does not harmonise with any other kind of dwelling.

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the unfortunate garden that has to agree with them? This is just the problem which people have hardly studied, which I do not pretend to solve, but to which I would simply call the attention of those who hold in their hands the grace, the beauty, the charm and the health of our large towns.

Everybody knows the Parc Monceau. In the eyes of many people, it constitutes the most perfect and luxurious type of the urban garden. Thanks to its extent, which is quite exceptional and but rarely found in the centre of a town, it shows us the English garden under its most advantageous and seductive aspect. There is no doubt that, with its cool lawns, its ornamental water, its elegant arcade, its wonderful flower-beds, its wide, undulating, sanded drives, with their glitter of carriages and cars, the Parc Monceau gives an undeniable impression of wealth, happiness and gaiety.

But let us make no mistake: it owes the best part of its attractions to its very dimensions. Reduce it to half its size and it will at once become paltry, while the suspicion is confirmed that fluttered through us from the first, namely, that all its surprising charm is rather artificial. It is a strange and unconvincing setting. It takes no account of the buildings that surround it nor of the style of the tall streets amongst which it opens. For the rest, this is the fault which we most readily forgive it; but it is guilty of an incomparably graver fault in fulfilling but two or three of its duties as a garden. It thinks only of making a vain-glorious display with lawns and walks that are almost bare. Now, in the desert of brick and stone, a garden should be not only a carpet of green velvet, but an oasis of coolness, silence and shade, things above all others dear and indispensable to the inhabitants of towns and obtainable only through the incessant, manifold, leafy intrusion of big trees.

Could not an intermediary type be found between the French garden (that of the Tuileries, for instance), which conforms to the lines of certain streets, but it is too bare and too sparingly shaded, and the English garden, which is also none too shady and which breaks up disagreeably the symmetry of our towns? If the Parc Monceau were planted with great clusters of elms, pines, limes, plane-trees or chestnut-trees, tall, close-set, dark, thick, almost cubical, and intersected by wide, clear-cut, regular avenues, all leading to a large lake, would it display to less advantage the luxury that drives through it and would it lose any of its charm for bestowing upon it some little air of gravity, peace and meditation?

What we can thus imagine in connection with the most successful of English gardens thrusts itself upon us with much greater cogency the moment we have to do with those little city parks the extent of which is no longer large enough to extenuate their absurdities. The great fault, the great mistake of all our municipal gardeners is their dread of the tree. They seem to forget that, at the bottom of man's heart, amid his obscurest but most powerful instincts, reigns his boundless yearning for the primordial forest. You really abuse the innocence and the credulity of the town-dweller by offering him, instead of the heavy shadows for which his nature longs, paltry clumps of verdure, flowers in rows and worn-out grass that reminds him but too closely of the threadbare carpet of the bedroom whence he has just escaped in vain. A surface of a quarter of an acre thus arranged is nothing more than a wretched, dusty hearth-rug. Plant it with beautiful trees, not parsimoniously spaced, as though each of them were a bit of bric-à-brac on a tray of grass, but close together, like the ranks of a friendly army in order of battle. They will then act as they were wont to act in the native forest. Trees never feel themselves really trees nor perform their duty until they are there in numbers. Then, at once, everything is transformed: sky and light recover their first deep meaning, dew and shade return, peace and silence once more find a sanctuary.

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One could vary the appearance of these refuges infinitely, according to the needs or counsels of the spot and the surroundings. Here, among these low houses, we would have a square of lime-trees, matronly, round and plump, placid, full-blown, imperturbably green and all a-hum with bees. Yonder, where the house-fronts are richer and more regular, would be a square of chestnut-trees, whose opulent, heavy, thick, almost black tresses would droop to a man's height. Further still, among those pillared mansions, would stand an open space crowded with plane-trees; but I do not mean the plane-tree handled as we mishandle it in our northern countries, where we know nothing of its beauty. I mean the plane-tree of the towns and villages of the South, where they pollard it when it reaches twelve or fifteen feet in height. They thus obtain enormous, massive, thickset trunks, splendidly scaled with gold and oxydised copper, which, at one time, as in the Cours Mirabeau at Aixen-Provence, dart forcibly toward the sky to create fairy-like plumed naves in the blue and, at another, as in the Allées d'Azémar at Draguignan, weave a low vault, magical and cool as a submarine grotto, through which the sun can hardly contrive to slip a stray crystal dart that breaks in dazzling shivers on the flagstones.

Let us not forget the hornbeam, which is so docile, nor its brother the elm, nor the beech: all three are excellent for peopling a space in which the sky is free, that is to say, where we need not hesitate lest we should darken the windows of houses that are too near. Let us not forget either the Lombardy poplar, which is our cypress of the North and almost indispensable in our towns to mark a flight, here and there, toward space; besides, especially in our Flemish cities, we could hardly fill the poplar's place when it comes to bordering certain canals, marking the outline of a long meadow or guarding the entrance to an old house.

I will not concern myself with the acacia, formerly too much employed, which is frail, sickly and poor in leaf; nor with the oak, which is too slow, uncertain and unequal. But a tree which, to my mind, has been unjustly proscribed is the pine. I do not speak of the umbrella-pine, the noblest of the conifers and one of the purest glories of the world of plants. We must do without it, as without the cypress and the divine laurel-tree, in our northern cities, whose climate they could not support. The tree which I have in mind is the simple forest pine of our home woods. If you care to behold the effect which a square would produce planted exclusively with those wonderful trees, go to the country round Rouen, for instance, to the old forest domains of Bretonne or Roumare, and see the august fairy-scene enacted day and night in the heart of the spaces reserved to them. Whether it be under the sun or by moonlight, under the blazing rays of summer or the snows of winter, you can picture nothing to compare with the cathedral alignment of the innumerous shafts, shooting toward the sky, smooth, inflexible, pure, more tightly packed than the lictors' bundle and yet happy, independent and full of health and strength, from the warm and russet glow at their base to the blue, unreal, ethereal mist that crowns their top.

Thus, in addition to the effective and necessary reminder of the forest, each of us, whether in the spacious mall or at the humble cross-roads, would find that quality of silence, perfume, meditation and shade which he prefers. There is, in fact, no lover of the great woods but knows that each group, each family of trees is mute in a different fashion and spreads a peace and a silence which we can recognise without having to raise our eyes; for the flavour of a shadow is as particular and pronounced as that of a ripe fruit.

I notice, as I conclude these pages, that I have not spoken, as I intended to do, of the trees and shrubs with persistent leaves, the evergreens, as the English so aptly call them. Why have they been almost entirely neglected? Ju-

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diciously chosen, they might constitute the permanent delight of our cities burdened with six months of winter. The yew, for instance, is hardly to be found to-day. It is accounted, very wrongly, a sad and funereal tree, whereas I have so often seen it lend itself to the most harmonious and cheerful decorations! On the other hand, certain kinds of very robust laurels resist the worst frosts and keep up in December all the gladness and freshness of spring. Lastly, I should have liked to say a word on the plantations along our boulevards, so municipal, so contemptible, so sadly in keeping with the street-lamps, whereas one can imagine double and treble arches of foliage, magnificent summer bowers, leading to splashing fountains, to shimmering basins of light. But these points should form the object of a special study.

A STUDY OF THE OLD "NEW WOMEN"

BY EDNA KENTON

IN TWO PARTS—PART II

HARKING back to the early '90's, a group of feministic novels stands out strongly: *The Heavenly Twins, Ideala, Ships That Pass in the Night, Dodo, A Yellow Aster, The Woman Who Did!* Quaint old things they are to-day, some of their women of the sort that cry, "I *will* dare the world!" and, standing defiantly before their governesses, their mothers, or their lovers, kick a pieplate to the ceiling with a resounding whack! That done, they go back to their lessons, their balls, or their wedding plans. Madame Grand and E. F. Benson, and "Iota"—even Grant Allen!—pant for new fields for others of their women to conquer, and after the struggle set down their Walküries in some twilight melancholy of the gods, murmuring Alving's dying moan for "The sun, the sun!" Typically *fin de siècle*—blandly blasé old phrase!

Madame Grand's restless women, for instance, Evadne, "The Boy"—otherwise Angelica, Ideala, the unfortunate Edith, the resigned Mrs. Orton Beg have no basis for their futile attempt at action but their restlessness. They resent sullenly the state of ignorance into which they have been tucked apart from the world; they "want to know things," but they think out no problem clearly to its logical end. Evadne walks through that famous quarrel with her husband on their wedding day, saying, "I would stop the imposition approved of by custom, connived at by parents, and made possible by the state of ignorance in which we are carefully kept—the imposition upon a girl's innocence and inexperience of a disreputable man for a husband;" and declines to live with him. *But she did not decline to live upon him.*

Upon scanty and insufficient evidence she adjudges him "a moral leper." Upon no evidence whatever she denominates herself a type "of the best sort of wife," and insists that there is no "past" in the matter of the sowing of wild oats. She asserts that "the world is not a whit better for centuries of self-sacrifice on the woman's part," but her remedy is drastic —the sacrifice of the man instead of the woman. Some lamb must be slaughtered upon some altar!

Mrs. Orton Beg murmurs, "But the consequences—the struggle, if we resist. It is better to submit. It is better not to know." And Evadne translates, "It is easier to submit; it is disagreeable to know." Nevertheless, she never dreamed of becoming a free woman physically, spiritually, morally, economically, even intellectually, for her husband made her

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promise not to join societies and clubs while he lived, and "her brain rotted dully."

Angelica meanwhile proposes to her tutor with "Marry me and let me do as I like," seeking freedom through another bondage. Then she masquerades as her twin, and has her adventure with the Tenor, of which she says: "The charm has all been in the delight of associating with a man intimately who did not know I was a woman!" It has been like the freedom of his limbs to a prisoner long confined by chains. However, she adds: "I won't deny that I might have cared for you as a lover had I not been married. But of course the thought did not disturb me. When one has a husband one must be loyal to him, even in thought." This of course is not honest, either on Angelica's part or Madame Grand's. The ancient old veil of "female delicacy" is still held up; a woman may feel anything but "vulgar" passion. These women are afflicted with mental malaise that definite action might cure.

So are Dodo, and Gwen of *A Yellow Aster*. Like the Grand type of women, they rebel only within their circle—they make no attempt to change their environment, however much it bores them. Both of them are portrayed, unconvincingly, as "cold," and therefore "nice" women—they express themselves in smart discussions of—then—startling questions. Gwen finds, through maternity and sorrow, her "soul." Dodo does not—why she was ever hailed as a new type is passing strange. She is the old, old example of slave turned tyrant; the history of women and the world is full of them.

And about this time Grant Allen published *The Woman Who Did!*

On one of its forepages he writes: "Written at Perugia, spring, 1893, for the first time in my life wholly and solely to satisfy my own taste and my own conscience." That this twisted, illogical, propagandist novel could have raised all the dusty argument it did, could have been preached against and quoted from, and could stand in memory, until re-read to-day as one of the epochal novels of feminism, is one of the oddities of literary and human history.

There is this about *The Woman Who Did!* it concerns itself greatly in woman's moral and social emancipation. Herminia holds the very modern view in re-suffrage, that mere political enfranchisement is the smallest part of the whole feminist movement. She is economically independent, and a thinker with courage enough to follow a problem to its logical end, and then, if needful, to act upon it. It is this very logic that makes her construct her own cross of martyrdom, and, liberal on most other questions, she is as creed-ridden by her own sex-code as any Puritan. Herminia is, in fact, that—a Puritan. When she chooses to dispense with the chain of the marriage service, she is more bound to prove her case whatever the evidence than she could have been with the Church and State sanction upon her union with Alan Merrick.

Here, too, she loses her free point of view, and like any bondwoman, says, "I am yours, to do with as you will." She will not be married by form, but she dresses in white upon her wedding night, with roses and lilies: "Some dim survival of ancestral ideas made Herminia Barton so array herself in the white garb of affiance for her bridal evening." And, since all creeds are martyrful, Herminia has her mind made up beforehand for the martyr's crown, "the one possible guerdon," says Herminia, "that this planet can bestow upon really noble action."—This does not sound like the author of *The New Hedonism*. She invites snubs; what might have seemed justly to concern only herself and Alan she bares to the gaze of a gossiping, salacious world. When coming maternity makes it impossible for her to continue longer at poor Miss Smith-Waters's school, she sends a resignation that told "the truth," although she realises how incapable that gentle-souled spinster is of comprehending her point of view. She takes rooms in Perugia under her own

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name, and Alan dies before the child is born.

And then—and then!—she rears this child of hers, in silence, to snobbery. If Dolly had been reared in rampant radicalism one could understand her reaction against it all. But she is brought up conventionally—this love-child "that is to save the world of women." So conventionally, that when Dolly at seventeen is told at last the truth—"I shall confess to her," says Herminia as if she were guilty—she draws back from her mother: "You are not fit to receive a pure girl's kisses," she says. And like most of her sorrowing sisterhood to date, Herminia, herself conventional and utterly religious, performs the melancholy rite of hari-kari. She too has failed.

Why? Because upon Herminia, too, the consciousness of the world and its judgments lie heavily. She is conscious always not of her own attitude toward life and herself, but of society's attitude toward her. Not on this road lies the way to freedom! And not even Grant Allen, expert diagnostician of many social problems that he was, perceives the times were ripe for the case history of such a woman—one who takes hold of life, not from the angle of any code, but from her own.

For it was now, in the mid '90's that a book and a play appeared, each of them picturing a free woman walking through life: Frances Hodgson Burnett's *A Lady of Quality* and Sudermann's *Magda*. Celia Madden, Harold Frederic's fine creation of this period, might be added to this group. If Mrs. Burnett had not done the slightly uncourageous thing of putting Clo back into the seventeenth century, but had made her instead a nineteenth-century woman, the real significance of that novel's point of view would have been more widely recognised. Clo and Magda—and Celia Madden—speak the same language. All are individualists and all are selfish; these traits they share in common with most of mankind. No one of them says: "I *will* dare the world!" No one of them seeks blatant martyrdom for a principle. Instead, each of them says simply, "I am I," and rests her whole life on that statement that, admitted or not, is the only motivation of any act of any human being. That most self-expression in the world to-day expresses merely cowardice and weakness does not invalidate this axiom of human conduct.

Clo explains herself slightly to her sister Anne: "All that I do is right—for me. I make it so by doing it. Do you think that I am conquered by the laws that other women crouch and whine before because they dare not break them, though they long to do so! I am my own law—and the law of some others! I have no virtues—I mean I have no woman's virtues!" Then to her first lover, who comes back to claim her on the eve of her marriage with her Duke, she says simply, "We have done with each other," and after she has struck him down and finds he does not come to life again, she buries him as she would a dog, and goes to her happiness serenely. What is, is!

These women have swept repentance for anything out of their lives. If they commit errors of judgment or deed, these errors are good sign-posts to look back upon, and are, therefore, good. Magda says, "What I do is right because I do it. —I am what I am and cannot be another— We must sin if we wish to grow. To become greater than our sins is worth more than all the purity you preach." And Celia Madden says to Theron: "I am myself, and I belong to myself, exactly as much as any man. Let us find out what the generally accepted views are, and as fast as we find them set our heels on them. There is no other way to live like real human beings."

Besides these women there were others brought to birth before the end of their century dawned. Most of them are of the sombre type, restless, unsatisfied, dissatisfied, yearning after something whose achieving is not for them because their paths are blocked by ghosts of hateful bondages, whose conquering phrase, "I am I," they have not learned. Gissing's *The Odd Women* and *The Emanci-*

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pated stand here, along with many of George Moore's women, from Evelyn Inness and Mildred Lawson to Rose Leicester of *The Lake*. But the successful revolters up to the dawn of the twentieth century are few. One is tempted to affirm oftentimes when one sees a clear-headed creature like Bernardine or Rhoda Nunn succumb to "type" and environment that the fault is not theirs, but their creators'. But by the way, there *is* one delightful free woman, sketched so lightly in such bare outline as to be provocative, but drawn by the hand of a man who knew the road along which freedom lay—Alethea Pontifex in Butler's *The Way of All Flesh*. Miss Pontifex is worth a dozen of the heroines who, like Grant Allen's Herminia, crumple into futility on the final pages. And all we know of her in direct phrase could be put together on one of Butler's pages.

Antiquated studies of absurd types—most of these novels that in their day created such discussion must be so classed to-day. But this at least emerged from half a century of groping for the phrase that would open their new world to women—the magic phrase itself, "I am I."

CONFESSIONS OF AN ALBUM

ILLUSTRATED WITH ORIGINAL DRAWINGS AND PHOTOGRAPHS

BY LAURA STEDMAN

IN TWO PARTS—PART II

ON November 18, 1876, follows the eminent poet, traveller, man of affairs and letters—Bayard Taylor of the golden heart. Among all his friends, perhaps none was so close to Mr. Stedman as this royal giver of sympathy and love. It was inevitable that two such ardent workers for Literature should meet, but it meant a great deal for the younger man to find so stanch and worthy an ally at the beginning of his career. It was, in 1859, just after the somewhat sensational success of Mr. Stedman's ballads, "The Diamond Wedding" and "How Old Brown took Harper's Ferry," that Mr. Taylor chanced upon the young balladist in the editorial rooms of the *Tribune,* when there and then a lifelong friendship was sealed.

The end of 1876 found Mr. Taylor in America, overworked with his creative writing, his duties for the *Tribune,* and with his exhausting lecture-trips. Despite his brave cheerfulness, there were the signs of a waning in his superb vitality. About a year later he was appointed Minister to Germany, and before another twelve-month, the news of his untimely death reached the hearts of sorrowing friends.

Put the final sentences in his *Mental Photograph* beside that last despairing cry, as his will flared, then went out: "I want, oh, you know what I mean, that *stuff of life!*"

The complete *Photograph* reads—

Colours? *Blue and Orange.*
Flower? *Rose.*
Tree? *Palm.*
Object in Nature? *Impossible to say.*
Hour in the Day? *All equally good.*
Season of the Year? *May and October.*
Perfume? *Wild grape blossom.*
Gem? *Sapphire.*
Style of Beauty? *Beauty has no style.*
Names? *Lucifer and Œnone.*
Painters? *Titian, Raphael, Giorgione.*
Musicians? *Mozart and Beethoven.*
Piece of sculpture? *The Apoxymenos.*
Poets? *All.*
Poetesses? *Sappho.*

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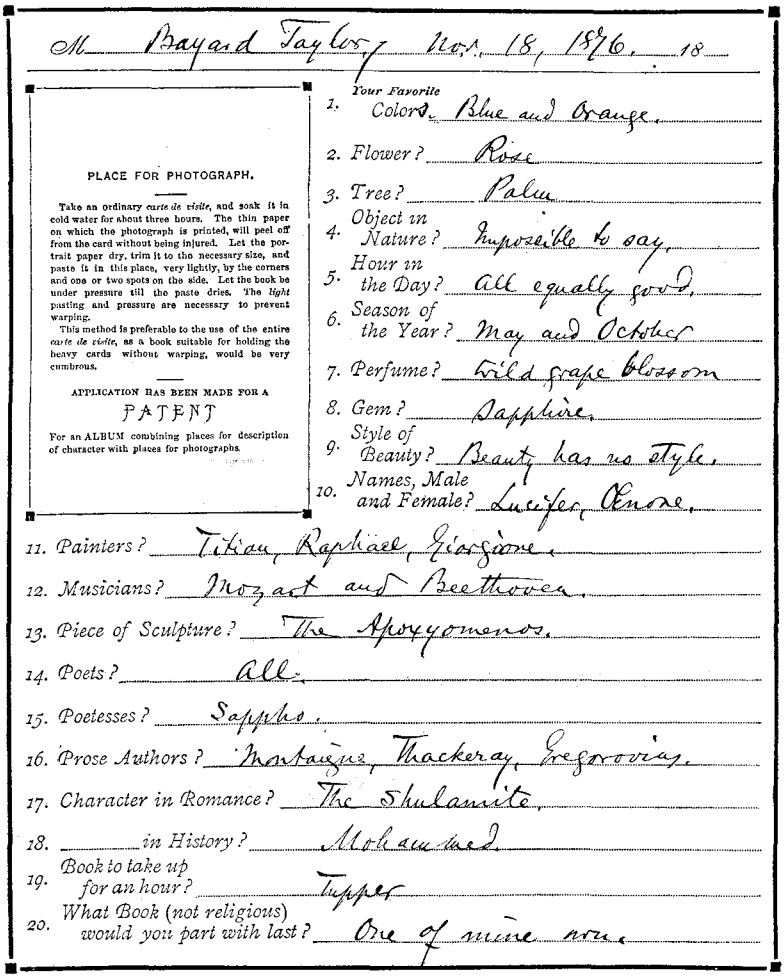

M Bayard Taylor Nov. 18, 1876. 18

PLACE FOR PHOTOGRAPH.

Take an ordinary *carte de visite*, and soak it in cold water for about three hours. The thin paper on which the photograph is printed, will peel off from the card without being injured. Let the portrait paper dry, trim it to the necessary size, and paste it in this place, very lightly, by the corners and one or two spots on the side. Let the book be under pressure till the paste dries. The *light* pasting and pressure are necessary to prevent warping.

This method is preferable to the use of the entire *carte de visite*, as a book suitable for holding the heavy cards without warping, would be very cumbrous.

APPLICATION HAS BEEN MADE FOR A PATENT

For an ALBUM combining places for description of character with places for photographs.

1. Your Favorite Colors? Blue and Orange.
2. Flower? Rose
3. Tree? Palm
4. Object in Nature? Impossible to say.
5. Hour in the Day? All equally good.
6. Season of the Year? May and October
7. Perfume? Wild grape blossom
8. Gem? Sapphire.
9. Style of Beauty? Beauty has no style.
10. Names, Male and Female? Lucifer, Ahnore.
11. Painters? Titian, Raphael, Giorgione.
12. Musicians? Mozart and Beethoven.
13. Piece of Sculpture? The Apoxyomenos.
14. Poets? All.
15. Poetesses? Sappho.
16. Prose Authors? Montaigne, Thackeray, Gregorovius.
17. Character in Romance? The Shulamite.
18. ____ in History? Mohammed.
19. Book to take up for an hour? Tupper
20. What Book (not religious) would you part with last? One of mine own.

BAYARD TAYLOR'S PAGE

Prose Authors? *Montaigne, Thackeray, Gregorovias.*
Character in Romance? *The Shulamite.*
In History? *Mohammed.*
Book to take up for an hour? *Tupper.*
What book (not religious) would you part with last? *One of my own.*
What epoch would you choose to have lived in? *This.*
Where would you like to live? *Here.*
Favourite amusement? *Work.*
Occupation? *Play.*
What trait of character do you most admire in man? *Consistency.*
In woman? *Inconsistency.*
What do you most detest in each? *Propriety.*
If not yourself, who would you rather be? *Nobody.*
Idea of happiness? *Development.*
Of misery? *Ignorance.*
Bête noire? *Have none.*
Dream? *Not to be told.*
What do you most dread? *Imbecility.*
Your distinguishing characteristics? *Frankness.*
Those of your better-half? *Love.*
The sublimest passion? *Charity.*
The sweetest words? *I know.*

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The saddest words? *I don't know.*
Aim in life? *Life itself.*
Motto? *Live!*

Then there is William James Linton, "Master of the engraver's craft." Born in London, in 1810, he was apprenticed at fifteen to the wood engraver, G. W. Bonner, and had a dramatic rise to prominence. Next he involved himself with the social and European political problems, and was foremost as a Radical. His aid in exposing the violation by the English post-office of Mazzini's mail, made him the friend of the great Italian statesman, whose advocate Mr. Linton at once became. In 1848, he was the bearer of the first congratulatory address of the English workmen to the French Provisional Government. His picturesque career continued with the editing of a political newspaper, the founding of a couple of others, the fathering of the "International League" of patriots, and the espousal of many impracticable reforms. His ardour also found expression in an anonymous volume of poems, *The Plaint of Freedom,* and in various articles. Finally, after the failure of his periodical, *The English Republic,* devoted to social science, he abandoned these agitations, and returned to his natural vocation—wood-engraving.

In 1867, urged probably by financial stress, he came to America, establishing himself at New Haven, Connecticut.

BAYARD TAYLOR

There in his own home, he bravely set up his famous little Appledore Press, from which he issued many books, the printing and engraving of these being done by himself. He also wrote and edited several valued books on wood-engraving, and contributed other works to American literature. He made many friends among the American men of letters, and it seems quite in the order of things that he should have been a stanch exponent of Walt Whitman.

Mr. Stedman valued his friendship with Mr. Linton, and felt he owed him

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a debt of gratitude for what Mr. Linton had taught him of the lore of wood-engraving. It is in 1877 that Mr. Linton wrote his *Mental Photograph*.

Colour? *Couleur de Rose.*
Flower? *Cauli-*
Tree? *Cherry-tree.*
Object in Nature? *A Mountain.*
Hour in the Day? *The loveliest of the Hours.*
Season? *Spring—in the early part of the year.*
Perfume? *None.*
Gem? *None.*
Style of Beauty? *Don't like style.*
Names? *Name's nothing.*
Painters? *Raffaello and Hogarth. Turner.*
Musicians? *Bach, Beethoven and Purcell.*
Piece of Sculpture? *Milo Venus.*
Poets? *Chaucer and Landor. Victor Hugo.*
Prose Authors? *Milton.*
Character in Romance? *Jack the Giant-killer.*
In History? *John Brown.*
Book to take up for an hour? *Astor's cheque-book.*

MARY MAPES DODGE

MARY MAPES DODGE
Drawn by Herself

What book (not religious) would you part with last? *A dictionary.*
What epoch would you choose to have lived in? *That of Paradise.*
Where would you like to live? *Everywhere.*
Favourite amusement? *Dominoes, dominoes, dominoes.*
Occupation? *Othello's.*
Trait of character do you most admire in man? *Truth.*
In woman? *Truth.*
Detest in both? *Falsehood.*
If not yourself, who would you rather be? *Somebody else.*
Idea of happiness? *Content.*
Of misery? *Dis——*
Bête noire? *A black Hat (stove-pipe).*
Dream? *Which of them?*
Dread? *Blindness.*
Your distinguishing characteristics? *Modesty.*
The sublimest passion? *Disinterestedness.*
Sweetest words? *Kisses and candy.*
Saddest words? *Lies and Success.*
Aim? *Something above me.*
Motto? *Semper fidelis.*

An interesting, though very different,

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character is Noah Brooks, who started life in Castine, Maine. When he was twenty he entered journalism in Boston. But the spirit of restless questioning, and of wide vision, was abroad in the fifties, which culminated in the Civil War. And Horace Greeley's warning—*Go West, young man!* seems to have impressed young Brooks, for he took that advice, and tried his hand at farming in the Western States. For a time he was also a merchant, and for several years he edited a newspaper in California. At the outbreak of the War he left for its headquarters, and served as correspondent for the Sacramento *Union*. Later, he was on the staff of the New York *Tribune,* and of the *Times,* becoming, in 1884, editor of the Newark *Daily Advertiser.*

But beyond these pursuits the memory of Mr. Brooks will be cherished for his little biography of Abraham Lincoln, and for his sympathetic books for young people, especially boys, to whom he was devoted. He was for many years a friend to whom Mr. Stedman was sincerely attached, and whose death, in 1903, was mourned. Perhaps the last time they saw each other was in 1898 or 1899, when Mr. Brooks, at Mr. Stedman's invitation, came to Lawrence Park to read before its attractive Gramatan Club. Afterward, walking up to the house, beneath tall, neighbourly trees, and under some quizzical stars, Mr. Stedman confided: "Noah, I am beginning to realize my age—the young girls let me kiss them." Said Mr. Brooks, from his three years' advantage, "Is that all, my boy? When you are as old as I am, you will find the evidence more pitiful. Bless your soul, *they* kiss *me!*"

A man twenty years younger it is who wrote the following:

Colour? *Greenback.*
Flower? *Heliotrope.*
Tree? *The brave old oak.*
Object in Nature? *The Sea.*
Hour in the Day? *Dinner-hour.*
Season in the Year? *A California Spring.*
Perfume? *Heliotrope.*
Gem? *Opal.*
Style of Beauty? *I like 'em all.*
Names? *Charlie—Mabel.*
Painters? *Helios, Rubens, Hans Makart, Diaz.*
Musicians? *All but Wagner.*
Piece of Sculpture? *The California Butter Woman.*
Poets? *The Divine Williams, Tennyson, Whittier.*
Poetesses? *Mrs. Browning, Jean Ingelow.*
Prose Authors? *Addison, Goldsmith, Dickens, Irving.*
Character in Romance? *J. S. C. Abbott's Napoleon.*
In History? *Abraham Lincoln.*
Book to take up for an hour? *Never have so much time.*
What book (not religious) would you part with last? *Richardson's Dictionary.*
What epoch would you choose to have lived in? *The present.*
Where would you like to live? *Where SHE is.*
Favourite amusement? *Building castles in Spain.*
Occupation? *Loafing.*
What trait of character do you most admire in man? *Cheeriness.*
In woman? *Sweetness.*
What do you most detest in each? *Insincerity.*
If not yourself, who would you rather be? *Tupper.*
Idea of happiness? *Lots of money and nothing to do.*
Of misery? *Work and poverty.*
Bête noire? *Work.*
Dream? *To find HER.*
Dread? *That I shall not find HER.*
Your distinguishing characteristics? *Laziness and good nature.*
Of your better-half? *Patience under tribulations.*
The sublimest passion? *Give it up.*
The sweetest words? *"I love you!"*
Saddest words? *"She's not at home."*
Aim in life? *To have a good time and help others.*
Motto? *Dum vivimus, vivimus.*

A demure, earnest, little woman is the last to enter our confessional. She is Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, who, although born in Massachusetts, became the dis-

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tinguished historian of the city of New York. Thirty years ago her pleasant, thoughtful face was to be seen at literary gatherings; and at Mr. Stedman's Sunday evening receptions she was a frequent and welcome visitor.

Her *Mental Photograph* was written on January 14, 1878:

Colour? *Scarlet.*
Flower? *Heliotrope.*
Tree? *Sugar maple.*
Object in Nature? *Ledges of rock.*
Hour? *Nine o'clock A.M.*
Season? *Autumn.*
Perfume? *None whatever.*
Gem? *Diamond.*
Style of beauty? *Intelligent expression.*
Names? *Those borne by the friends I love.*
Painters? *Too numerous for this straight line.*
Musicians? *Ditto.*
Piece of Sculpture? *The Bronze Gate of the Baptistry at Florence.*
Poets? *Our leading American poets.*
Poetesses? *Mrs. Browning.*
Prose Authors? *Prescott, Dickens, and Irving.*
Character in Romance? *Mrs. Jellaby.*
In History? *Lord Bellomont.*
Book to take up for an hour? *The Bible.*
What book (not religious) would you part with last? *The History of the City of New York.*
Epoch? *That of William III.*
Where would you like to live? *In the Garden of Eden.*
Favourite amusement? *Thinking my own thoughts.*
Occupation? *Searching for wisdom.*
Trait of character in man? *Integrity.*
In woman? *Intelligence.*
What do you most detest in each? *Selfishness and indolence.*
If not yourself, who would you rather be? *A contented Millionaire.*
Idea of happiness? *Reciprocated Love.*
Of Misery? *To be forgotten.*
Bête noire? *Narrow minds.*
Dream? *Unqualified success.*
Dread? *Cold weather.*
Your distinguishing characteristics? *Good nature.*
The sublimest passion? *Anger.*
The sweetest words? *Commendation.*
Saddest words? *Farewell.*
Aim in life? *To accomplish the most in the shortest space of time possible.*
Motto? *"While I breathe I hope."*

THE FAR-OFF DAY

BY RICHARD BURTON

WHENEVER I behold a little bird
  Moving and singing close about my feet,
All unafraid—because I have not stirred—
  Of brutal blow or pitiless bullet fleet,
Eager to meet the mood which I profess,
By blithe acceptance of my friendliness,

I get a vision of the far-off day,
  Far-off and dim, descried by faith alone,
When all the tribes of Cain have passed away,
  And Love, somehow, has come into his own;
When kindness is the one felicity,
And bird and beast and man are one in Thee.

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ZOLA'S HOUSE AT MÉDAN, BUILT BIT BY BIT FROM THE ROYALTIES FROM HIS BOOKS

FRENCH BEST SELLERS OF YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

BY ALVAN F. SANBORN

"WHEN a man arrives," says Balzac, "he always realises the luxury of which he dreamed in his youth."

As a boy of fifteen, Emile Zola was profoundly impressed by Victor Hugo's romantic portrayals of the Middle Ages. Arrived at man's estate, he had a long, hard struggle to establish himself as a writer. By the time he had achieved easy circumstances, he had become an uncompromising apostle of realism and of modernism; but he continued to be haunted by the early Hugolian visions and he surrounded himself little by little with all sorts of mediæval bric-à-brac, until he had transformed his apartment of the Rue de Bruxelles (as well as his country seat at Médan) into a curious conglomeration that was neither flesh, fowl nor good red herring, neither ancient nor modern, but that at least provided him the illusion of a baronial manor and that became one of the curiosities of Paris. Here, at the time he was writing *La Débâcle* (1891), Zola was interviewed by the now famous journalist Jules Huret.

THE EXAGGERATED FORTUNE

"In the silence of the vast and luxurious reception room, the word fortune," to quote M. Huret, "chanced to drop. M. Zola protested:

" 'My fortune! My fortune! But I

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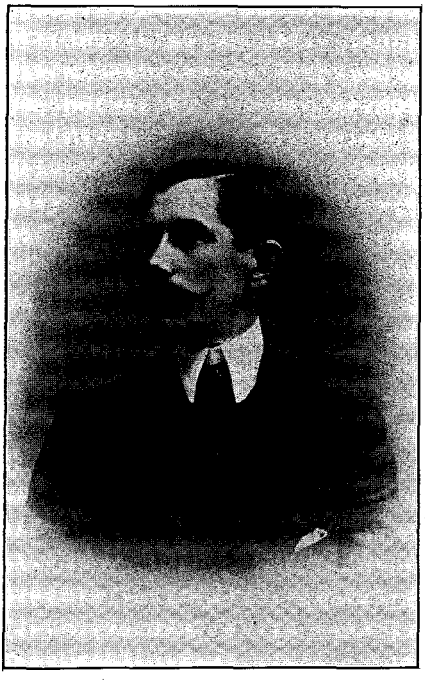
haven't a cent! Zola the millionaire is a pure legend. Didn't you know that?'

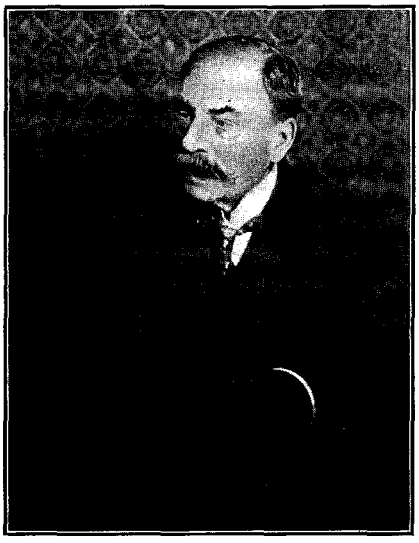
"'But—the big editions?'

"'The big editions, the big editions! They amount, on an average, to eighty thousand copies a year. Figure it up. I get twelve sous per copy, that is to say about fifty thousand francs. Add the rights of translation, of reproduction, and I contrive to make in a good year barely a hundred thousand francs. As we live in Paris, this is no fortune; it is very quickly spent, you may be sure. Don't you know that it takes millions now to have genuine luxury? A really artistic modern table is worth ten thousand francs and the rest in proportion. Yes, three millions just for furnishings, and I do not include the building of a tasteful residence. As for me, my supreme folly has been the purchase of some primitive pictures, as you will see in my study—four panels for four thousand francs.

"'People give me the reputation of a man of money, solely preoccupied with



ALPHONSE DE CHATEAUBRIANT, WHOSE FIRST NOVEL SOLD FIFTY THOUSAND COPIES



OCTAVE MIRBEAU, WHOSE "JOURNAL D'UNE FEMME DE CHAMBRE" IS IN ITS ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-THIRD THOUSAND

big editions and millions of copies. Idiots! It is evident that I want my novels to have many editions. I am ambitious—and this is equally logical—to have many readers. . . . It has always been my theory that one should endeavour to act upon great masses. It pleases me to know that the Rougon-Macquart have sold thus far one million two hundred thousand copies. But as to claiming that the greater the sales of a book the greater the merit of the author, why this is so absurd that I'll not even take the trouble to defend myself.'"

"Is it true," inquired M. Huret a little later, "that you give your novels to the papers before you have finished them?"

"'Alas! Alas! I gave my first novel without having finished it, and I have never been able to catch up since. I am like the fruit-grower who can never eat a prime apple. He hesitates to pick his fruit, he walks in his orchard. "Ah, here is an apple that is going to spoil; I'd better eat it." The same thing the next day, and so on to the end. He eats all his apples half rotten! Do you think that if I were a millionaire I would pub-

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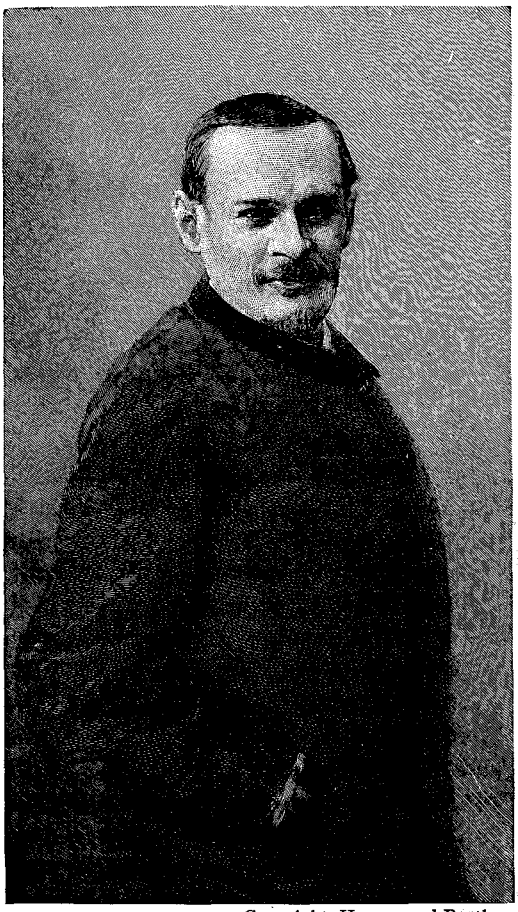
lish my novels as serials? Do you fancy I don't think it absurd to be obliged to cut chapters in the very middle of a description? But the serials bring me money, and I need this money to make my accounts balance! It is the same way with the translations. I do the negotiating with the foreign publishers, and I generally show myself a very poor business man. I proposed to Charpentier to look after the thing for me, but my publisher resembles me! At bottom, he don't care a fig for money. Yes, *La Débâcle* will appear simultaneously in nine languages: in German, in English, with a second translation for America; in Spanish, with another translation for the Argentine Republic; in Portuguese, in Italian, in Czech, in Hungarian, in Danish, and in Russian. And do you know how much all these translations will bring me? A total of twenty-seven thousand francs at the most: Germany six thousand francs, America eight thousand francs. The fellows are such thieves!' "



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GEORGE OHNET, THE AUTHOR OF THE MOST POPULAR NOVEL OF THE LAST FORTY YEARS. PROBABLY SEVEN MILLION COPIES OF "LE MAÎTRE DE FORGES" HAVE BEEN SOLD

The books of Eugène Fasquelle (successor of Charpentier as Zola's publisher) show that two of Zola's novels have now passed the two hundred thousand mark: *La Débâcle,* two hundred and thirty-five thousand, and *Nana,* two hundred and twenty thousand. Twelve have sold more than one hundred thousand copies: *Lourdes,* one hundred and seventy-six thousand; *L'Assommoir,* one hundred and sixty-eight thousand; *La Terre,* one hundred and sixty-eight thousand; *Germinal,* one hundred and thirty-eight thousand; *Le Rêve,* one hundred and thirty-two thousand; *Rome,* one hundred and twenty-one thousand; *Une Page d'Amour,* one hundred and twelve thousand; *Paris,* one hundred and ten thousand; *Fécondité,* one hundred and ten thousand; *La Bête Humaine,* one hundred and eight thousand; *Pot-Bouille,* one hundred and two thousand; *Le Docteur Pascal,* one hundred and one thousand. Nine—*La Curée, Le Ventre de Paris, La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret, Au Bonheur des Dames, La Joie de Vivre, L'Oeuvre, L'Argent, Travail, Vérité*—have sold between fifty and a hundred thousand. Only three of the Rougon-Macquart have sold less than fifty thousand; *La Fortune des Rougon,* forty-four thousand; *La Conquête de Plas-*

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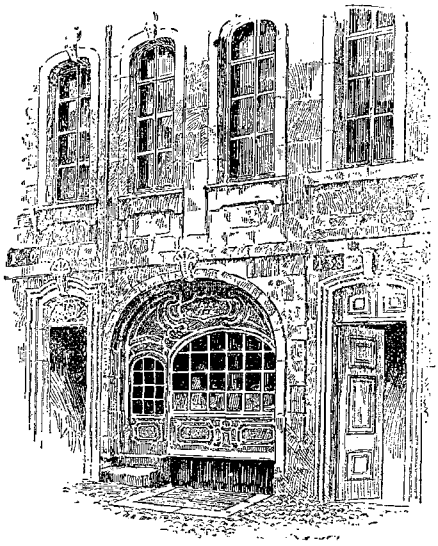
sans, forty-one thousand; *Son Excellence Eugène Rougon,* forty thousand. The sales of the Rougon-Macquart series alone mount thus to two million and ninety-seven thousand, and those of the three great series (Rougon-Macquart, Trois Villes, et Quatre Evangiles) to two million seven hundred and eighty-five thousand. Zola's twenty-three other volumes—early novels, short stories, criticisms, controversy, etc.—which have sold from four to thirty thousand each, bring the grand total almost, if not quite, up to three millions. Zola's annual income during the latter years of his life, according to his intimate friend Saint-Georges de Bouhélier, was two hundred thousand francs; but he continued, with the best of good faith—he who had lived in a garret on two cents worth of bread and two cents worth of cheese—to declare that he hadn't a cent in the world. Zola, like many a smaller man, grew more and more dependent upon creature comfort as the years went by—may it not have been the dread of physical hardships that caused him to take ingloriously to his heels during the Dreyfus Affair?—less and less capable of emancipating himself from the tyranny of possessions. His first publisher, Lacroix, who knew a thing or two about advertising dodges, never tired of praising his business cunning, his capacity for combining success behind the scenes. Here is one of the numerous stories Lecroix used to tell, by way of illustration of his commercial astuteness:

THE FEIGNED DISPUTES

While *Madeleine Férat,* Zola's fourth book, was in press, the Censor, who had already interfered with the sale of *Thérèse Raquin,* threatened to hale both author and publisher into the "police court" if the novel were reprinted in the form in which it had already appeared as a serial in *L'Evénement.* At that time the novelist was ready for anything, even a prison cell, that would lift him out of his obscurity. "He had a praiseworthy solicitude," to quote Adolphe Brisson's adaptation of Lacroix's narrative, "for his dignity as an author. Besides, he could not think of letting such a magnificent opportunity for notoriety escape him. The tumult he had been craving and scheming for so long had come of itself. Boiling with zeal, he rushes to Lacroix. He reassures him, he heartens him. He plants, with Lacroix's aid, his batteries. This shall be their procedure: They will feign, for the gallery, to quarrel. Zola will send the sheriff to his publisher with a formal order to put his book on the market. The publisher will resist. And the newspapers will be filled with the incident. Rumours, craftily disseminated; then



VICTOR HUGO'S BIRTHPLACE AT BESANÇON

notes, more definite and sharper; then violent paragraphs will inform the public. And the arsenal is forged by the two conspirators. From this moment Zola, as strategist as well as author, inspired Lecroix with unlimited confidence. And they signed the memorable contract which was to pass into the hands of M. Georges Charpentier and which served as the basis of their profitable association."

HUGO AS AN ADVERTISER

Hugo was an equally audacious, wily and determined advertiser. "This volume on the Ocean [*Les Travailleurs de*

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HAUTEVILLE HOUSE, WHERE "LES MISÉRABLES" WAS WRITTEN

la Mer]," wrote Mme. Hugo from Brussels to Hugo's loyal and indefatigable friend Auguste Vacquerie, "of incontestable magnificence but of a splendour necessarily monotonous, worried me and more particularly this part [*La Pieuvre*], which has determined the greatest success, perhaps, my husband has ever had. The triumph belongs to you and to Meurice. You made the friends and the newspapers take it up immediately, and they have shut the mouths of the enemies. Millaud is giving the book a formidable publicity. Sunday, a decorated wagon, covered with a poster announcing the appearance of the novel in *Le Soleil,* paraded here. There were also placards borne on the arm, and fliers, etc., were distributed. Yesterday *Le Soleil* and the splendid novel of Victor Hugo were hawked in the railway trains with deafening cries; at Ghent, a similar state of affairs. This Millaud is incredible. He is the bass drum of publicity. . . . Lacroix, the publisher, tells us that the sale exceeds nine thousand five hundred copies, and that the eleven thousand will be exhausted at the end of May. As the book is very dear, this is really a great success."

Madame Hugo does not say whether her husband had aided and abetted this noisy and flamboyant advertising or not; but a perusal of his correspondence makes it perfectly plain that it would have been very like him to do so.

WHEN "LES MISÉRABLES" APPEARED

The sensation created in France and in Europe by the appearance of *Les Misérables* has been often described, but the most highly coloured descriptions fall far short—so the veterans of letters tell us—of the reality. Crowds of people who did not have the money to buy the work swarmed about the sidewalk displays of the book-stalls, in order to be able to say that they had seen it. The author was fairly submerged with letters from unknown admirers, a surprisingly large number of whom wrote that they had given, or were about to give, the name Marius or Cosette to their offspring. Fourteen books devoted to praising or berating the novel appeared within a twelve-month, among them two big tomes by Eugène de Mirecourt, analysing and ridiculing it chapter by chapter. In this connection it may not be out of place to cite an incident recently revealed by Jean Bernard, correspondent of *L'Indépendance Belge,* in his Paris letter:

"Les Misérables," says M. Bernard, "appeared the same day in all the European languages: the foreign papers paid relatively high rates for the serial rights of the novel, which was filling the world with the noisy clamour of the critics; one paper and only one, a daily in the French language, *Le Courrier des Etats-Unis,* profiting by the absence of a copyright treaty between the United States and France, undertook to print it without authorisation. Victor Hugo, whose property sense was very highly developed, protested, you may be sure; he was in the right. The managing editor of *Le Courrier,* Gaillardet, an ex-coadjutor of Alexandre Dumas, wrote Victor Hugo that legally he owed him nothing, but that he would give him a few dollars, a sum so slight that Victor Hugo retorted with this note: 'If you stole my handkerchief in a New York street, I could have you arrested; you content yourself with swindling me out of *Les Misérables* and you offer me a derisive sum. I would prefer that you picked my pocket.' "

THE LARGER HUGO

It is not the least proof, perhaps, of the intellectual and moral greatness of

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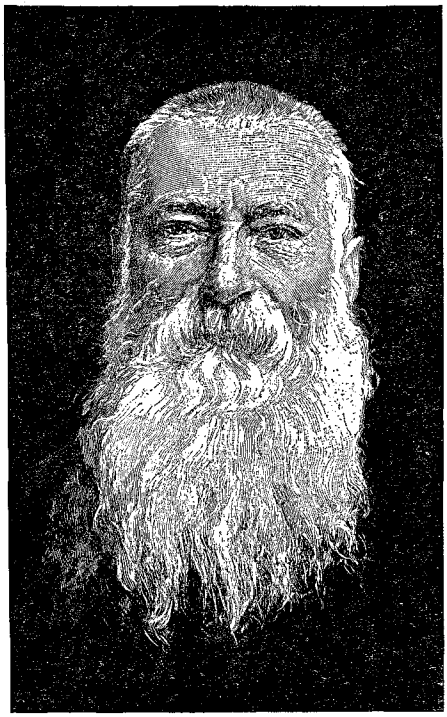
Victor Hugo that he is claimed as ancestor, precursor or disciple, and with more or less show of reason, by every existing political party and every religious and anti-religious sect. Napoleonist, Constitutional Monarchist, Republican, Socialist, militarist and anti-militarist, patriot and internationalist, sceptic and believer, he "belongs," as de Bouhélier puts it, "to no one or to all." Nationalists and Royalists, progressive and conservative Republicans, evolutionary and revolutionary Socialists, Anarchists even, may alike—so many, so varied and so sincere were Hugo's philosophical and political avatars—proclaim him theirs and glorify him by singing his hymns, declaiming his poems and crowning his statues, without thereby doing violence either to him or to their respective creeds and codes. Nevertheless, when the life and work of Victor Hugo are considered in their entirety, he stands out distinctly a friend of the poor, a champion of the oppressed, a believer in the mission of labour, an advocate of personal and political liberty, of struggle for the progress and happiness of the race, an enemy of exploitation, corruption and hypocrisy in high places, of sectional and race hatreds, of respectable dogmas and sacred supersititions and an apostle of peace and good will throughout the world. The Hugo who protested against the Coup d'Etat, who refused to re-enter his country while liberty was banished from it, who wished to be borne to his grave in the hearse of the poor, who prayed for the pardon of the insurrectionist Barbès and pleaded with Russia for the reprieve of the Nihilist assassin Sophie Perowska; the Hugo who declared near the end of his life, I have tried to rehabilitate the parish, whatever form he may take . . . ; those who say that I have practised art for art's sake say a silly thing; no one more than I has practised art for society and for humanity"; and whom, on the occasion of his centenary, the great-souled artist Steinlen depicted as sorrowing mightily in the other world over the atrocities then being perpetrated in this, is the Hugo who dominates all the other Hugos in the large view. And it is this Hugo—Hugo the innovator and the liberator, sower of emancipating social and political ideas, prophet of a coming era of justice, truth and freedom—whom France deifies and whom Italy, Servia, Bohemia, Greece, Armenia, Bulgaria, Hayti and Poland, remembering that they had his sympathy and support in their painful efforts for enfranchisement, delight to honour as if he were their very own.



ALPHONSE KARR, A "BEST SELLER" OF THE LAST GENERATION

No one knows even approximately how many million volumes of the works of Hugo, or of *Les Misérables* alone, have been sold up to date, for the authorised editions have from the beginning been numerous and the pirated editions were long more numerous still.

THE SALES OF DUMAS

It has frequently been stated of late

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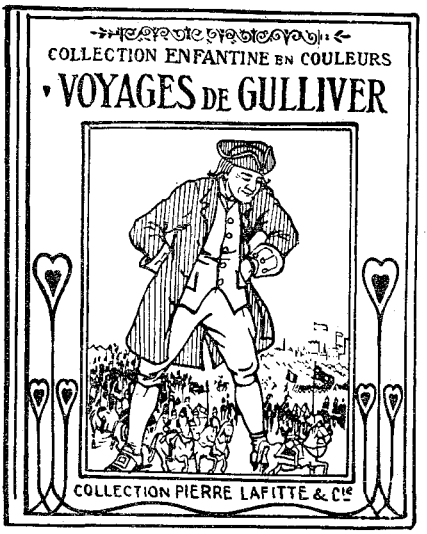

THE CLASSICS FOR YOUNG READERS ENJOY EXTRAORDINARILY LARGE SALES

that Dumas *père* has sold more millions than Victor Hugo. The statement is subject to suspicion. But it is easy to believe that Dumas is being more read nowadays than Hugo. The average Frenchman buys Hugo—as the average Anglo-Saxon buys the Bible—because not to have more or less Hugo in the house is not quite respectable; but he is very prone to leave his Hugo undisturbed upon the centre table or upon the library shelf. On the other hand, he buys Dumas, whom it is poor form to admire, because he wants to read him; and it is safe to assert that an unworn or an uncut Dumas in the home is as rare a phenomenon as a white crow. Exuberant, big-hearted Dumas *père* (*"Père Dumas"* as the people delight to call him) is unquestionably the writer who has most amused and most enchanted the most people in his own country—may one not add in the wide world?—during the last three-quarters of a century. Some of his books, it is true, have practically dropped out of sight: but *Les Trois Mousquetaires* and *Le Comte de Monte Cristo* are as irresistible to-day as when they took Europe by storm.

In one of his many moments of expansiveness, Dumas tells the story of his finding of himself—literarily speaking. After narrating how he aided Buloz to found *La Revue des Deux Mondes,* and how he prepared for the first numbers of that periodical "historical scenes" drawn from Barante's *History of the Dukes of Bourgogne,* Dumas rambles on in the following characteristic fashion:

As fast as I finished the "scenes," I carried them to Buloz; Buloz took them to the printing-house, printed them, and, every fortnight, the subscribers read them.

These ventures proclaimed at the very beginning my two principal qualities, the qualities that were to give a certain value to my books and to my plays: dialogue, which is the essence of the drama; narrative, which is the essence of the novel.

I possess these qualities—you know with what shameless frankness I talk about myself—in a superior degree.

I was not then aware either that I possessed two other qualities, which are no less important and which are mutually interdependent: gaiety and the verve that provokes laughter.

People are gay because they are well, because they have good stomachs, because they have no motives for sadness. That is the gaiety of everybody. But I have the gaiety that persists, the gaiety that rises superior, not to pain—on the contrary, pain finds me either compassionate toward others or profoundly affected myself—but to annoyances, to material difficulties and even to secondary dangers.

People have verve because they are gay; but, often, this verve dies out like the flame of a punch, evaporates like the froth of champagne.

A gay, nervous man, full of zest in conversation, is sometimes heavy and sour when he is alone, pen in hand, before a sheet of paper.

Work, on the contrary, stimulates me. No sooner do I take up my pen than a reaction sets in; my wildest fantasies have often emerged from my cloudiest days. Imagine pink lightnings in a storm.

But, as I was saying, at the period in question, I was conscious neither of this gaiety nor of this verve.

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One day, I recommended Lassailly to Oudard—for a much-needed loan, if I remember right. My letter, instead of being lugubrious, was gay, but in its very gaiety insistent and instinct with feeling.

Lassailly read the letter, which he was to deliver himself, and, turning to me with a dumbfounded air:

"But it's droll!" he said.

"What?"

"You have wit, *you?*"

"Why shouldn't I have? Envious fellow!"

"Ah! Because you would be the first man of six feet three and a half to have had it!"

In creating Porthos, I recalled more than once this utterance, which was profounder than at first appeared.

And that is how I came to introduce wit and gaiety into *La Revue des Deux Mondes.*

A FRENCH "DIME NOVEL"

THE NEGLECTED EUGÈNE SUE

Napoleon III attributed to the novels of Alexandre Dumas and Eugène Sue the "demoralisation of the masses," which rendered impossible his restoration to the throne. Sue, neglected, not to say utterly despised, to-day by the lettered, remains dear to the heart of the common people. His centenary (1904) was celebrated only at the Bourse de Travail—a circumstance which indicates plainly where his hold is still strong. In his lifetime his vogue was universal. His *Mystères de Paris* and *Juif Errant* (besides a number of other thrillers, the very titles of which are now forgotten in the classes, as distinguished from the masses) were eagerly devoured all over Europe and were a potent factor in the dissemination of the humanitarian ideas which have since crystallised in Socialism. In 1853, the Bishop of Annecy threatened to excommunicate every person who should read *Le Juif Errant* or *Les Mystères de Paris.* During a sojourn of Sue at Geneva, the watch-makers of that city contrived, by working overtime an hour each day, to put together a superb chronometer, which they presented him at a ball given in his honour. The artisans of Val de Saint-Imier also offered him a watch which they had fabricated in a single day.

It was Eugène Sue who persuaded the Comtesse de Ségur (daughter of General Rostopchine, the burner of Moscow) to write out and have printed the stories with which she was in the habit of entertaining her grandchildren. *Les Malheurs de Sophie, Les Mémoires d'un Ane, Les Deux Nigauds, L'Auberge de l'Ange Gardien, Le Général Dourakine, Jean Qui Grogne et Jean Qui Rit* were sold by hundreds of thousands in France and were translated into all languages. The books of this queen of the writers for children are still in large demand. One of them was recently dramatised for the Paris stage by Rosamonde and Maurice Rostand.

INDEFATIGABLE ARTISANS OF LETTERS

The novels of Dumas *père* and of Eugène Sue—should one add those of Jules Verne, whose posthumous works seem to be as inexhaustible as those of Victor Hugo?—serve as a bridge, so to speak, between the literary novel and the popular novel which the French designate (somewhat loosely) as *le roman-feuilleton;* between the productions of the sticklers for literary form and those of the penny-a-liners (the Albert Rosses and the Laura Jean Libbeys) of France, whose popularity is usually ephemeral but who, so long as their strength holds

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out to ply their pens, can count on selling more books than ninety-nine one hundredths of the authors appreciated by the cultured classes. Among the most cherished *feuilletonistes* of the last half of the nineteenth and the beginning of the twentieth century are Ponson du Terrail (author of the celebrated and interminable exploits of Rocambole), Pierre Zaccone (author of *Le Roi de la Basoche*), Emile Gaboriau (*Monsieur Lecoq*), Marc Mario and Louis Launay (*Vidocq*), Comte Xavier de Montepin (*Les Pirates de la Seine*), Emile Richebourg (*Jean Loup*), Pierre Decourcelle (*Les Deux Gosses*), Fortuné de Boisgobey, Jules de Grandpré, Maurice Landay, Gustave Aimard, Ernest

ANATOLE FRANCE. HIS LATEST NOVEL, "LES DIEUX ONT SOIF," IS ALREADY IN ITS ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY-EIGHTH THOUSAND

Capendu, Jules Mary, Michel Zebaco, Jules de Gastyne, Maxime Valoris, Louis Noir, Hector de Montperreux, and Michel Morphy. Zola began his literary career as a *feuilletoniste* with *Les Mystères de Marseille,* and Aristide Bruant, after having written a few of the strongest poems of the nineteenth century, is ending his in the same fashion. Jules Lermina decided that fabricating *feuilletons* was more dignified than playing politics, and Jean Lorrain occasionally sought repose therein from the fatigues incident to the practice of preciosity.

The first French books—with the single exception of *Les Frères Zemganno* of the Goncourt brothers—in which Maxim Gorky found pleasure and profit were the works of Boisgobey, Ponson du Terrail, Zaccone, de Montepin and Gaboriau. Marguerite Audoux used to adore—probably still adores—the *feuilletons* of Georges Valdague (who, though not as old as she might be, has already between one million five hundred thousand and two million lines to her credit) and of Jules Mary; and the lamented Charles-Louis Philippe declared that he burned to erect an altar to Ponson du Terrail and Adolphe d'Ennery. These extraordinarily clever and indefatigable artisans of letters deserve more than summary notice—the life story of Jules Mary, in particular, is as touching and more tragic than that told by Alphonse Daudet in *Le Petit Chose*—but this is neither the time nor the place therefor. Their public (the workers in the factories and the workers in the fields) are equally ravenous for the tales of our Fenimore Cooper. In fact, Cooper, in gaudily covered four-cent volumes, is to be had in every industrial faubourg and every hamlet of France.

THE INTEREST IN GEORGE SAND

George Sand—to return to the best sellers proper to literature—is, by the confession of the Russians themselves, one of the forerunners and creators of the Russian revolutionary movement and of the Russian novel. Sand's success was immediate and prodigious. Her first novel, *Indiana—Rose et Blanche,* which was signed Jules Sand, had been written in collaboration with Jules Sandeau—instantly captivated all Europe. It is no exaggeration to say that Sand, like Byron, awoke one morning to find herself famous. The appearance of *Lélia* two years later fanned the Sand enthusiasm into a veritable conflagration.

To-day the interest in Sand is still strong, but it centres almost entirely about her amorous adventure with Alfred de Musset in Venice. Her books

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have long been out of fashion—at least her rural romances, *François-le-Champi, La Petite Fadette, La Mare au Diable et cetera,* deserved a kinder fate—and the book trade seems to be agreed that the demand for them was not perceptibly increased by the Sand centenary of 1904, nor by the much appreciated Sand lectures delivered by René Doumic in 1909 before the fashionable audiences of the Société des Conférences.

Chateaubriand's *René, Atala* and *Les Martyrs,* best sellers in their day, are suffering from a neglect similar to that which has overtaken *Indiana, Lélia, Consuelo* and *La Comtesse de Rudolstadt;* but, by way of compensation, *Les Mémoires d'Outre-Tombe,* which was scarcely noticed at the time of its appearance, has been for a good many years now the motive of a veritable Chateaubriand cult.

BALZAC AND SOME OTHERS

Balzac, "the person who, next to God, has created the most," seems not to have caused as much of a stir—though it is recorded that the members of a certain social set in Venice carried their admiration for *La Comédie Humaine* so far as to christen one another Langeais,

MARCEL PRÉVOST. HIS "LETTRES DES FEMMES" PLACED HIM IMMEDIATELY AND PERMANENTLY IN THE RANKS OF THE "BEST SELLERS"

PAUL BOURGET. FEW OF HIS LATER NOVELS HAVE SOLD MORE THAN FIFTY THOUSAND COPIES

Maufrigneuse, Vandenesse, Mortsauf, Rubempré, *et cetera*—as Hugo, Dumas, Eugène Sue, Sand or Chateaubriand. The reputation of Balzac is relatively greater to-day than it was in his lifetime—is he not placed even above Hugo by the intellectual *élite?*—and the multiplication of the editions of his works and the stiffness of the second-hand prices of his books in the shops and along the Quais (well-nigh infallible criterion) afford abundant proof that his admirers are buyers likewise. Flaubert and Stendhal have also gained rather than lost in favour since their deaths—*Le Rouge et le Noir* is a familiar sight even in the cheap stationery shops of the faubourgs—and the prestige of Théophile Gautier has not too greatly suffered from the ravages of time. Mme. Judith Gautier is authority for the statement that the sales of her father's books have not diminished materially during the last forty years; certainly one is confronted by *Mademoiselle de Maupin* the world over, and *Le Capitaine Fracasse* is by no means an unfamiliar sight.

Other best sellers who have gone over

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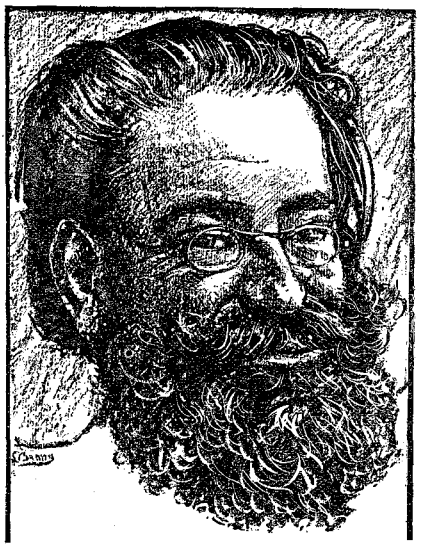

E. DRUMONT, WHOSE ANTI-SEMITIC BOMB "LA FRANCE JUIVE" IS IN ITS TWO HUNDREDTH THOUSAND

to the great majority are Prosper Mérimée, generally esteemed the greatest of short-story tellers, before the advent of Guy de Maupassant; Paul de Kock, prince of literary clowns, who still has an enormous following among the people; Alphonse Karr, author of *Sous les Tilleuls,* whose books are little read these days, but whose witticisms continue to be cited and who is held in grateful remembrance by the flower-growers of the *Côte d'Azur,* because he revealed to them an unsuspected source of wealth; Erckmann and Chatrian, literary partners, who made a phenomenal hit with *Le Conscrit de 1813* just as their publisher, Hetzel, was preparing to throw them over because the unsold copies of their earlier novels took up too much space in his shop; Victor Cherbuliez, for a generation a bright and particular star of the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* who was first boosted into prominence by George Sand and Sainte-Beuve; Gustave Droz, whose racy and mischievous *Monsieur, Madame et Bébé* will be remembered for its fetching title long after it shall have ceased to be read; Ludovic Halévy, whose somewhat sirupy *L'Abbé Constantin*—"found," to employ his own words, "in the bottom of his ink-well," when he fancied it was completely dry—has made several times the tour of the world, but who is most fondly remembered by Parisians as the creator of Monsieur and Madame Cardinal and as the librettist (with Henri Meilhac) of Jacques Offenbach; Hector Malot, who enjoys the well-nigh unique distinction of having deliberately abjured literary production in the prime of life and at the very height of his fame; Henri Murger, who published a goodly number of volumes, but whose sole title to a place in literary history is the tender and rollicking *Vie de Bohème;* Edmond About, Octave Feuillet and Emile Souvestre; all victims of a brusque change in literary fashions; Catulle Mendès, "verbal sorcerer," who did so many things so well that a time came when the dazed public stupidly refused to give him credit for his artistry; Henry Gréville, author of *Dosia* (a story particularly adored by girls), who produced with as little apparent effort as George Sand; Béranger, author of blithesome, ringing and touching chansons, the best loved poet of his generation, whose lays were so far transmitted orally that his fame and favour would scarcely have been less had there been no such thing as a printing-press in the world; and the poets Lamartine, de Musset, Jean Richepin and François Coppee, all of whom were prose artists likewise of no mean merit.

Here also belong the two sorely lamented masters Alphonse Daudet and Guy de Maupassant.

MAUPASSANT AND DAUDET

De Maupassant was not a little harassed and annoyed—inevitable penalty of literary fame—by the importunity of the younger and less successful members of his craft. "The appearance of *Fort Comme la Mort,*" says de Maupassant's valet François in his curious volume of *Souvenirs,* "was a triumph for Monsieur, but caused such an increase of visits of young writers that my master finally complained: 'But they fatigue me!

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I need my mornings for work, and there have really been too many of them latterly. Hereafter I shall receive them only by appointment. I would like nothing better than to be useful, but nothing I can say can help them.' "

Alphonse Daudet's hand lost somewhat of its cunning toward the end of his career, and the reception accorded most of the books belonging to that period suffered accordingly. *Soutien de Famille,* for instance, pleased so little that its sales are still considerably below fifty thousand, while *Premier Voyage* has barely attained its twentieth thousand. But *Sapho* has sold eighty-five thousand copies more than Zola's best seller and, in general, the sales of the works upon which Daudet's fame is based are only a trifle under those of the most popular works of Zola. The house of Flammarion has sold two hundred and thirty-one thousand copies of its regular 3 fr. 50 edition of *Tartarin sur les Alpes;* two hundred and twenty thousand copies of *Sapho;* two hundred and twelve thousand of *Tartarin de Tarascon;* one hundred and thirty-seven thousand of *Jack;* one hundred and twenty-two thousand of *La Belle Nivernaise;* ninety-eight thousand of *Port-Tarascon;* and eighty-three thousand of *Les Rois en Exil.* The house of Fasquelle has sold one hundred and seventeen thousand copies of its regular 3 fr. 50 edition of *Le Nabab;* one hundred and thirteen thousand of *Fromont Jeune et Risler Aîné;* one hundred thousand of *Sapho;* and ninety-five thousand of *Numa Roumestan.* Several of the Daudet novels, by some strange mutual understanding, figure upon the lists of both publishers. And neither firm is willing—or able?—to give the figures regarding the enormous popular editions offered from time to time by the subscription houses, whose specialty it is to cater to the insatiate appetite of the great public for the works of writers of renown, under the form of one or two sou weekly, fortnightly or monthly *"fascicules."*

This complex situation illustrates admirably the difficulty, the impossibility even of giving precise information regarding the extent of the diffusion in France of the writings of the authors who have attained a high degree of popularity and accounts for the astonishing figures, often mounting into the millions, that are constantly going the round of the press.

JEAN RICHEPIN

SIX MILLION COPIES

The only living novelist whose sales will bear comparison with those of Zola and Daudet—excepting, of course, the *feuilletonistes*—seems to be Georges Ohnet. Ohnet's greatest popular success has been *Le Maître de Forges,* which appeared in 1881. Over six million copies of this novel were sold years ago under the fascicule system mentioned above; and its regular sale has probably been considerably greater than that of

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SATIRISING THE MANIA FOR DETECTIVE STORIES—"I KNOW ALL, THIS MAN IS NOT RAFFLES, BUT ARSÈNE LUPIN"

M. ESCOFFIER MME. DULUC M. BRULÉ F. DE CROISSET AND M. LEBLANC

any novel which has appeared during the last forty years. One hears very little of the author of *Le Maître de Forges* now; but he keeps on writing, and there is no good reason to suppose that he sells less than the hundred thousand volumes a year with which he was long credited. His first novel, *Serge Panine,* which appeared in 1880, was crowned by the Academy, and he was promptly hailed as the coming great novelist. Then the critic Jules Lemaître got afoul of him and, presto! he ceased to be taken seriously in literary circles. Ohnet is at present publishing a series of historical novels dealing with the period of the First Napoleon.

FRANCE, BAZIN, LOTI AND OTHERS

Anatole France's latest novel, *Les Dieux Ont Soif,* is already in its one hundred twenty-fifth thousand. France was recognised as the greatest living master of French prose a good many years back; but it was not until rather recently that his novels began to pass the hundred thousand mark. While his sales are gradually increasing, his influence with the rising generation of writers is rapidly diminishing, a certain bumptiousness that passes for Anglo-Saxon strenuousness being the order of the day among the young *intellectuels.*

René Bazin was helped past this same landmark by the persecution of the Church in the opening years of the present century, and he can count indefinitely upon the patronage of the *bien pensant* element of the community. His earlier work sold much less, but at its best, was worth much more. Pierre Loti captivated the public more easily than either France or Bazin, and has been able to hold it, though he, like France, is less idolised than formerly by the younger *élite* in consequence of the invasion of strenuousness. Maurice Leblanc (Arsène Lupin series), Willy and Colette Willy (Claudine series), Jean Rameau, Pierre de Coulevain, and Marcel Prévost all have big and loyal publics. Jean de La Brète's *Mon Oncle et Mon Curé* is in its one hundred and sixty-sixth thousand; Octave Mirbeau's *Journal d'une Femme de Chambre* in its one hundred and twenty-third thousand; and Paul and Victor Margueritte's *Le Désastre* in its one hundred and thirteenth thousand; but all the other works of these same authors fall

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SATIRISING ROSTAND. DRAWN BY THE GREAT SUCCESSES OF OTHER YEARS THE MASTER MOVES ALONG, BLESSING THE CROWDS. BUT "CHANTECLER" BORES THE PEOPLE UNUTTERABLY

below, most of them a good deal below, one hundred thousand. No one of Paul Bourget's later works has passed seventy-five thousand, though Bourget's intellectual influence was never so great, probably, as it is at present. Maurice Barrès, who is fairly idolised by a considerable portion of young France, has not, as a rule, had large sales. His *Colette Baudoche* alone has reached seventy-five thousand, but the air is full of signs that he is on the high road to the sort of popularity that involves big editions. Thus twenty-five thousand copies of his new novel, *La Colline Inspirée,* have been sold within a fortnight. Georges Courteline sells well in cheap illustrated editions, but does not attain six figures under other circumstances. Marguerite Audoux's *Marie-Claire* (so meritorious and so skilfully launched by Octave Mirbeau) is in its eighty-first thousand, a figure far above that which Mirbeau himself usually reaches. The greatest surprise of the last year or so, barring *Marie-Claire,* has been Alphonse de Chateaubriant's *M. des Lourdines* (the Goncourt Prize book of 1911), which is in its fiftieth thousand—an exceptional showing, as such things go in France, for a first novel that is delightfully free from the slightest taint of sensationalism.

Edmond Rostand's *Cyrano de Bergerac*—to pass from the novel to the printed drama—is in its three hundred and seventy-sixth thousand; *L'Aiglon* in its two hundred and eighty-second thousand, and *Chantecler* in its one hundred and fiftieth thousand. Plays probably never sold like this before. But Rostand, besides possessing a very pretty talent of the scintillating order, is, like Hugo and like Zola, a veritable advertising genius.

Twenty years or more ago, Renan's *Vie de Jesus* was reported to have sold over a million copies. The report should have read, probably, over a million "fascicules," but even so phenomenal success is indicated. Edouard Drumont's Anti-Semitic bomb, *La France Juive,* which appeared in 1886, is in its two hundredth thousand, Camille Flammarion's *Astronomie Populaire* is in its one hundred and twenty-fifth thousand. Gustave Lanson's *Histoire de La Littérature Française* (published in 1894) is in its one hundred and twentieth thousand. "Never, I fancy, in any time or in any country," says Pierre Leguay in *Les Universitaires d'Aujourd'hui,* "has any manual had a success comparable to this. The red-faced and ill-shaven young ecclesiastics who wear out their cassocks on the benches of our provincial universities, the conscientious and massive Germans who follow all the courses of the Sorbonne, the starveling Russians, the elegant Roumanian women whom the ladies of Zion teach at Bucharest or at Iassi, the fellows of the University or the 'digs' of the lycées all study and cultivate *le Lanson.* From the Pont des Arts to the Pont Saint-Michel it commands a premium on the Quais." The Larousse encyclopædias and dictionaries have found

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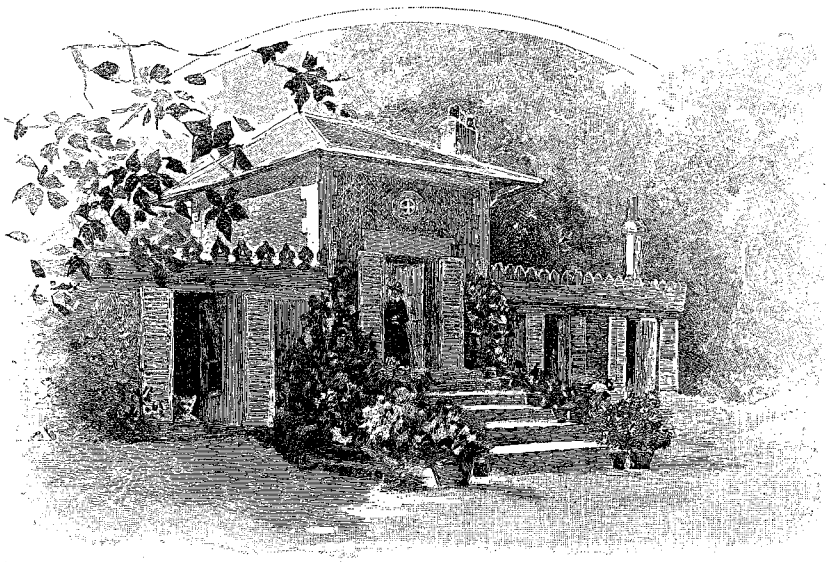
all told from six to ten million purchasers. The *Larousse Médical Illustré* has obtained within a year sixty thousand subscribers; the *Larousse pour Tous,* in two volumes, has one hundred and seventy-five thousand subscribers, and the *Nouveau Larousse Illustré,* which appeared in 1905, has sold one million forty thousand copies. Jules Huret's *En Allemagne,* which sold about thirty thousand copies in the conventional 3 fr. 50 edition of Fasquelle, has secured fifty thousand subscribers in less than a month in the *de luxe* illustrated edition of Pierre Lafitte. Rodin's *L'Art,* published in 1911, is now in its twenty-fifty thousand.

The books of social philosophy of Dr. Gustave Le Bon, the syntheses of the late Henri Poincaré, the popularisations of history of Gustave Le Nôtre, the Napoleonic studies of Frédéric Masson, and the military and naval prophecies of Capitaine Danrit have had sales that are not to be compared with those of the most successful novels, but which are distinctly superior to those of most of the other works of their respective classes.

On the other hand, the *Journal* of Marie Bashkirtseff, which created such a furor in America a short generation ago, has sold here only eighteen thousand copies. Previous to the Revolution, authors depended for their living less upon the sales of their books than upon the favours of monarchs or of titled patrons. There were no best sellers, therefore, in exactly the sense in which the term is employed to-day. But there were books that created sensations, that were all the rage at the court and in the town, and this amounts to very much the same thing.



THE VILLA CHERBULIEZ. VICTOR CHERBULIEZ'S "SAMUEL BROHL ET CIE" REMAINS A "BEST SELLER" AFTER THIRTY-FIVE YEARS

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SAMUEL

BY JACK LONDON

MARGARET HENAN would have been a striking figure under any circumstances, but never more so than when I first chanced upon her, a sack of grain of fully a hundred-weight on her shoulder, as she walked with sure though tottering stride from the cart-tail to the stable, pausing for an instant to gather strength at the foot of the steep steps that led to the grain-bin. There were four of these steps, and she went up them, a step at a time, slowly, unwaveringly, and with so dogged a certitude that it never entered my mind that her strength could fail her and let that hundred-weight sack fall from the lean and withered frame that well-nigh doubled under it. For she was patently an old woman, and it was her age that made me linger by the cart and watch.

Six times she went between the cart and the stable, each time with a full sack on her back, and beyond passing the time of day with me she took no notice of my presence. Then, the cart empty, she fumbled for matches and lighted a short clay pipe, pressing down the burning surface of the tobacco with a calloused and apparently nerveless thumb. The hands were noteworthy. They were large-knuckled, sinewy, and malformed by labour, rimed with callouses, the nails blunt and broken, and with here and there cuts and bruises, healed and healing, such as are common to the hands of hard-working men. On the back were huge, upstanding veins, eloquent of age and toil. Looking at them it was hard to believe that they were the hands of the woman who had once been the belle of Island McGill. This last, of course, I learned later. At the time I knew neither her history nor her identity.

She wore heavy man's brogans. Her legs were stockingless, and I had noticed when she walked that her bare feet were thrust into the crinkly, iron-like shoes that sloshed about her lean ankles at every step. Her figure, shapeless and waistless, was garbed in a rough man's shirt and in a ragged flannel petticoat that had once been red. But it was her face, wrinkled, withered and weather-beaten, surrounded by an aureole of unkept and straggling wisps of greyish hair, that caught and held me. Neither drifted hair nor serried wrinkles could hide the splendid dome of a forehead, high and broad without verging in the slightest on the abnormal.

The sunken cheeks and pinched nose told little of the quality of the life that flickered behind those clear blue eyes of hers. Despite the minutiæ of wrinkle-work that somehow failed to weazen them, her eyes were clear as a girl's—clear, out-looking, and far-seeing, and with an open and unblinking steadfast-

As a general rule the policy of this magazine is against the publication of fiction. But that does not mean that if an exceptional story comes to us we will not print it. We believe that this story by Mr. London is an exceptional story. It is not entirely a pleasant tale, it lacks the conventional "happy ending," but we don't think any one will question its grim power. When we first read it in manuscript the memory of that lonely, stubborn old mother haunted us for days. We have an idea that "Samuel" will have the same effect on many of our readers. It is because we believe the story to be "quality" and not merely because we regard Jack London as being, among contemporary literary workmen, very near the apex, that we print it.

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ness of gaze that was disconcerting. The remarkable thing was the distance between them. It is a lucky man or woman who has the width of an eye between, but with Margaret Henan the width between her eyes was fully that of an eye and a half. Yet so symmetrically moulded was her face that this remarkable feature produced no uncanny effect, and, for that matter, would have escaped the casual observer's notice. The mouth, shapeless and toothless, with down-turned corners and lips dry and parchment-like, nevertheless lacked the muscular slackness so usual with age. The lips might have been those of a mummy, save for that impression of rigid firmness they gave. Not that they were atrophied. On the contrary they seemed tense and set with a muscular and spiritual determination. There and in the eyes was the secret of the certitude with which she carried the heavy sacks up the steep steps, with never a false step or over-balance, and emptied them in the grain-bin.

"You are an old woman to be working like this," I ventured.

She looked at me with that strange, unblinking gaze, and she thought and spoke with the slow deliberateness that characterised everything about her, as if well aware of an eternity that was hers and in which there was no need for haste. Again I was impressed by the enormous certitude of her. In this eternity that seemed so undubitably hers, there was time and to spare for safe-footing and stable equilibrium—for certitude, in short. No more in her spiritual life than in carrying the hundred-weights of grain, was there a possibility of a misstep or an overbalancing. The feeling produced in me was uncanny. Here was a human soul that, save for the most glimmering of contacts, was beyond the humanness of me. And the more I learned of Margaret Henan in the weeks that followed the more mysteriously remote she became. She was as alien as a far-journeyer from some other star, and no hint could she nor all the countryside give me of what norms of living, what heats of feeling, or rules of philosophic contemplation, actuated her in all that she had been and was.

"I wull be suvunty-two come Guid Friday a fortnight," she said in reply to my question.

"But you are an old woman to be doing this man's work, and a strong man's work at that," I insisted.

Again she seemed to immerse herself in that atmosphere of contemplative eternity, and so strangely did it affect me that I should not have been surprised to have awaked a century or so later and found her just beginning to enunciate her reply:

"The work hoz tull be done, an' I am beholden tull no one."

"But have you no children, no family relations?"

"O, ay, a plenty o' them, but they no see fut tull be helpun' me."

She drew out her pipe for a moment, then added, with a nod of her head toward the house, "I luv' wuth meself."

I glanced at the house, straw-thatched and commodious, at the large stable, and at the large array of fields I knew must belong with the place.

"It is a big bit of land for you to farm by yourself."

"O, ay, a bug but, suvunty acres. Ut kept me old mon buzzy, along wuth a son an' a hired mon, tull say naught o' extra honds un the harvest an' a maid-servant un the house."

She clambered into the cart, gathered the reins in her hands, and quizzed me with her keen, shrewd eyes.

"Belike ye hail from over the watter —Ameruky, I'm meanun'?"

"Yes, I'm a Yankee," I answered.

"Ye wull no be findun' mony Island McGill folk stoppun' un Ameruky?"

"No; I don't remember ever meeting one in the States."

She nodded her head.

"They are home-lovun' bodies, though I wull no be sayun' they are no fair-travelled. Yet they come home ot the last, them oz are no lost ot sea or kult by fevers an' such-like un foreign parts."

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"Then your sons will have gone to sea and come home again?" I queried.

"O, ay, all savun' Samuel oz was drownded."

At the mention of Samuel I could have sworn to a strange light in her eyes, and it seemed to me, as by some telepathic flash, that I divined in her a tremendous wistfulness, an immense yearning. It seemed to me that here was the key to her inscrutability, the clew that if followed properly would make all her strangeness plain. It came to me that here was a contact and that for the moment I was glimpsing into the soul of her. The question was tickling on my tongue, but she forestalled me.

She *tckh'd* to the horse, and with a "Guid day tull you, sir," drove off.

* * * * *

A simple, homely people are the folk of Island McGill, and I doubt if a more sober, thrifty, and industrious folk is to be found in all the world. Meeting them abroad—and to meet them abroad one must meet them on the sea, for a hybrid seafaring and farmer breed are they—one would never take them to be Irish. Irish they claim to be, speaking of North of Ireland with pride and sneering at their Scottish brothers; yet Scotch they undoubtedly are, transplanted Scotch of long ago, it is true, but none the less Scotch, with a thousand traits, to say nothing of their tricks of speech and woolly utterance, which nothing less than their Scotch clannishness could have preserved to this late day.

A narrow loch, scarcely half a mile wide, separates Island McGill from the mainland of Ireland; and, once across this loch, one finds himself in an entirely different country. The Scotch impression is strong, and the people, to commence with, are Presbyterians. When it is considered that there is no public house in all the island and that seven thousand souls dwell therein, some idea may be gained of the temperateness of the community. Wedded to old ways, public opinion and the ministers are powerful influences, while fathers and mothers are revered and obeyed as in few other places in this modern world. Courting lasts never later than ten at night, and no girl walks out with her young man without her parents' knowledge and consent.

The young men go down to the sea and sow their wild oats in the wicked ports, returning periodically, between voyages, to live the old intensive morality, to court till ten o'clock, to sit under the minister each Sunday, and to listen at home to the same stern precepts that the elders preached to them from the time they were laddies. Much they learned of women in the ends of the earth, these seafaring sons, yet a canny wisdom was theirs and they never brought wives home with them. The one solitary exception to this had been the schoolmaster, who had been guilty of bringing a wife from half a mile the other side of the loch. For this he had never been forgiven, and he rested under a cloud for the remainder of his days. At his death the wife went back across the loch to her own people, and the blot on the escutcheon of Island McGill was erased. In the end the sailor-men married girls of their own home land and settled down to become exemplars of all the virtues for which the island was noted.

Island McGill was without a history. She boasted none of the events that go to make history. There had never been any wearing of the green, any Fenian conspiracies, any land disturbances. There had been but one eviction, and that purely technical—a test case, and on advice of the tenant's lawyer. So Island McGill was without annals. History had passed her by. She paid her taxes, acknowledged her crowned rulers, and left the world alone; all she asked in return was that the world leave her alone. The world was composed of two parts—Island McGill and the rest of it. And whatever was not Island McGill was outlandish and barbarian; and well she knew, for did not her seafaring sons bring home reports of that world and its ungodly ways?

* * * * *

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It was from the skipper of a Glasgow tramp, as passenger from Colombo to Rangoon, that I had first learned of the existence of Island McGill; and it was from him that I had carried the letter that gave me entrance to the house of Mrs. Ross, widow of a master mariner, with a daughter living with her and with two sons, master mariners themselves and out upon the sea. Mrs. Ross did not take in boarders, and it was Captain Ross's letter alone that had enabled me to get from her bed and board. In the evening, after my encounter with Margaret Henan, I questioned Mrs. Ross, and I knew on the instant that I had in truth stumbled upon mystery.

Like all Island McGill folk, as I was soon to discover, Mrs. Ross was at first averse to discussing Margaret Henan at all. Yet it was from her I learned that evening that Margaret Henan had once been one of the island belles. Herself the daughter of a well-to-do farmer, she had married Thomas Henan, equally well-to-do. Beyond the usual housewife's tasks she had never been accustomed to work. Unlike many of the island women, she had never lent a hand in the fields.

"But what of her children?" I asked.

"Two o' the sons, Jamie an' Tumothy uz married an' be goun' tull sea. Thot bug house close tull the post office uz Jamie's. The daughters thot ha' no married be luvun' wuth them as dud marry. An' the rest be dead."

"The Samuels," Clara interpolated, with what I suspected was a giggle.

She was Mrs. Ross's daughter, a strapping young woman with handsome features and remarkably handsome black eyes.

"'Tuz naught tull be snuckerun' ot," her mother reproved her.

"The Samuels?" I intervened. "I don't understand."

"Her four sons thot died."

"And were they all named Samuel?"

"Ay."

"Strange," I commented in the lagging silence.

"Very strange," Mrs. Ross affirmed, proceeding stolidly with the knitting of the woollen singlet on her knees—one of the countless undergarments that she interminably knitted for her skipper sons.

"And it was only the Samuels that died?" I queried, in further attempt.

"The others luv'd," was the answer. "A fine fomuly—no finer on the island. No better lods ever sailed out of Island McGill. The munuster held them up oz models tull pottern after. Nor was ever a whusper breathed again' the girls."

"But why is she left alone now in her old age?" I persisted. "Why don't her own flesh and blood look after her? Why does she live alone? Don't they ever go to see her or care for her?"

"Never a one un twunty years an' more now. She fetch't ut on tull herself. She drove them from the house just oz she drove old Tom Henan, thot was her husband, tull hus death."

"Drink?" I ventured.

Mrs. Ross shook her head scornfully, as if drink was a weakness beneath the weakest of Island McGill.

A long pause followed, during which Mrs. Ross knitted stolidly on, only nodding permission when Clara's young man, mate on one of the Shire Line sailing ships, came to walk out with her. I studied the half-dozen ostrich eggs, hanging in the corner against the wall like a cluster of some monstrous fruit. On each shell was painted precipitous and impossible seas through which full-rigged ships foamed with a lack of perspective only equalled by their sharp technical perfection. On the mantelpiece stood two large pearl shells, obviously a pair, intricately carved by the patient bands of New Caledonian convicts. In the centre of the mantel was a stuffed bird of paradise, while about the room were scattered gorgeous shells from the Southern seas, delicate sprays of coral sprouting from barnacled *pi-pi* shells and cased in glass, assegais from South Africa, stone-axes from New Guinea, huge Alaskan tobacco-pouches beaded with heraldic totem designs, a boomerang from Australia, divers ships in glass bottles, a cannibal *kai-kai* bowl from the

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Marquesas, and fragile cabinets from China and Indies and inlaid with mother-of-pearl and precious woods.

I gazed at this varied trove brought home by sailor sons, and pondered the mystery of Margaret Henan who had driven her husband to his death and been forsaken by all her kin. It was not the drink. Then what was it?—some shocking cruelty? some amazing infidelity? or some fearful, old-world peasant crime?

I broached my theories, but to all Mrs. Ross shook her head.

"Ut was no thot," she said. "Margaret was a guid wife an' a guid mother, an' I doubt she would harm a fly. She brought up her fomuly God-fearun' an' decent-minded. Her trouble was thot she took lunatuc—turned eediot."

Mrs. Ross tapped significantly on her forehead to indicate a state of addlement.

"But I talked with her this afternoon," I objected, "and I found her a sensible woman—remarkably bright for one of her years."

"Ay, an' I'm grantun' all thot you say," she went on calmly. "But I am no referrun' tull thot. I am referrun' tull her wucked-headed an' vucious stubbornness. No more stubborn woman ever luv'd than Margaret Henan. Ut was all on account o' Samuel, which was the name o' her eldest an' they do say her favorut brother—hum oz died by hus own hond all through the munuster's mustake un no registerun' the new church ot Dublin. Ut was a lesson thot the name was musfortunate, but she would no take ut, an' there was talk when she called her first child Samuel—hum thot died o' the croup. An' wuth thot what does she do but call the next one Samuel, an' hum only three when he fell un tull the tub o' hot watter an' was plain cooked tull death. Ut all come, I tell you, o' her wucked-headed an' foolush stubbornness. For a Samuel she must huv; an' ut was the death of the four of her sons. After the first, dudna her own mother go down un the dirt tull her feet, a-beggun' an' pleadun' wuth her no tull name her next one Samuel? But she was no tull be turned from her purpose. Margaret Henan was always set un her ways, an' never more so thon on thot name Samuel.

"She was fair lunatuc on Samuel. Dudna her neighbours, an' all kuth an' kun savun' them thot luv'd un the house wuth her, get up an' walk out ot the christenun' of the second—hum that was cooked? Thot they dud, an' ot the very moment the munuster asked what would the bairn's name be. 'Samuel,' says she; an' wuth thot they got up an' walked out an' left the house. An' ot the door dudna her Aunt Fannie, her mother's suster, turn an' say loud for all tull hear: 'What for wull she be wantun' tull murder the wee thung?' The munuster heard fine, an' dudna like ut, but oz he told my Larry afterward, what could he do? Ut was the woman's wush, an' there was no law again' a mother callun' her child accordun' tull her wush.

"An' then was there no the third Samuel? An' when he was lost ot sea off the Cape, dudna she break all laws o' nature tull have a fourth? She was forty-seven, I'm tullun' ye, an' she hod a child ot forty-seven. Thunk on ut! Ot forty-seven! Ut was fair scand'lous."

* * * * *

From Clara, next morning, I got the tale of Margaret Henan's favourite brother; and from here and there, in the week that followed, I pieced together the tragedy of Margaret Henan. Samuel Dundee had been the youngest of Margaret's four brothers, and, as Clara told me, she had well-nigh worshipped him. He was going to sea at the time, skipper of one of the sailing ships of the Bank Line, when he married Agnes Hewitt. She was described as a slender wisp of a girl, delicately featured and with a nervous organisation of the supersensitive order. Theirs had been the first marriage in the "new" church, and after a two weeks' honeymoon Samuel had kissed his bride good-by and sailed in command of the *Loughbank,* a big four-masted bark.

And it was because of the "new"

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church that the minister's blunder occurred. Nor was it the blunder of the minister alone, as one of the elders later explained; for it was equally the blunder of the whole Presbytery of Coughleen, which included fifteen churches on Island McGill and the mainland. The old church, beyond repair, had been torn down and the new one built on the original foundation. Looking upon the foundation stones as similar to a ship's keel, it never entered the minister's nor the Presbytery's head that the new church was legally any other than the old church.

"An' three couples was married the first week un the new church," Clara said. "First of all, Samuel Dundee an' Agnes Hewitt; the next day Albert Mahan an' Minnie Duncan; an' by the week-end Eddie Troy and Flo Mackintosh—all sailormen, an' un sux weeks' time the last of them back tull their shups an' awa', an' no one o' them dreamun' of the wuckedness they'd been ot."

The Imp of the Perverse must have chuckled at the situation. All things favoured. The marriages had taken place in the first week of May, and it was not till three months later that the minister, as required by law, made his quarterly report to the civil authorities in Dublin. Promptly came back the announcement that his church had no legal existence, not being registered according to the law's demands. This was overcome by prompt registration; but the marriages were not to be so easily remedied. The three sailor husbands were away, and their wives, in short, were not their wives.

"But the munuster was no for alarmun' the bodies," said Clara. "He kept hus council an' bided hus time, waitun' for the lods tull be back from sea. Oz luck would have ut, he was away across the island tull a 'christenun' when Albert Mahan arrives home onexpected, hus shup just docked ot Dublin. Ut's nine o'clock ot night when the munuster, un hus sluppers an' dressun' gown, gets the news. Up he jumps an' calls for horse an' saddle, an' awa' he goes like the wund for Albert Mahan's. Albert uz just goun' tull bed an' hoz one shoe off when the munuster arrives.

" 'Come wuth me, the pair o' ye," says he, breathless like. 'What for, an' me dead weary an' goun' tull bed?' says Albert. 'Tull be lawful married,' says the munuster. Albert looks black an' says, 'Now, munuster, ye wull be jokun',' but tull humself, oz I've heard hum tell mony a time, he uz wonderun' thot the munuster should a-took tull whuskey ot hus time o' life.

" 'We be no married?' says Minnie. He shook his head. 'An' I om no Mussus Mahan?' 'No,' says he, 'ye are no Mussus Mahan. Ye are plain Muss Duncan.' 'But ye married us yoursel',' says she. 'I dud an' I dudna,' says he. An' wuth thot he tells them the whole upshot, an' Albert puts on hus shoe, an' they go wuth the munuster an' are married proper an' lawful, an' oz Albert Mahan says afterward mony's the time, ' 'Tus no every mon thot hoz two weddun' nights on Island McGill.' "

Six months later, Eddie Troy came home and was promptly remarried. But Samuel Dundee was away on a three-years' voyage and his ship fell overdue. Further to complicate the situation, a baby boy, past two years old, was waiting for him in the arms of his wife. The months passed, and the wife grew thin with worrying. "Ut's no meself I'm thunkun' on," she is reported to have said many times, "but ut's the puir fatherless bairn. Uf aught hoppened tuil Samuel where wull the bairn stond?"

Lloyds posted the *Loughbank* as missing, and the owners ceased the monthly remittance of Samuel's half-pay to his wife. It was the question of the child's legitimacy that preyed on her mind, and when all hope of Samuel's return was abandoned, she drowned herself and the child in the loch. And here enters the greater tragedy. The *Loughbank* was not lost. By a series of sea disasters and delays too interminable to relate, she had made one of those long, unsighted passages such as occur once or twice in halt

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a century. How the Imp must have held both his sides! Back from the sea came Samuel, and when they broke the news to him something else broke somewhere in his heart or head. Next morning they found him where he had tried to kill himself across the grave of his wife and child. Never in the history of Island McGill was there so fearful a death-bed. He spat in the minister's face and reviled him, and died blaspheming so terribly that those that tended on him did so with averted gaze and trembling hands.

And in the face of all this, Margaret Henan named her first child Samuel.

* * * * *

How account for the woman's stubbornness? Or was it a morbid obsession that demanded a child of hers should be named Samuel? Her third child was a girl, named after herself, and the fourth was a boy again. Despite the strokes of fate that had already bereft her, and despite the loss of friends and relatives, she persisted in her resolve to name the child after her brother. She was shunned at church by those who had grown up with her. Her mother, after a final appeal, left her house with the warning that if the child were so named she would never speak to her again. And though the old lady lived thirty odd years longer she kept her word. The minister agreed to christen the child any name but Samuel, and every other minister on Island McGill refused to christen it by the name she had chosen. There was talk on the part of Margaret Henan of going to law at the time, but in the end she carried the child to Belfast and there had it christened Samuel.

And then nothing happened. The whole island was confuted. The boy grew and prospered. The schoolmaster never ceased averring that it was the brightest lad he had ever seen. Samuel had a splendid constitution, a tremendous grip on life. To everybody's amazement he escaped the usual run of childish afflictions. Measles, whooping-cough and mumps knew him not. He was armour-clad against germs, immune to all disease. Headaches and earaches were things unknown. "Never so much oz a boil or a pumple," as one of the old bodies told me, ever marred his healthy skin. He broke school records in scholarship and athletics, and whipped every boy of his size or years on Island McGill.

It was a triumph for Margaret Henan. This paragon was hers, and it bore the cherished name. With the one exception of her mother, friends and relatives drifted back and acknowledged that they had been mistaken; though there were old crones who still abided by their opinion and who shook their heads ominously over their cups of tea. The boy was too wonderful to last. There was no escaping the curse of the name his mother had wickedly laid upon him. The young generation joined Margaret Henan in laughing at them, but the old crones continued to shake their heads.

Other children followed. Margaret Henan's fifth was a boy, whom she called Jamie, and in rapid succession followed three girls, Alice, Sara, and Nora, the boy Timothy, and two more girls, Florence and Katie. Katie was the last and eleventh and Margaret Henan, at thirty-five, ceased from her exertions. She had done well by Island McGill and the Queen. Nine healthy children were hers. All prospered. It seemed her ill luck had shot its bolt with the deaths of her first two. Nine lived, and one of them was named Samuel.

Jamie elected to follow the sea, though it was not so much a matter of election as compulsion, for the eldest sons on Island McGill remained on the land while all other sons went to the salt ploughing. Timothy followed Jamie, and by the time the latter had got his first command, a steamer in the Bay trade out of Cardiff, Timothy was mate of a big sailing ship. Samuel, however, did not take kindly to the soil. The farmer's life had no attraction for him. His brothers went to sea, not out of desire, but because it was the only way for them to gain their bread; and he who had no need to go envied them when, returned

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from far voyages, they sat by the kitchen fire and told their bold tales of the wonder lands beyond the sea rim.

Samuel became a teacher, much to his father's disgust, and even took extra certificates, going to Belfast for his examinations. When the old master retired, Samuel took over his school. Secretly, however, he studied navigation, and it was Margaret's delight when he sat by the kitchen fire, and, despite their master's tickets, tangled up his brothers in the theoretics of their profession. Tom Henan alone was outraged when Samuel, schoolteacher, gentleman, and heir to the Henan farm, shipped to sea before the mast. Margaret had an abiding faith in her son's star, and whatever he did she was sure was for the best. Like everything else connected with his glorious personality, there had never been known so swift a rise as in the case of Samuel. Barely with two years' sea experience before the mast, he was taken from the forecastle and made a provisional second mate. This occurred in a fever port on the West Coast, and the committee of skippers that examined him agreed that he knew more of the science of navigation than they had remembered or forgotten. Two years later he sailed from Liverpool, mate of the *Starry Grace,* with both master's and extra-master's tickets in his possession. And then it happened—the thing the old crones had been shaking their heads over for years.

* * * * *

It was told me by Gavin McNab, bosun of the *Starry Grace* at the time, himself an Island McGill man.

"Wull do I remember ut," he said. "We was runnun' our Eastun' down, an' makun' heavy weather of ut. Oz fine a sailor-mon oz ever walked was Samuel Henan. I remember the look of hum wull thot last marnun', a-watchun' them bug seas curlun' up astern, an' a-watchun' the old girl an' seeun' how she took them—the skupper down below an' drunkun' for days. Ut was ot seven thot Henan brought her up on tull the wund, not darun' tull run longer un thot fearful sea. Ot eight, after havun' breakfast, he turns un, an' a half hour after up comes the skupper, bleary-eyed an' shaky an' holdun' on tull the componion. Ut was fair smokun', I om tellun' ye, an' there he stood, blunkun' an' noddun' an' talkun' tull humsel'. 'Keep off,' says he ot last tull the mon ot the wheel. 'My God!' says the second mate, standun' beside hum. The skupper never looks tull hum ot all, but keeps on mutterun' an' jabberun' tull humsel'. All of a suddent-like he straightuns up an' throws hus head back, an' says: 'Put your wheel over, me mon—now, domn ye! Are ye deef thot ye'll no be hearun' me!"

"Ut was a drunken mon's luck, for the *Starry Grace* wore off afore thot God-Almighty gale wuthout shuppun' a bucket o' watter, the second mate shoutun' orders an' the crew jumpin' like mod. An' wuth thot the skupper nods contented-like tull humsel' an' goes below after more whuskey. Ut was plain murder o' the lives o' all of us, for ut was no the time for the buggest shup afloat tull be runnun'. Run? Never hov I seen the like! Ut was beyond all thunkun', an' me goun' tull sea, boy an' mon, for forty year. I tell you ut was fair awesome.

"The face o' the second mate was white oz death, an' he stood ut alone for half an hour, when ut was too much for hum an' he went below an' called Samuel an' the third. Ay, a fine sailor-mon thot Samuel, but ut was too much for hum. He looked an' studied, and looked an' studied, but he could no see hus way. He durst na heave tull. She would ha' been sweeput o' all honds an' stucks an' everythung afore she could a-fetcht up. There was naught tull do but keep on runnun'. An' uf ut worsened we were lost onyway, for soon or late thot overtakun' sea was sure tull sweep us clear over poop an' all.

"Dud I say ut was a God-Almighty gale? Ut was worse nor thot. The Devil himself must ha' hod a hond un the brewun' o' ut, ut was thot fearsome. I ha' looked on some sights, but I om no

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carun' tull look on the like o' thot again. No mon dared tull be un hus bunk. No, nor no mon on the decks. All honds of us stood on top the house an' held on an' watched. The three mates was on the poop, wuth two men ot the wheel, an' the only mon below was thot whuskey-blighted captain snorun' drunk.

"An' then I see ut comun', a mile away, risun' above all the waves like an island un the sea—the buggest wave ever I looked upon. The three mates stood tulgether an' watched ut comun', a-prayun' like we thot she would no break un passun' us. But ut was no tull be. Ot the last, when she rose up like a mountain, curlun' above the stern an' blottun' out the sky, the mates scottered, the second an' third runnun' for the mizzen-shrouds an' climbun' up, but the first runnun' tull the wheel tull lend a hond. He was a grave mon, thot Samuel Henan. He run straight un tull the face o' thot father o' all waves, no thunkun' on humself but thunkun' only o' the ship. The two men was lashed tull the wheel, but he would be ready tull hond un the case they was kult. An' then she took ut. We on the house could no see the poop for the thousand tons o' watter thot hod hut ut. Thot wave cleaned them out, took everythung along wuth ut—the two mates climbun' up the mizzun riggun', Samuel Henan runnun' tull the wheel, the two men ot the wheel, ay, an' the wheel utself. We never saw aught o' them, for she broached tull what o' the wheel goun', an' two men o' us was drowned off the house, no tull mention the carptenter thot we pucked up ot the break o' the poop wuth every bone o' hus body broke tull he was like so much jelly."

* * * * *

And here enters the marvel of it, the miraculous wonder of that woman's heroic spirit. Margaret Henan was forty-seven when the news came home of the loss of Samuel; and it was not long after that the unbelievable rumour went around Island McGill. I say unbelievable. Island McGill would not believe. Doctor Hall pooh-pooh'd it. Everybody langhed at it as a good joke. They traced back the gossip to Sara Dack, servant to the Henans, and who alone lived with Margaret and her husband. But Sara Dack persisted in her assertion and was called a low-mouthed liar. One or two dared question Tom Henan himself, but beyond black looks and curses for their presumption they elicited nothing from him.

The rumour died down, and the island fell to discussing in all its ramifications the loss of the *Grenoble* in the China Seas, with all her officers and half her crew born and married on Island McGill. But the rumour would not stay down. Sara Dack was louder in her assertions, the looks Tom Henan cast about him were blacker than ever, and Doctor Hall, after a visit to the Henan house, no longer pooh-pooh'd. Then Island McGill sat up, and there was a tremendous wagging of tongues. It was unnatural and ungodly. The like had never been heard. And when, as time passed, the truth of Sara Dack's utterances was manifest, the island folk decided, like the bosun of the *Starry Grace,* that only the Devil could have had a hand in so untoward a happening. And the infatuated woman, so Sara Dack reported, insisted that it would be a boy. "Eleven bairns ha' I borne," she said; "sux o' them lassies an' five o' them loddies. An' sunce there be balance un all thungs, so wull there be balance wuth me. Sux o' one an' half a dozen o' the other—there uz the balance, an' oz sure oz the sun rises un the marnun', thot sure wull ut be a boy."

And boy it was, and a prodigy. Doctor Hall raved about its unblemished perfection and massive strength, and wrote a brochure on it for the Dublin Medical Society as the most interesting case of the sort in his long career. When Sara Dack gave the babe's unbelievable weight, Island McGill refused to believe and once again called her liar. But when Doctor Hall attested that he had himself weighed it and seen it tip that very notch, Island McGill held its breath and accepted whatever report Sara

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Dack made of the infant's progress or appetite. And once again Margaret Henan carried a babe to Belfast and had it christened Samuel.

* * * * *

"Oz good oz gold ut was," said Sara Dack to me.

Sara, at the time I met her, was a buxom, phlegmatic spinster of sixty, equipped with an experience so tragic and unusual that though her tongue ran on for decades its output would still be of imperishable interest to her cronies.

"Oz good oz gold," said Sara Dack. "Ut never fretted. Sut ut down un the sun by the hour an' never a sound ut would make oz long oz ut was no hungered. An' thot strong! The grup o' uts honds was like a mon's. I mind me, when ut was but hours' old, ut grupped me so mighty thot I fetcht a scream I was thot frighted. Ut was the punk o' health. Ut slept an' ate, an' grew. Ut never bothered. Never a night's sleep ut lost tull no one, nor ever a munut's, an' thot wuth cuttun' uts teeth an' all. An' Margaret would dandle ut on her knee an' ask was there ever so fine a loddie un the three kungdoms.

"The way ut grew! Ut was un keepun' wuth the way ut ate. Ot a year ut was the size o' a bairn of two. Ut was slow tull walk an' talk. Exceptun' for gurgly noises un uts throat an' for creepun' on all-fours, ut dudna monage much un the walkun' an' talkun' line. But thot was tull be expected from the way ut grew. Ut all went tull growun' strong an' healthy. An' even old Tom Henan cheered up ot the might of ut an' said was there ever the like o' ut un the three kungdoms. Ut was Doctor Hall thot first suspicioned, I mind me well, though ut was luttle I dreamt what he was up tull ot the time. I see hum holdun' thungs un front o' luttle Sammy's eyes, an' a-makun' noises, loud an' soft, an' far an' near, un little Sammy's ears. An' then I see Doctor Hall go away, wrunklun' hus eyebrows an' shakun' hus head like the bairn was ailun'. But he was no ailun', oz I could swear tull, me a-seeun' hum eat an' grow. But Doctor Hall no said a word tull Margaret, an' I was no for guessun' the why he was sore puzzled.

"I mind me when luttle Sammy first spoke. He was two years old an' the size of a child o' five, though he could no monage the walkun' yet but went around on all-fours, happy an' contented-like an' makun' no trouble oz long oz he was fed promptly, whuch was onusual often. I was hangun' the wash on the line ot the time, when out he comes, on all-fours, hus bug head waggun' tull an' fro an' blunkun' un the sun. An' then, suddent, he talked. I was thot took a-back I near died o' fright, an' fine I knew ut then the shakun' o' Doctor Hall's head. Talked? Never a bairn on Island McGill talked so loud an' tull such purpose. There was no mustakun' ut. I stood there all tremblun' an' shakun'. Luttle Sammy was brayun'. I tell you, sir, he was brayun' like an ass—just like thot, loud an' long an' cheerful tull ut seemed hus lungs ud crack.

"He was a eediot—a great, awful, monster eediot. Ut was after he talked thot Doctor Hall told Margaret, but she would no believe. Ut would all come right, she said. Ut was growun' too fast for aught else. Guv ut time, said she, an' we would see. But old Tom Henan knew, an' he never held up hus head again. He could no abide the thung, an' would no brung humsel' tull touch ut, though I om no denyun' he was fair fascinated by ut. Mony the time I see hum watchun' of ut aroun' a corner, lookun' ot ut tull hus eyes fair bulged wuth the horror; an' when ut brayed, old Tom ud stuck hus fungers tull hus ears an' look thot miserable I could a-puttied hum.

"An' bray ut could! Ut was the only thung ut could do beside eat an' grow. Whenever ut was hungry ut brayed, an' there was no stoppun' ut save wuth food. An' always of a marnun', when first ut crawled tull the kutchen-door an' blunked out ot the sun, ut brayed. An' ut was brayun' thot brought about uts end.

"I mind me well. Ut was three years old an' oz bug oz a lod o' ten. Old Tom

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hod been goun' from bod tull worse, ploughun' up an' down the fields an' talkun' an' mutterun' tull humself. On the marnun' o' the day I mind me, he was suttun' on the bench outside the kutchen, a-futtun' the handle tull a puck-axe. Unbeknown, the monster eediot crawled tull the door an' brayed after hus fashion ot the sun. I see old Tom start up an' look. An' there was the monster eediot, waggun' uts bug head an' blunkun' an' brayun' like the great bug ass ut was. Ut was too much for Tom. Somethun' went wrong wuth hum suddent-like. He jumped tull hus feet an' fetcht the puck-handle down on the monster eediot's head. An' he hut ut again an' again like ut was a mod dog an' hum afeard o' ut. An' he went straight tull the stable an' hung humsel' tull a rafter. An' I was no for stoppun' on after such-like, an' I went tull stay along wuth me suster thot was married tull John Martin an' comfortable off."

* * * * *

I sat on the bench by the kitchen door and regarded Margaret Henan, while with her callous thumb she pressed down the live fire of her pipe and gazed out across the twilight-sombred fields. It was the very bench Tom Henan had sat upon that last sanguinary day of life. And Margaret sat in the doorway where the monster, blinking at the sun, had so often wagged its head and brayed. We had been talking for an hour, she with that slow certitude of eternity that so befitted her; and for the life of me I could lay no finger on the motives that ran through the tangled warp and woof of her. Was she a martyr to Truth? Did she have it in her to worship at so abstract a shrine? Had she conceived Abstract Truth to be the one high goal of human endeavour on that day of long ago when she named her first-born Samuel? Or was hers the stubborn obstinacy of the ox? the fixity of purpose of the balky horse? the stolidity of the self-willed peasant-mind? Was it whim or fancy?—the one-streak of lunacy in what was otherwise an eminently rational mind? Or, reverting, was hers the spirit of a Bruno? Was she convinced of the intellectual rightness of the stand she had taken? Was hers a steady, enlightened opposition to superstition? or —and a subtler thought—was she mastered by some vaster, profounder superstition, a fetish-worship of which the Alpha and the Omega was the cryptic *Samuel?*

"Wull ye be tellun' me," she said, "thot uf the second Samuel hod been named Larry, thot he would no hov fell un the hot watter an' drownded? Atween you an' me, sir, an ye are untellugent-lookun' tull the eye, would the name hov made ut onyways dufferent? Would the washun' no be done thot day uf he hod been Larry or Michael? Would hot watter no be hot, an' would hot watter no burn, uf he hod hod ony other name but Samuel?"

I acknowledged the justice of her contention, and she went on.

"Do a wee but of a name change the plans o' God? Do the world run by hut or muss, an' be God a weak shully-shallyun' creature thot ud alter the fate an' destiny o' thungs because the worm Margaret Henan seen fut tull name her bairn Samuel? There be my son Jamie. He wull no sign a Rooshan-Funn un hus crew because o' believun' thot Rooshan-Funns do be monajun' the wunds an' hov the makun' o' bod weather. Wull you be thunkun' so? Wull you be thunkun' thot God thot makes the wunds tull blow wull bend hus head from on high tull lussen tull the word o' a greasy Rooshan-Funn un some dirty shup's-fo'c'sle?"

I said no, certainly not; but she was not to be set aside from pressing home the point of her argument.

"Then wull you be thunkun' thot God thot directs the stars un their courses, an' tull whose mighty foot the world uz but a footstool, wull you be thunkun' thot he wull take a spite again' Margaret Henan an' send a bug wave off the Cape tull wash her son un tull eternity, all because she was for namun' hum Samuel?"

"But why Samuel?" I asked.

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"An' thot I dinna know. I wanted ut so."

"But *why* did you want it so?"

"An' uz ut me thot would be answer-un' a such-like question? Be there ony mon luvun' or dead thot can answer? Who can tell the *why* o' like? My Jamie was fair daft on buttermulk; he would drunk ut tull, oz he said humself, hus back-teeth was awash. But my Tumothy could no abide buttermulk. I like tull lussen tull the thunder growlun' an' roarun', an' rampajun'. My Katie could no abide the noise of ut, but must scream an' flutter an' go runnun' for the mud-most o' a feather-bed. Never yet hov I heard the answer tull the *why* o' like. God alone hoz thot answer. You an' me be mortal an' we canna know. Enough for us tull know what we like an' what we duslike. *I like*—thot us the first word an' the last. An' behind thot *like* no mon can go an' find the *why* o' ut. I *like* Samuel, an' I like ut wull. Ut uz a sweet name, an' there be a rollun' wonder un the sound o' ut thot passes onderstandun'."

The twilight deepened, and in the silence I gazed upon that splendid dome of a forehead which time could not mar, at the width between the eyes, and at the eyes themselves, clear, out-looking, and wide-seeing. She rose to her feet with an air of dismissing me, saying:

"Ut wull be a dark walk home, an' there wull be more thon a sprunkle o' wet on the sky."

"Have you any regrets, Margaret Henan?" I asked suddenly and without forethought.

She studied me a moment.

"Ay, thot I no ha' borne another son."

"And you would . . . ?" I faltered.

"Ay, thot I would," she answered. "Ut would ha' been hus name."

I went down the dark road between the hawthorne hedges, puzzling over the why of like, repeating *Samuel* to myself and aloud and listening to the rolling wonder in its sound that had charmed her soul and led her life in tragic places. *Samuel!* There was a rolling wonder in the sound of it. Ay, there was!

WHEN THEY WERE TWENTY-ONE

BY BAILEY MILLARD

I—The San Francisco Group

In this chapter on California authors in their salad days let us begin with what an irreverent Western spirit prompts the writer to characterise as the old boys. Now the old boys were Mark Twain, Bret Harte, Joaquin Miller, Charles Warren Stoddard and Prentice Mulford, and the literary beginnings of most of them were between the years 1860 and 1870. These men knew each other, loved each other, helped each other, and when one of them died—they are all dead now—the remaining ones did not fail to pay tribute to his memory. To the San Franciscans of the old days each of these men was a genius, and the names of Stoddard and Mulford shone as brightly as those of Twain and Harte.

But Charles Warren Stoddard deserves to pass into history as something more than the friend of Harte and Twain. If his fragrant and delicate *South Sea Idylls* does not give him a standing in the world of letters—and of a truth it is a somewhat neglected book—then there is little use of anybody putting pen to paper.

Stoddard began as a writer of verse for the old *Golden Era,* a San Francisco literary paper. His pulsing lyrics, written under the urge of youth, were signed "Pip Pepperpod," which flippant name

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he afterward changed for his real one. Stoddard was just callow enough to clip his verses from the paper and send them to George Eliot, who in a characteristic letter praised them highly.

While Stoddard was trying his wings in the *Golden Era,* Frank Harte, as the men of the office called him, was setting type in the composing room. Francis Bret Harte, though a mere printer boy, had decided poetical yearnings, and whenever he set a "take" of Stoddard's verse in type he was inspired to write another.

Young Harte had begun to write verse at the tender age of eleven. His sister's husband, with whom he was then living, was of an intensely practical turn of mind. He looked upon his wife's small brother as a silly dreamer and sagely predicted that "that boy Frank Harte will never amount to anything." Frank sneaked some verses of his called "Autumn Musings" into the post box, and they were printed in the *Alta.* When he saw his lines in type he was full of the pride of the poet, and even dared to flaunt them before his brother-in-law. A terrible storm followed. His brother-in-law cudgelled him with invective and his sister sobbed in anger and shame. They called up the horrors of the life of a literary vagabond, starving in an attic, and Frank quickly was made to see that any one who dared to write poetry was criminally inclined. But "things were singing inside of him," and when he ran away and became a shotgun messenger for an express company on a stage line in the Sierra foothills they kept singing. He was only sixteen when he assumed the melodramatic rôle of shotgun messenger—an exceedingly slim and gentle looking youth, and yet one day when two swarthy bandits on horseback appeared suddenly in the road ahead of the stage and ordered the driver to stop and throw up his hands, Frank, riding around from the rear of the coach, sent them flying back up the road, with a charge of buckshot whistling past their ears.

A year later the young fellow applied for the position of deputy collector of taxes in Calaveras County. In the particularly rough district to which he was at once assigned no taxes had ever been collected, for the miners scorned the law. One official who had tried to make collections by force of arms had been pretty badly shot up. When Harte, the slender youth, went out in the gulches among the bad men of Calaveras to gather in the county's money his appearance was the signal for a broad grin. He did not return to the county seat for over a month, and it was reported that he had been killed. When at last he rode up to the door of the tax collector's office he was so loaded down with gold that he could hardly get off his horse.

"Well, you're a good un, young feller," declared the tax collector as his deputy handed over the bullion. "You must have had an armed band to help you."

"No," said Frank modestly, "I went alone and had no weapon."

He afterward said that in all his journeyings among those rough men he did not receive an unkind or brutal word. He owed this to the fact that he hailed them as good fellows and that he showed himself helpless among them.

Young Harte wandered from the Sierras to San Francisco, looking for any kind of work that he could do "with his hands or his head." He tried verse-writing there and newspaper work, but he found the metropolis cold to budding genius. So, being almost destitute of funds, he walked from San Francisco to Sonora, over one hundred and twenty miles, and opened a private school in the foothills. The venture was a failure, as the teacher was younger than many of his pupils. In mining, which he next essayed, he had no better luck. Then he went into a Sonora printing office as an apprentice, and after a year of type-setting, in which he never became proficient, he returned to San Francisco, where he entered the *Golden Era* composing room and began to set up Charles Warren Stoddard's verses.

J. Macdonough Foard, one of the edi-

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tors of the *Era,* says of this type-setting period of Harte's life: "Frank was not much of a compositor, and being paid by the piece he made small wages. Occasionally he gave me a little sketch or poem to help out. These were printed anonymously at first, as I was afraid the rest of the management would not like it if they knew I was accepting stuff from one of our printer boys. But after a while they began to ask, 'That's rather a nice little thing. Whose is it?' And I would say, 'Oh, I got it out of the box.' After a time Frank did so well we took him on the staff, and from us he went to the *Overland,* where he became famous in a single day as it were, with his 'Luck of Roaring Camp.'"

II

Mark Twain was in his twenties when he went from Missouri to the coast. His brother had been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Nevada Territory, and he went with him as secretary. No salary was attached to the job, so Mark, who was possessed of the idea of becoming an author, naturally drifted into San Francisco, where editors bought things. His "Jumping Frog" attracted much attention and his quaint, easy-going Bohemian way attracted friends. Of these Harte, Stoddard and Mulford were among the most distinguished. Stoddard helped him into the *Golden Era* and other papers, and in return Sam Clemens, as Bohemian San Francisco knew him, swore everlasting fealty. In those *Golden Era* days Clemens affected a style that was the despair of all editors. His was roughshod literature, full of mining-camp phraseology. One day he entered the *Era* office and said to Stoddard: "They've got the gol-dingedest picture down at the Bank Exchange. Just in from the East to-day. It's called 'Samson and Delilah.' Struck me right between the eyes. I want to write it up for you."

"No, you don't either, Sam," was the discouraging reply. "Better stick to jumping frogs. Art is out of your line. Besides the Bank Exchange is only a saloon, and we don't want to discuss saloon pictures in our columns."

But Sam went to his desk, twirled his pen for a while and then wrote confidently in his self-assumed rôle of art critic.

"Now what is the first thing you see in looking at this picture down at the Bank Exchange? Is it the gleaming eyes and fine face of Samson, or the muscular Philistine gazing furtively at lovely Delilah? Or is it the rich drapery or the truth to nature of that pretty foot? No, sir. The first thing that catches the eye is the scissors on the floor at her feet. Them scissors is too modern. There wasn't no scissors like them in them days, by a damned sight!"

Stoddard thought that the scissors point, or points, was well taken, and Sam Clemens's first art criticism was printed in the *Era,* just as he wrote it.

Not long afterward Clemens started out for Europe. In London he met Stoddard, who had left the *Era* and become a wanderer. Stoddard went with Clemens on his lecture tour of Europe, which evidently was a disheartening affair. The two young men sat up nearly all night in the old Adelphi Inn at Liverpool on the eve of their return to this country. They were full of their home voyage, but Sam was much depressed.

"Charley," he said sadly to Stoddard, "if writing and lecturing are going to fail me, as it looks now, I'll teach elocution."

He did not smile when he made this remark, though his drawling delivery would not have been accepted in any school. He sank into a sea of forebodings. His voice was keyed in a melancholy minor. He turned to Stoddard, who was only a few years his junior, and quoted in solemn tones: "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth!" Send for the Bible, I want to read the rest of that." When the Holy Scriptures were brought in Sam read the whole of the Book of Ruth with tears in his voice.

Stoddard's *South Sea Idylls* brought

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Stevenson to him in San Francisco. It was that book which filled Robert Louis with a lust for travel among the Pacific Isles. The two men became great friends. In his broadest Scotch, Stevenson, sitting in Stoddard's sunny den at North Beach, wrote the following verses to his hero of the islands:

Far had I rode an' muckle seen
An' witnessed many a ferlie,
Afore that I had clappit e'en
Upo' my billy, Charlie.

Far had I rode an' muckle seen,
But ne'er was fairly doddered,
Till I was trystit as a frien'
Wi' Charlie Warren Stoddard.

Although he is now the least known of those old boys, Prentice Mulford was regarded by Californians in the early days of their literature as the peer of any of them. Mulford went around the Horn to San Francisco when a boy and fared forth into the gold diggings, from which he emerged with a stock of stories full of mining adventure. Afterward he made a name in the East by a series of little books called "The White Cross Library," in which he expounded a curious philosophy. His after life as a hermit in a New Jersey swamp and his strange death, the mystery of which has never been cleared up, were exploited by the papers. He was found dead in the bottom of a boat on Long Island Sound.

Joaquin Miller once told the writer how he burst into song for the first time. He had run away from his Oregon home and had gone to live with the miners and Indians near Mount Shasta, California. A sailor man from San Francisco drifted into camp one night and helped himself to gold from the sluice boxes. The miners caught him, tied him to a tree and told him to dig his grave. The digging proceeded slowly, so Joaquin was asked to help. After they had dug a few feet the sailor told Joaquin that his sudden taking off was going to be hard on his wife.

"Have you got a wife?" asked the second grave-digger interestedly.

"Yes," declared the sluice-robber, "she's over in Yreka." This was a town a day distant from camp.

"You keep on digging," said Joaquin, who had begun to feel a great pity for the man because of his soon-to-be widow, "and I'll go tell the men."

When he told the miners about the woman in Yreka they immediately concluded that it would be a good idea to send over for her, and if she existed to fetch her to camp and build a cabin for her. The condemned man was told that if his story about the woman were true and she were brought to camp he could live if he would take good care of her and help her cook. He meekly agreed that he would prefer this to being hanged.

When the woman was brought the cabin was built. But the miners were a little dubious as to whether the two were really man and wife, so they sent for a minister and had them married before their eyes. It was to celebrate this strange nuptials that Joaquin wrote a song for the miners to sing at the wedding.

"At that time," said Joaquin in speaking of the event, "I was full of the Bible, and I ransacked it for appropriate suggestions. I began with Samson:

"Now, Samson he was a mighty strong man,
A mighty strong man was he;
But he lost his hair and he lost his eyes
And also his liber-tee!
For a woman she can do more with a man
Than a king and his whole arm-ee!"

"Then I took up Daniel in the lion's den; then I took up King David and Uriah's wife and concluded with Solomon and his seven hundred wives."

The sailor bridegroom supplied the music and the song was sung or rather yelled at the torchlight wedding by a chorus of twenty-seven miners.

Once in a fight with the Modocs an arrow was shot through Joaquin's face and neck, and from the effect of this wound he was feverish for a long time, but the occurrence was really providential, for while he was still in the febrile

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state the Modocs descended upon the camp one night and massacred every man save the youthful poet, who was spared because he was *los bobo*, the fool.

While still a poetic fledgling Joaquin went to San Francisco, where he wrote more puerile verse, and then went on to Nicaragua, where he filibustered with Walker. After returning to Oregon he wrote the "Tale of the Tall Alcalde," "Californian," and "With Walker in Nicaragua"—poems which he declared he had actually lived. His early verse was published while he was studying law in Oregon, and was given the queer legal title of "Joaquin et al."

"Then," he says, "I wrote and rewrote, rolled up my papers and suddenly found myself in London, where I published my first real book, *Songs of the Sierras*."

III

Edwin Markham, who sang of "Virgilia" and "The Man with the Hoe," does not look back to his boyhood as a time when it was bliss to be alive. He spent his eager youth on a lonely ranch by a willowed lagoon in Suisun County, California, with a stern, silent Puritan mother and a deaf-and-dumb brother for companions, and with always the endless weary work of seed-time and harvest and the tending of flocks and herds. Thus he was early drawn into himself and became unboyishly introspective and contemplative. He earned twenty dollars by ploughing a neighbour's field, and with this money he bought Moore, Byron, Tennyson and a big dictionary. As Keats was kindled to poetry by reading Spencer, so Markham, the ploughboy scholar, was inspired by Byron and Tennyson. In his secret notebook there grew a wonderful new epic with the soaring title "A Dream of Chaos." He had the notebook habit, and as he followed the team afield he would "whoa" his horses to jot down such fervent phrases as

"The barren shores of oblivion," and "Destiny wavering in the balance."

Mrs. Markham has among her treasures a large number of battered little tablets scrawled by the Californian Burns. In some of these the spelling curiously halts behind the royal march of the rhetoric:

"Why yeald unto the Powers of Hell our souls?"

Or:

"Some deadly hatred wrankling at the heart."

So even in these remote days young Markham was making ready for the stately stride of his later poesy.

Once he ran away from home and found a job on a thresher in far Mendocino County. Here it was that one of the big burly threshing crew, who had taken a lively fancy to the youthful poet, disclosed to him in secret that he, the field hand of the summer, was by profession a stage-robber. He showed Markham his cache of plunder in a hollow redwood and invited the runaway boy to join him on the road. But Markham had no leaning toward the robber's life, and he and his bandit friend parted company. Then the boy's mother descended upon him and tried to induce him to go home, but he would not do this until she had promised to give him a good education or let him earn his way through some academy. So the ranch was sold, and mother and son removed to San José, where Edwin finished the Normal School. He taught a term or two in San Luis Obispo, his schoolroom a spreading live oak tree, his seats of logs, and then he went to Santa Rosa to take a classical course in the University of the Pacific. Having lost all his money in a wildcat speculation, he undertook to teach the freshmen classics while studying with sophomores and juniors. In order to retrench, he joined four other impecunious young men also seeking the sheepskin, and the five took up their abode in a stark room high up under the college bell tower. One of the students did the cooking, which was simple, as the fare was principally beans. A row of shelf-like bunks around the walls served for beds, and a rough table was

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rigged for library and dining uses. And still Pegasus kept pawing. Some of the youthful lyrics were sent to the magazines, one of which hung up a purse of one hundred dollars for the best quatrain on "Poetry." It was a joyous day when the ploughboy poet received the announcement that the prize had been awarded to him over four hundred competitors. After that poetry became the one thing in life worth living for, and all his spare time as a student and afterward as a teacher was devoted to it.

Before going to California John Muir lived on a Wisconsin farm. His father would allow him only the early morning hours for study. After wood-chopping or fence-building all day long a young fellow sleeps soundly. But John depended upon his will power to get him out of bed in the morning. The first morning he got up, lighted his candle, and found it was only one o'clock, so he had five hours for study, as he was compelled to go to work at six. As no fire was allowed, he went down into the cellar to keep warm, and there he studied Shakespeare, Milton, Burns and the Bible. Later he found it hard to arise so early, so he made a clock-work device by which his bed was tilted and he was dumped out at the selected hour. He nearly wore himself out because of his short hours of sleep, but managed to stuff himself with lore.

Young Muir longed intensely to be a Humboldt. He set out on a long tramp after reaching his majority, walking over one thousand miles and, like the true nature lover that he was, rejoicing in every foot of the way.

He went to Cuba and then sailed for San Francisco, at which place he arrived in the spring of the year. Immediately he struck out for the Sierras. The young man filled his notebooks with material gathered in the mountains. His first published writings appeared in the old San Francisco *Bulletin,* and were paid for at the starvation rate of five dollars a column. But after a while the *Atlantic* began to take his best articles and other magazines followed.

IV

Among the many pictures of literary workers in San Francisco the writer loves to dwell upon that of the rapt, studious young David Belasco, who while stage manager in the old Baldwin Theatre wrote a melodrama which was accepted by a New York actor. The picture was that of the breathless anxiety of David on the night that the play was first produced in New York, walking up and down Kearney Street in front of a watchmaker's window. In the window was a large central clock which gave the local time, and around it were smaller clocks that told the time in London, Vienna, New York and Pekin. It was only five in the afternoon in San Francisco and the sun was still shining, but David's eyes were bent upon the New York clock, which marked the hour of eight. A little later with his eyes still upon the clock, he knew that the curtain had gone up on his first play, and his inner vision saw the characters he had created make their entrances. For over three mortal hours he hung about in the neighbourhood of that clock. At the end of the time of torture a telegram was placed in his hand, and the young playwright knew in that moment that San Francisco had become too small for him, for his play was a great success.

Before that time, when Belasco was only sixteen, he carried a spear in *Hamlet,* and by the time he was twenty this studious, hard-working San Francisco boy had become stage director of the Baldwin Theatre Stock Company.

Belasco declares that the most difficult stars he ever had to deal with were Rose Coghlan and Richard Mansfield. When the green-looking David was introduced to her Rose Coghlan cried: "Do you think I'm going to let that little brat direct me?" But she did. One day when *L'Assommoir* was on for rehearsal Belasco asked Rose why she did not wear her rubber suit when the washerwoman splashed soapsuds on her.

"Because it isn't necessary and I won't do it," was the curt reply.

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"But you will, madame," bellowed the "brat." And he proceeded to read the riot act to the haughty Coghlan. When she had been sufficiently "cussed out" the actress laughed and cried: "Bravo! My dear young man, you are wasting your time as a stage manager. You should be a tragedian." And she donned the rubber suit at once.

While Belasco was directing Mansfield, the great actor said to Agnes Booth, "You are much too far down stage. Stand back and don't spoil my scene."

"But Miss Booth is playing the most important part in the piece," objected Belasco. "She's where she belongs."

"I'm a star," roared Mansfield. "I'll not be sidetracked for anybody, young man!"

"You will do as I direct," cried Belasco, "and also you will apologise to Miss Booth."

In a rage Mansfield rushed to the manager's office. There he was told that Belasco ran the stage. So there was no help for it but to knuckle down and apologise, which the great man reluctantly did.

Frank Norris, author of *The Octopus,* made his first adventure in literature at the early age of eight, when his parents took him to Europe. It was then that he wrote a remarkably precocious travel paper, beginning: "The hour of departure has arrived. 'Is this a dream?' said I." These highly original observations afterward became household words in the Norris family and were often quoted "to get a rise out of Frank," which they did invariably.

Frank was sent to a private school at Belmont, a suburb of San Francisco, in the San Matéo hills. It was natural that the man who, later in life, was known as an immaculate dresser, should be called "the dude" in school, as Frank was; but what was not so consistent with dudishness was his absolute abandon on the football field. One day his team played the San José Tigers and Frank made a touchdown. In the next half while he was running with the ball, an opponent tackled him and he came down with seven heavy Tigers and a few of his own team in a sprawling, struggling mound on top of him. When the belligerents arose Frank was seen to be lying very still. His left arm was broken in two places. When the arm was bandaged up, Frank nervily demanded that he be allowed to proceed with his play, and was very wroth when the doctor would not let him do so. As he could never play football again he decided to become a great artist. So he was sent to Paris to an art school. But there the versatile youth began to study mediæval history instead of art. He loved to prowl about the armour stands of the French Museum of Artillery. To wear a suit of armour became the dream of his life. One day when the watchman was out of the hall Norris got some friends of his to help him on with a rusty suit of ancient habiliments of war, and brandishing an old sword, he became a fierce knight of the middle ages for five ecstatic minutes, charging at the mounted stands, amid the wild laughs of his companions. But of a sudden the angry keeper reappeared, flourishing his cane Frenchily, and there was a battle royal, from which Frank fled on the coming of official reinforcements.

Norris began to write short stories while in his freshman year at Berkeley, California. One day he read a story of his to one of the literati, who at the end shook his head:

"Better go back to your art work, young man. Don't for one moment delude yourself with the idea that you can ever become a writer."

This greatly discouraged Norris, and when, after sending a bunch of tales to a book publisher, he received a curt letter of rejection, he was still more deeply depressed. It was not until he had written his long sea yarn, *Moran of the Lady Letty,* that he really got upon his literary feet.

The women writers of San Francisco led smoother lives in their salad days than did most of the men. Gertrude Atherton, who was born on Rincon Hill, San Francisco, in the heart of the old-

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time fashionable district, was reared by her grandfather, Stephen Franklin, a nephew of the famous Benjamin. Franklin was one of the pioneers and was at one time editor of the *Golden Era*. It was from him that Gertrude's literary faculties received their early direction. The author of *Ancestors* made and told stories before she could write. At school the boys and girls used to sit about her, listening with rapt interest while she read melodramatic fiction. When only fifteen she wrote a play which was produced at Benecia. After that she went to live near the ruined Mission of San Antonio, California. She loved to moon about the old mission, and her intense girlish imagination conjured up many a tale of the ancient padres. Later she visited many of the other missions. When she wrote *Los Cerritos* she made use of much of the material she had gathered at these picturesque places. She made the dons and señors of the days of early pastoral California breathe in the pages of that book as in *The Doomswoman* and other novels. From the first Gertrude showed wonderful facility in plotting and writing her stories and her style was original, while her treatment of her characters was unconventional to the point of daring. When this sweet, sylph-like girl presented a manuscript, the editor, being only human and susceptible, would listen to her considerately, but on reading the story over he would gasp at its frankness. At first the shocked dignitary protested, but as Gertrude would brook no suggestions of alteration, he would find that if he wanted to print her romances he would have to take them as they were.

The attitude of the gifted author made for freedom and literary independence, and the result was evinced in the growing strength of her work. She now holds first place among Californian novelists.

When Kate Douglas Wiggin was a girl her name was Kate Smith and she was a kindergarten teacher in Silver Street. The kindergarten in the early 'eighties was in its experimental stage in this country. Kate Smith, whom the writer remembers quite well as a very pretty blue-eyed girl with a wealth of golden hair, singing and playing with her children about the mystic ring, was given the first San Francisco school of this kind to practise with and see if there were any virtues in the system. Kate found the work of tremendous interest, and she found the children even more so. Without realising it, she was at that time absorbing material for some of the truest stories ever told of child life and child character.

"It was hard work," she has said of that period of her life. "The children were principally the offspring of poor and ignorant parents. They were unruly and taxed the patience of the teacher. But I have been more than repaid."

Kate Smith's literary firstling, *The Story of Patsy,* was written and published to raise money for the kindergarten. It was a heartsome tale of one of the pitiful little creatures that came under the young teacher's care. *Timothy's Quest,* the story of a waif's wanderings, was also written during the kindergarten days. But soon the urgent call of the editor and publisher took the gifted author away from her school. She married and went East with her husband. There her studies of child life took another turn, and eventually flamed out in *Rebecca.*

While Kate Smith was teaching her kindergarten Jack London was a boy-faring adventurer and afterward a sailor before the mast. The idea of making one's own material for fiction was never better exemplified than in Jack's case. Before he was twenty-one he had "beaten his way" all over the United States, in freight cars, on brakebeams and blind baggage. During the Klondike stampede he went to Alaska, and on his return some one asked him why he did not put into print the interesting tales he was telling.

"Because I can't write," said Jack.

"Well, don't write then," said his literary adviser, "just scrawl."

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So he scrawled some yarns and sent them to the *Overland Magazine,* which printed one of them and sent him five dollars.

"Five dollars in real money!" cried the delighted Jack. "I'm going to keep on scrawling. It pays!"

When the present writer, then editor of a San Francisco publication, paid twenty-five dollars to the slight, green-looking youth for a Yukon yarn, the story-teller's bliss was complete. He said he was going to "drop everything" and be an author. An Eastern magazine paid him fifty dollars for a story, which was the highest rate he received for a long time. Meantime he went to college at Berkeley to take an English course.

"I found the professors were taking away from me what little style I had," he complained, "so I chucked the course and went on writing in my own way."

Jack has never survived the effect of his vagrant habits, acquired during his youthful tramping days, and he owns that since that time he has never lost his terror for a "cop."

"While I was in college," he says, "I went to a circus in Oakland one night. I lingered after the show and by a bonfire I came upon a bunch of small boys who had determined to run away with the circus, which was about to leave town. The showmen, learning of their intention, sent a message to the police. When I saw the sudden eruption of brass-buttoned, helmeted bulls, each of them reaching with both hands, I ran. I was not a hobo. I was a citizen of that community, a college man. And yet I ran, blindly, madly for blocks. And when I came to myself I was still running.

"No, I'll never get over it, I can't help it. When a bull reaches I run."

OLD STORIES AND NEW PLAYS

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON

It would not be possible for anybody to devise an utterly new story for a play. The dramatic material in life is limited. According to certain critics, the number of different dramatic situations is a little more than thirty; according to others, it is a little less than twenty; but all are agreed that the number is extremely small. Novelty in the drama can therefore be attained not by the discovery of new materials, but only by the invention of new combinations of materials that are as old as man.

Yet the invention of new combinations affords ample scope for the exercise of ingenuity. The range of imaginable numbers is not limited by the fact that all may be recorded with the ten digits of the Arabic notation; nor does the world in springtime look monotonous in colour because every apparent tint may be regarded as exhibiting a permutation of red and blue and yellow. The twenty or thirty standard situations may be shuffled and dealt into innumerable plots, each of which is new though all of its component parts are old.

A play appeals in two ways to an audience. In so far as its component situations are traditional, it calls forth the response of recognition, and in so far as its compounded plot is novel it stimulates the reaction of surprise. In considering these two appeals, we must remember always that the emotion of recognition is more profound, and therefore more enjoyable, than the titillation of surprise. The best part of our enjoyment in the theatre arises not from vainly wondering what will happen, but from eagerly wanting some specific thing to happen and having our want fulfilled. A noticeable novelty, even in the com-

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bination of materials that in themselves are thoroughly familiar, is therefore not always to be praised as a merit in a play, but may often be regarded as a fault.

But if originality of subject-matter is impossible, and if originality of arrangement is often undesirable, why should we care to see new plays instead of old? Why should we see *The Liars,* which treats the same theme as *Le Misanthrope?* Why should we see *L'Aiglon,* which tells a story similar to that of *Hamlet?* The answer seems a paradox; but undeniably our enjoyment arises from the fact that the very antiquity of the author's materials emphasises his originality of mind.

Any club-member can bear witness that the same anecdote may seem dull if told by one narrator and highly humorous if recounted by another. In the

"ROMANCE"—ACT I

"Mr. Sheldon's heroine is an opera-singer, his hero is a young rector of the Episcopal Church. They love each other at first sight."

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theatre, the ultimate significance of any story is proportioned to the importance of the mind through which it passes to the audience. The trial of Shylock, and the subterfuge by which Portia confutes him, would seem silly stuff indeed if it were told us by a child of ten; but it does not seem silly as told to us by Shakespeare. It is the author's attitude of mind toward his material, the intelligence with which he regards it, the mood that it awakens in him, that renders his work distinct from that of any other author who has used the same material, and stamps it an original creation.

It is a significant fact that the three greatest dramatists of the world—Sophocles, Shakespeare, and Molière—eschewed the invention of new narrative and exercised their high originality of mind in the treatment of stories with which their public had been long familiar. The critic, therefore, should never condemn a playwright because his story is old; but he may reasonably expect the author to illuminate the narrative with ideas and moods that shall be new because they are essentially his own. "I take my own where I find it," said Molière; and whatever he took he made his own by the divine right of thinking more deeply about it than the man from whom he took it. Sir Arthur Pinero, in *The Thunderbolt,* employed the stale old story of the stolen will; but he set it forth with a soundness of sense and a poignancy of sensibility that made it seem original and new.

Any dramatic story belongs ultimately, not to the man who used it first, nor even to the man who used it last, but to the man who has used it best. In reviewing new plays with old stories, the critic should inquire whether or not the author has afforded new illumination to the ancient drift of narrative. If so, he has really made the traditional material his own; but otherwise he has merely wasted attention by a meaningless repetition.

"ROMANCE"

Mr. Edward Sheldon has handled an impressive theme in his latest play, *Romance;* and since the theme is important, it is, of course, not new. It is the same subject that was treated by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones in what is by far the greatest of his dramas, *Michael and His Lost Angel.*

It happens not infrequently in life that a great love springs up spontaneously between a woman so excessively experienced that she has apparently lost all sense of moral values and a man so utterly inexperienced that he looks upon all women with a virgin mind. The tendency of such a love is dual: it tends to drag the man downward to the sensual level of the woman, and it tends at the same time to drag the woman upward to the spiritual level of the man. In the course of this development there comes a crisis, when the lovers at last meet each other on the same plane and must decide whether their relation will subsequently sweep them downward or buoy them aloft together.

Mr. Jones exhibited this crisis with a grave maturity of poetry. Mr. Sheldon's treatment of the theme, though less serene and sage, is more eager and more ardent. He has suffused his story with a great glow of youthful passion. His heroine is a famous opera-singer, his hero a young rector of the Episcopal Church. They love each other at first sight. When the rector asks the heroine to marry him, the sincerity of her affection for him forces her to confess that her past life has not been chaste. He is willing to forgive her, on the ground that she cannot have been entirely responsible for the errors of her youth, until he discovers that she has very recently been the mistress of his dearest friend. In a terrible revulsion of spirit, he walks the streets for hours, and batters himself into a religious ecstasy. At midnight he comes to the singer's rooms, with the purpose of exhorting her to save her soul; but, a prey to the thrill of her physical propinquity, he breaks down in her presence and begs her to yield herself to his passion then and there. But her love for him has lifted

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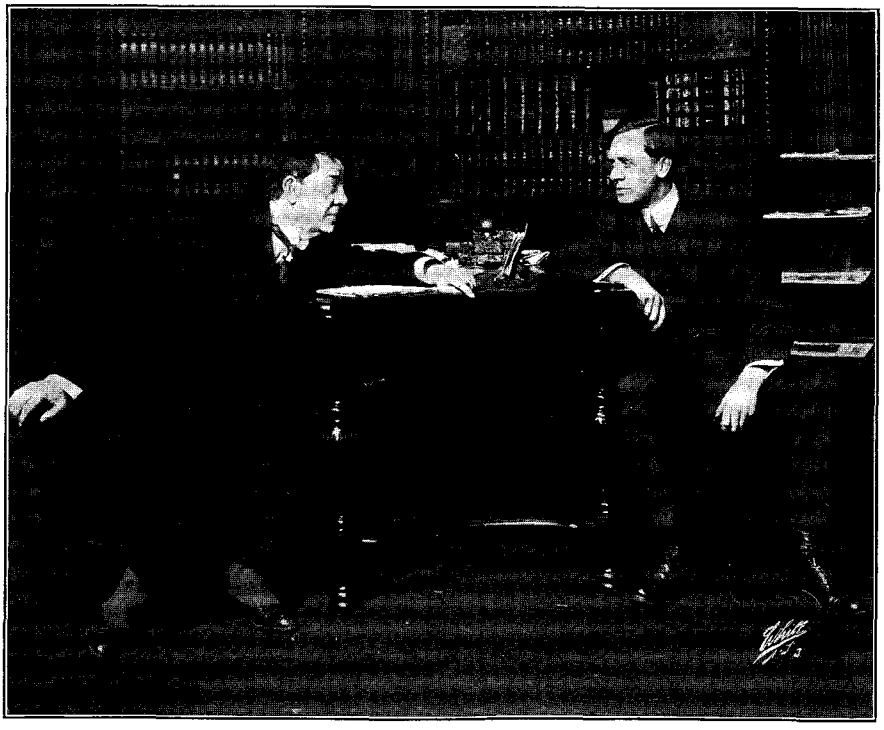
her beyond the call of this impulsion. She calms him back to sanity, and sends him away from her forever.

Mr. Sheldon wisely decided that this emphatic story would gain in mellowness and charm if the audience were forced to look upon it through a mist of reminiscence. He has therefore provided the play with a prologue and an epilogue, in which the rector, who is now an elderly bishop of the church, is exhibited as telling over his old romance to his young grandson, who is now upon the point of marrying an actress himself.

In setting his story in the New York of over forty years ago, Mr. Sheldon has skilfully employed his talent for assembling accurate details upon the task of evoking the atmosphere of the eighteen-sixties. It is a fine achievement to turn the clock so delicately backward that the young people in the audience may become their own grandparents, as it were, and live over for an evening the life of old New York.

In many ways, *Romance* exhibits a decisive advance over Mr. Sheldon's earlier efforts. He has learned at last to work from the inside out instead of from the outside in. Instead of inducing his theme from his details, he has learned to deduce his details from his theme. Though he still displays a tendency toward that sort of overemphasis that arises from undue insistence on isolate theatrical effects, he has succeeded for the first time in drawing his characters consistently from act to act and in working out their destinies in a coherent plot. The dialogue is richly and beautifully written. More than any other of his plays, *Romance* indicates that Mr. Sheldon is an artist to be counted on in



"A MAN'S FRIENDS"—ACT IV

"A Lincolnian district-attorney named McCloud sets out to smash the political machine that is headed by Boss Whalen."

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one great task of building up a national drama.

"A MAN'S FRIENDS"

Many plays have been produced in recent years which have exhibited a struggle between a corrupt political boss and an incorruptible public official; but none of the others has been written by Mr. Ernest Poole. Mr. Poole has long been interested in social service, and has acquired at first hand an intimate acquaintance with our political machinery; and in his play, *A Man's Friends,* he has handled the familiar subject-matter with a sincerity and earnestness that are unaccustomed in the theatre.

The special thesis of Mr. Poole's play is that it would be less difficult to fight a machine whose motto was "Every Man for Himself" than it is to fight a machine whose motto is "Every Man for His Friends." The cause of our political corruption is less often to be assigned to individual iniquity than to that pernicious party spirit that tempts many honest-minded men to countenance what seems to them a minor wrong in order to help along their friends. Each man, meaning merely to be loyal to his neighbour, may constitute unwittingly a link in that endless chain that ultimately binds the many as captives to the few.

In the present piece, a Lincolnian district-attorney named McCloud sets out to smash the political machine that is headed by Boss Whalen. He convicts an alderman of bribery and sends him to jail, only to discover subsequently that the bribe had been handed to the culprit by his own son-in-law, Hal Clarke. Clarke had been ignorant of the source from which the money came, and had passed it along merely to do a favour to his friend, the alderman; but Boss Whalen now counts upon Clarke's implication in the general conspiracy to silence the cannon of the young man's father-in-law. But the district-attorney is too clever for him, and ultimately succeeds in exposing the men higher up without laying the young man open to indictment. Boss Whalen good-humouredly admits defeat, and sagely decides to pay a long visit to his native island overseas.

A somewhat greater technical dexterity would have enhanced the dramatic value of this play; but the plot is interesting as it stands, and the characters seem unusually true to life. Because of his earnestness of purpose, Mr. Poole succumbs occasionally to the temptation to give prolonged expression to his own ideas instead of allowing his characters to control the drift of the dialogue; but all his little preachments *ex cathedra* are worth listening to, and, furthermore, they are expressed with admirable literary tact.

"THE FIVE FRANKFORTERS"

The Five Frankforters, which has been translated by Mr. Basil Hood from the German of Carl Rossler, is merely a traditional example of the sentimental type of domestic comedy that has been popular in Germany ever since the eighteenth century. The materials are so familiar that, as soon as any scene is started, the auditor foresees the entire course of the resultant narrative, and the conventional story is not illuminated with any new ideas.

The piece purports to represent an episode in the early history of the Rothschild family. Solomon, the head of the Viennese branch of this great firm of bankers, has conceived the idea of elevating the social rank of the family by forcing a marriage between his daughter and the young Duke of Taunus, who is immediately in need of the loan of an enormous sum of money; but the banker's ambitions are thwarted by the girl herself, who has already fallen in love with her cousin Jacob, who manages the family's affairs in France. Her father is reconciled to his defeat by the fact that her marriage with his nephew will keep his millions in the family, at any rate; and the handsome Duke of Taunus is allowed to console himself with the reflection that, in surrendering to financial ruin, he is at least preserving

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his aristocracy from the impairment of a misalliance.

This comedy is theatrical throughout, and seldom holds the mirror up to nature. For instance, it is impossible to believe that the Five Frankforters, as represented on the stage, can possibly have been the greatest bankers in the world. One of them is represented as the traditional fop of the theatre, who wears extravagant clothes and speaks with an effeminate affectation, and another is set forth as the conventional fat man of innumerable plays, who is always asking for his dinner. Such puppets as these could never have controlled the finances of the European world.

The most interesting character in the piece is the matriarch of the family. She is the mother, or the grandmother, of nearly all the other characters; and, though we have met her before in many plays, we are pleased to spend another evening in her company. A pleasant

"THE FIVE FRANKFORTERS"—ACT I

"The banker's ambitions are thwarted by the girl herself, who has already fallen in love with her cousin Jacob."

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sense is, furthermore, conveyed of that passion for preserving the solidarity of the family which has been erected by the Jews into a racial virtue.

THE PRINCESS THEATRE

The Princess Theatre, which has recently been opened in New York, is dedicated to the policy of presenting a compound bill made up of several brief plays by different authors. The reasons why such a policy should be deemed desirable were analysed at length in the April issue of the BOOKMAN, and no further discussion of this general subject is necessary at the present time. The new house, like the Little Theatre, seats only two hundred and ninety-nine spectators. The auditorium is both tasteful and comfortable, although it is inferior to that of Mr. Ames's playhouse in æsthetic beauty and in aristocracy of atmosphere. Owing to the small capacity of the theatre, the managers have deemed it necessary to charge two dollars and a half for every seat in the house; and this necessity must be regretted, on theoretic grounds, because it necessarily excludes a large proportion of the most intelligent section of our theatre-going public. An institution of this sort, to achieve the best results, should be democratic in its atmosphere and broadly general in its appeal.

The initial bill at the Princess Theatre leaves much to be desired; but the fault lies not with the purpose of the institution but merely with the selection of the plays. A subsequent bill will probably do more to convince the public of the human interest that is derivable from such a project.

From the purely artistic standpoint, the best play upon the present pro-

"FEAR"—SCENE II

"The coward Beverly, who at last becomes infected by involuntary contact with a stricken native, is himself shot down by his comrades in order to arrest the spread of the disease."

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gramme is an artificial comedy by Mr. Stanley Houghton entitled *Fancy Free*. It seems surprising that the author of the unadorned and naturalistic dialogue of *Hindle Wakes* should show himself equally at home in the brilliantly witty type of composition that was made illustrious by Oscar Wilde; yet there is scarcely a line in *Fancy Free* that is not clever. Fancy is a flighty young married woman who has eloped with an admirer to an hotel in Brighton. By an interesting accident, her husband, who has been long from home, has turned up at the same hotel in the company of an adventuress whom he has annexed upon his travels. The unexpected reunion of the two couples results in a witty reconciliation between the husband and the wife, whereupon the discarded lovers conceive a spontaneous affection for each other.

But the first piece upon the programme must be regarded, artistically, as a failure. The author is Mr. Edgar Wallace, and the title is the *Switchboard*. Mr. Wallace has attempted to weave a story out of the tangled threads of conversation that come to the ears of a telephone operator over many wires; but this narrative idea, though it might be developed with excellent effect upon the printed page, is essentially unsuited to the theatre. The stage discloses a telephone girl seated at a switchboard; and it is scarcely possible for the audience to accept the convention that many remarks which are obviously delivered by different members of the company hidden behind a tenuous curtain are supposed to be heard only by the operator through the medium of the telephone. Furthermore, the story that is developed seems of little consequence, and the lines

"ANY NIGHT"—SCENE I

"The action is localised in a Raines Law Hotel. A careless youth has induced an innocent girl to meet him . . . .; and the father of the girl, who happens to be drunk, is picked up by a street-walker and allured to an adjoining room."

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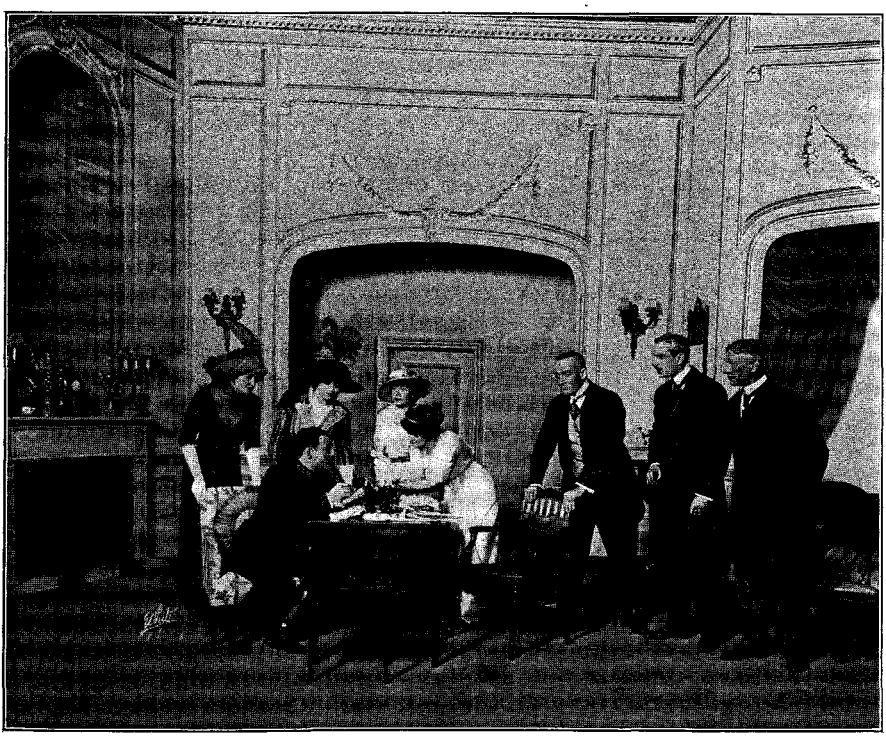
are lacking in the necessary modicum of humour.

Far more effective is a brief play entitled *Fear,*—a translation of *La Grande Mort,* by MM. H. R. Lenormand and Jean d'Auguzan, which ran for over three hundred nights at the Grand Guignol in Paris. The scene is set in an army bungalow in India. An epidemic of cholera is rampant; and Lieutenant Beverly is so crazed by his fear of the disease that when Skipton, his brother-officer, pricks his finger while experimenting with certain cultures obtained from victims of the plague and thereby becomes inoculated with the dread disease, he shoots him dead in order to avert the danger of infection. At this point the play may properly be said to end; but, in the interest of moral retribution, the authors have appended a second scene, in which the coward Beverly, who at last becomes infected by involuntary contact with a stricken native, is himself shot down by his comrades in order to arrest the spread of the disease. This little drama may be described, in the British phrase, as a "penny dreadful"; but it produces an emphatic shock of horror that seems not unenjoyable to many of the patrons of the Princess Theatre.

The concluding feature of the entertainment is a short play in three scenes, entitled *Any Night,* by Mr. Edward Ellis. The action is localised in a Raines Law Hotel. A careless youth has induced an innocent girl to meet him at this brothel that is curiously sheltered by our Puritanic legislation; and the father of the girl, who happens to be drunk, is picked up by a street-walker and allured to an adjoining room. A fire breaks out in the rickety edifice, and



"DIVORÇONS"—ACT I

"The Sardou comedy still seems to attack the recurrent issues of life with the same sincerity that we have grown accustomed to expect from contemporary writers."

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during the resultant hubbub the father and daughter meet each other face to face. The street-walker and the unprincipled youth are saved by providential firemen; but the other two, stricken by a mutual and overwhelming sense of shame, resign themselves voluntarily to death in the enveloping flames.

This sketch, which is described upon the programme as "a life study," seems sedulously faithful to fact in all of its details; but it would not be difficult to show that, considered as a whole, it is exceedingly untrue. To prove this verdict would require an analysis of the story which the piece can hardly be allowed to deserve; but, if the story be untrue, it must be admitted that the play has failed to justify its reason for existence.

OLD PLAYS REVIVED

The revival of old plays always offers the student of the drama an interesting opportunity to add to his collection of footnotes to history. In celebration of the twentieth anniversary of the Empire Theatre, Mr. Charles Frohman has revived Mr. R. C. Carton's comedy, entitled *Liberty Hall,* which was first produced at this theatre on August 21, 1893; and, apparently in default of a new play adequately suited to the requirements of that admirable artist in sentimental comedy, Miss Grace George, Mr. William A. Brady has revived that famous comedy, by Victorien Sardou and Emile de Najac, entitled *Divorçons.* This play is older than *Liberty Hall:* yet a comparison of the two pieces indicates that until very recently the drama in France was fully a generation ahead of the drama in Great Britain. *Divorçons* seems just as fresh as ever; but Mr. Carton's comedy is redolent of the departed epoch of wax flowers and horsehair furniture.

The important point to be recorded is not that the technical conventions of the drama have been revolutionised in recent years. A mere discardance of soliloquies and asides, and a more insistent variation from the ancient symmetry of structure, would not be sufficient to explain the impression that *Liberty Hall* must be assigned to an epoch of the theatre that can never, in any real sense, be revived. The piece displays an artificial and a sentimental attitude toward life which we have learned latterly to reject in the light of more recent and more truthful compositions; but the Sardou comedy still seems to attack the recurrent issues of life with the same sincerity that we have grown accustomed to expect from contemporary writers. It is unnecessary, at this date, to summarise the plot of either piece; but it is sufficient to note that the characters of the Sardou comedy still appeal to us as human beings, whereas we now perceive that the puppets of Mr. Carton were artificially conceived as creatures either too bad or good for human nature's daily food.

THE FATE OF EDWIN DROOD

BY BURTON EGBERT STEVENSON

It was G. K. Chesterton who remarked that Charles Dickens failed to finish the only one of his novels which really needed finishing. The others might have stopped anywhere, and any thorough Dickensian could have supplied an outline of the missing part; but *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* has defied the most acute. This is due principally to the fact that there are no precedents to go by. Dickens was entering a new field. It was "not his tenth novel but his first detective story" that he was writing when he died, and it is impossible to say just how his mind would have worked in the unaccustomed harness of rigid plot con-

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struction. There are evidences that the harness was chafing him and that he was ill at ease. No doubt his genius would have mastered the difficulties which he saw ahead, but death took him at the critical moment when he was preparing to cast the net of evidence about his villain. Just as it was mounting to its climax, the tale stopped forever.

A number of obscure persons immediately tried to hitch their wagons to a star by furnishing continuations of their own. Orpheus C. Kerr called his solution *The Cloven Foot;* Henry Morford called his *John Jasper's Secret,* and attempted to foist it on the public as the work of Charles Dickens, Jr., and Wilkie Collins. A medium at Brattleborough, Vermont, went both of them one better by giving to the world *The Mystery of Edwin Drood Complete,* by the Spirit Pen of Charles Dickens. It has always been a matter of remark that, however gifted a writer may have been on earth, he invariably makes a fool of himself when he takes up a Spirit Pen. It was so in this case, and the Brattleborough revelation would be diverting if it were not so painful. In 1878, Gillan Vase published an elaborate sequel in three volumes, and a year later an unknown Frenchman shied his hat into the ring with *Le Crime de Jasper.* There were plays, too—lurid melodramas for the most part. One of them was by Dickens's son Charles. It was so bad that no manager could be found to produce it.

All of these are negligible as literature or as serious attempts to solve the mystery of Dickens's first and last plot. But in 1887, Mr. Richard A. Proctor, whose fame as an astronomer assured him a respectful hearing, published his *Watched by the Dead,* in which he tried to show that Edwin Drood was not dead at all; and this was the first of a long series of interesting and ingenious guesses at the riddle, to which such eminent men as William Archer, J. Cuming Walters, Andrew Lang, G. K. Chesterton, Haldane Macfall, B. W. Matz and Henry Jackson contributed. Of recent years, interest in the subject has increased rather than diminished. A bibliography of the books and magazine articles about "Edwin Drood" published since 1905 runs to ninety-three entries.

The latest and in many ways the most valuable addition to this series is Sir William Robertson Nicoll's *The Problem of Edwin Drood.* His contribution to the data available to students of the controversy is a list of the alterations made by Dickens in the proofs, but not carried out by Forster, who, after Dickens's death, saw the last three numbers through the press. It may as well be said at once that, though Sir William Nicoll lays considerable stress upon them, these alterations are of very little importance. A few passages of some length were indicated by Dickens for omission, but when they are read carefully in connection with their context, it is evident that they were cut out because Dickens realised they were inept and superfluous. Only in the eighteenth chapter, "A Settler in Cloisterham," do the changes have any discoverable bearing on the probable development of the story. To these changes reference will be made later on.

Sir William Nicoll has also examined the entire manuscript, as well as the proofs, with the idea that the rewritten passages and proof changes made by Dickens might yield some clue to his intentions. These changes naturally consist almost entirely of the deletion of redundant sentences, the remodelling of phrases, the insertion of qualifying words, and such general furbishing up as every author gives his work in the final revision. Sir William Nicoll does not attempt to draw any inferences from them, but there is one sentence so significantly strengthened that it is very important, as will presently be shown.

It is in its concluding chapters that Sir William Nicoll's book is most valuable, for his analysis of the story is one of the best and most closely reasoned that has appeared anywhere. It is far superior to Mr. Lang's, and fully equal to the remarkable monograph by Dr. Henry Jackson, of Cambridge, published a year or

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two ago. It is true that, in one important particular, both Dr. Jackson and Sir William Nicoll wander far astray, but their presentation of the problem is a real delight.

THE PROBLEMS PRESENTED

The problems presented by *The Mystery of Edwin Drood* are three: (1) was Drood murdered; (2) who was Datchery; and (3) how was the story to end?

To the first of these, Sir William Nicoll returns what is unquestionably the correct answer: Yes. To suppose that Jasper, a thoroughly competent villain, after planning the murder with great care and after seeing his plans work out in every detail, should at the last moment have bungled it, and should have yet believed that he *had* killed his nephew, is a wild absurdity. Almost equally absurd is Mr. Lang's remark that, if Drood is really dead, there is not much of a mystery. There is, in fact, a considerable mystery, for, while the reader is aware of the crime, he does not know how it was committed; and, while the criminal is suspected, it is not at all clear how his crime is to be brought home to him. Surely it is apparent that in this book Dickens conceived himself to be writing a tragedy. To produce Drood alive at the last moment by some sleight-of-hand, as a conjuror produces a rabbit from a hat, would have been to turn it into a farce.

But, aside from the question of literary propriety, there are many evidences, as Sir William Nicoll points out, that Dickens meant Jasper to murder Drood. To John Forster, his confidant and closest friend, he stated explicitly that the story was to be based upon the murder of a nephew by his uncle; none of his children, to whom he read the manuscript as fast as he completed it, doubted for an instant that Drood was really dead, and one of them, Charles Dickens the younger, afterward declared that his father had told him in so many words that such was the case; to Sir Luke Fildes, who was illustrating the story, Dickens pointed out that Jasper must be shown with a long, double necktie, because it was with that necktie he was to strangle his nephew, and one of the final illustrations was to show Jasper in the condemned cell at Cloisterham jail; in his memoranda for the story, Dickens refers more than once to the murder as to an accomplished fact. These proofs would in themselves be conclusive, were any proof needed outside the pages of the story. For the pages abound in proofs, to which it is not necessary to refer here, except to say that there is absolutely no reason to bring Drood to life again. He is painted as an egotistical young ass, whom nobody really misses, and whose sweetheart promptly falls in love with somebody else. If he had come back, he would have found himself very much out of it! But he never *did* come back.

The theory that Drood was not really murdered arose, no doubt, from the mistaken idea that, in a detective story, the more unexpected and startling the *dénouement* is the more effective it is. But this is not at all the case. A plot must be logical; its end must be inevitable from the beginning; and the reader's pleasure in the tale arises largely from his perception of this. As he finishes the last page, the mental glance he casts backward over the story must show him that it was toward this conclusion, and no other, that every preceding page pointed. To attempt to fool him at the end by a trick or subterfuge justly irritates him, and is a device unworthy of the literary artist.

Now, to bring Drood to life after having so evidently murdered him could have been accomplished only by a trick; for Dickens would have been compelled to explain not only how Jasper, with everything in his favour and believing himself to have succeeded, should yet have failed, but also why Drood, if he were alive, did not at once denounce his uncle and so save innocent people from suspicion and suffering. A great many intelligent men and women have racked their brains to find such an explanation, but not one has succeeded. By an ex-

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planation is meant, of course, a plausible and convincing one.

Mr. Proctor was by no means the originator of the theory that Drood was not really killed. Both Orpheus Kerr and Henry Morford, in their solutions, bring him to life again. Kerr, whose *Cloven Foot* is really only a burlesque, bases his explanation upon this sentence in the third chapter of the story, which he considers the key to the whole mystery:

> As, in some cases of drunkenness, and in others of animal magnetism, there are two states of consciousness which never clash, but each of which pursues its separate course as though it were continuous instead of broken (thus, if I hide my watch when I am drunk, I must be drunk again before I can remember where), so Miss Twinkleton had two distinct and separate phases of being.

In pursuance of this theory, which is not without a kind of merit, Kerr has Jasper partially strangle Drood and hide him in the Sapsea monument while under the influence of opium, and then forget all about it until, while in another opium trance, he makes his way back to the scene of the crime and is arrested. Morford supposes that Jasper lured his nephew up the cathedral tower, drugged and partially strangled him, and then dropped him down a hole between the inner and outer walls of the cathedral. Durdles, who is conveniently mooning about in the crypt, hears the cries and groans of the imprisoned man and digs him out. Mr. Proctor supposes that, after Drood has been drugged and partially strangled by Jasper and dragged into the crypt and placed in a bed of quicklime in the Sapsea monument, Durdles, who has been lying drunk in the neighbourhood, opens the monument and finds Drood, "his face fortunately protected by the strong silk shawl with which Jasper had intended to throttle him." This would have been fortunate indeed!

"We may suppose," Mr. Proctor continues, "that Durdles dragged the body out of the tomb and out of the crypt," and he proceeds to weave an explanation of the subsequent events out of a tissue of absurdities which need not be set down here, for the whole theory is completely invalidated by Mr. Proctor's curious mistake in assuming that the Sapsea monument is in the crypt of the cathedral, whereas Dickens distinctly states that it is in the graveyard outside, and visible from the street. Mr. Proctor's whole solution, indeed, is based not so much upon any kind of proof as upon a nuance of feeling. "All the characters who die in Dickens's stories," he says, "are marked for death from the beginning. But there is not one note of death in aught that Edwin Drood says or does." It is, of course, impossible to argue with a man who attributes his beliefs to intuition.

Mr. Lang, who seemed for a time inclined to believe that Drood was not really dead, was forced to confess, after long consideration of the problem, that "fancy can suggest no reason why Edwin Drood, if he escaped from his wicked uncle, should go spying about instead of coming openly forward. No plausible, unfantastic explanation could be invented." This is undoubtedly true.

It has seemed to some persons that to have Edwin Drood return and watch the man who believed himself to be his murderer, to gather evidence against him, and finally to denounce him, would be a thrillingly dramatic situation. In reality, it would be ridiculous, because, since Drood already knew his uncle had tried to murder him, there was no further evidence for him to look for. Mr. Proctor tries to explain it by the theory that what Drood really wished to find out was whether the crime was impulsive or premeditated, but that is simply silly. Finally, if the murder hadn't come off, Jasper's crime was trivial to what he believed it to be, and his punishment would be trivial, too. The whole point of the story is his tragic realisation that he had committed a needless murder. Take this punishment from him, and he might well laugh at any other. To punish him for *attempted* murder would be

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inane, indeed! In a word, if Jasper is not a murderer, the whole story is an empty hoax.

The only faintest scintilla of evidence that Dickens ever thought of bringing Drood to life is the fact that he was in trouble with his story. This is not remarkable, since it was being published in monthly parts as fast as it was being written. Indeed, Dickens had to exert himself to keep ahead of the presses. There was no chance for revision—no chance to turn back and change anything. How tremendous a handicap this was no one but a writer of mystery stories can realise. For mystery stories, to be perfectly coherent, must, in a sense, be written backwards. The beginning must be made to fit the end. By the time the end is reached, the beginning invariably stands in need of revision and readjustment. This is not a question of lack of genius—it is a question of human limitation. No man, however gifted, can foresee from the start all the minute ramifications of a two-hundred-thousand word story, any more than he can foresee all the ramifications of a game of chess at the moment he advances his first pawn.

But it was not possible for Dickens to strengthen or re-plan his foundation—that had been laid for all the world to see. He had to make the best of it, and go on building; and it is evident from the story itself, from the interlined and rewritten manuscript, and from the butchered proofs, as well as from his remarks to Forster, Fildes and Mrs. Collins, that before he was half done, he found the structure, if not actually tottering, at least alarmingly weak. With the loose construction of his other novels serial publication did not greatly interfere; but to a novel depending wholly upon a closely knit plot it was most embarrassing. So, when he found his story developing unexpected weaknesses, he must have cast about in his mind for some way of strengthening it, and it is possible that the idea of bringing Drood to life may have occurred to him. If it did, he never mentioned it to any one nor made a note of it; and certainly, after he had examined it and perceived its essential absurdity, he must have rejected it.

WHO WAS DATCHERY?

The second question in regard to the story is, "Who was Datchery?"

Some six months after Drood's disappearance, it will be remembered, a stranger appears at Cloisterham—a white-haired personage, with black eyebrows, buttoned up in a tightish blue surtout, with buff waistcoat and grey trousers; a personage with something of a military air, who describes himself as an "idle dog living upon his means," "a single buffer" who has come to Cloisterham to look for lodgings, with a view of settling down and spending his "remaining span of life" there. He is eccentric in behaviour, loquacious in conversation, and theatrical in deportment, and it is made clear to the reader that his object in coming to Cloisterham is to watch Jasper. He gets lodgings in the same house with him, and begins almost at once to collect, bit by bit, evidence against him—and then the story ends.

Datchery's age is not mentioned, but from his white hair, which Dickens also refers to more than once as grey, from the fact that his appearance suggests to Sapsea and others that he has retired from the army or navy, and from his own reference to his "remaining span of life," it is evident that he impresses those he meets as well past middle age.

All the commentators upon the story are agreed that the long white hair so frequently referred to is a disguise, and that Datchery is not used to wearing a wig, since he habitually carries his hat in his hand, and when he puts it on does so "as if with some vague expectation of finding another hat there." Most go a step farther and agree, very properly, that Dickens would not introduce a new character of such importance so late in the story, and that Datchery is some one who has already been introduced in his proper person. Dickens as much as said so to

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his daughter when he referred to the "Datchery assumption."

But as to the identity of this person there is the widest disagreement. Those who believe that Drood was not really murdered, also believe that Datchery is Drood. But, even admitting for the moment that Drood is not dead, it is absurd to suppose that the adoption of a wig and an artificial manner could disguise him from people who were well acquainted with him, even if there was a plausible reason why he should wish to assume such a disguise. There are a dozen indications that Datchery is not Drood, but the whole theory is too foolish to waste time upon.

The theory adopted by Sir William Nicoll, by Dr. Jackson, and by many other eminent but misguided commentators upon the story, is that Datchery is Helena Landless, the twin sister of Neville Landless—the young man upon whom Jasper tries so desperately to fasten the crime, but who, after being arrested, is finally released for lack of evidence. In support of this theory, they argue very adroitly that Helena possesses in perfection the mental qualities necessary to the impersonation—the courage, the resourcefulness, the aplomb; that Dickens takes pains to tell us that, when running away from school years before, she had put on boy's clothes and displayed all the daring of a man; and that she gives many dark hints that she is not afraid of Jasper and has something up her sleeve.

The theory is a picturesque one, but it is not necessary to discuss these arguments in favour of it, for there is to it one insuperable objection, and that is this: However fitted mentally Helena may have been to assume the disguise, she was utterly unfitted for it physically. To suppose that a "lithe, unusually handsome" girl of twenty, dark, rich in colour, with an emphatic and unmistakable personality, could, by putting on trousers and a wig, disguise herself as an elderly gentleman—and, more especially, that she could, for an instant, deceive people who had known her, the suspicious Jasper among them—is preposterous.

It is true that in real life women have sometimes successfully disguised themselves as men; but a young woman never successfully disguised herself as an old man. How, in the full light of day, could a fresh and healthy young face put on the hue of age? How could the bright dark eyes put on the glaze of years? How could the soft and rounded cheeks put on the lines that the years are sure to bring? How could that downy skin put on the look of having been shaved for forty years? Or are we to suppose that a man with a great shock of hair and heavy eyebrows was beardless? How could a girl, be she never so slender, button herself up in a "tightish surtout" without betraying her sex? Besides, while the fact is not expressly stated, the whole impression of Datchery —his habit of chaffing, his exuberance, his good humour, his hearty appetite, his pride in his leg—is that of a portly man. Remember, too, that the impersonation was kept up, not for an hour, but for days and weeks, and that it took place, not on an artificially lighted stage with the spectators at a distance, but in the full light of the sun with the spectators all about and close at hand. In view of all these difficulties, the conclusion is unescapable that, however engaging the theory may be, it is, in fact, untenable.

Who, then, is Datchery? It is the opinion of the present writer that Datchery is Bazzard. This is not a very exciting theory, but there are many things to indicate that it is the right one. Briefly stated, they are as follows:

Bazzard, it will be remembered, is clerk to Hiram Grewgious, that admirable and sound-hearted old lawyer who is guardian to Rosa Bud, and who is the first to suspect Jasper of Edwin Drood's murder. It is Grewgious who determines to unmask the villain, who takes charge of the affair, and who decides that Jasper must be watched. What more natural than that he should choose for this task his clerk, in whom he expresses

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the greatest confidence and whom no one at Cloisterham knows?

Bazzard is described as a "pale, puffy-faced, dark-haired person of thirty, with big dark eyes that wholly wanted lustre, and a dissatisfied doughy complexion," "a gloomy person, with tangled locks," and a very mysterious manner. It turns out that he has theatrical aspirations, that he has written a tragedy which has never been produced, that he consorts with other disappointed playwrights, and presumably frequents the theatre. Now, it has been contended that Bazzard does *not* possess the mental qualifications necessary to a Datchery; but this is, at least, disputable. The most that can be said is that we know too little of him to pass any certain judgment. The fact that he has written a play, however bad, would indicate that he had some brains, Grewgious evidently considers him a man of parts, and his association with the theatre would explain the theatricality of Datchery's behaviour. Bazzard's dark hair and eyes certainly correspond with Datchery's black eyebrows and show the necessity for a grey wig, if he is to pose as an elderly man. His physique also corresponds with what we must suppose Datchery's to have been, and he has in conversation a stilted and artificial style very like Datchery's. Finally, at the precise time Datchery appears at Cloisterham, Grewgious remarks casually to a visitor that Bazzard "is off duty here, altogether, just at present."

The adherents of the Helena Landless theory assert that this remark was inserted by Dickens merely as a blind; but it is not a blind. On the contrary, it is one of those clues which every writer of a mystery story must strew along his path, but whose importance the average reader does not realise until he looks back from the end of the story. It is a very significant fact that this sentence was carefully strengthened by Dickens in the proofs. Originally, Grewgious's reference to Bazzard was in these words: "No, he goes his way after office hours. In fact, he is off duty at present. . . . But it would be difficult to replace Mr. Bazzard." In the final text, Grewgious says: "No, he goes his way, after office hours. In fact, he is off duty here, altogether, just at present. . . . But it would be extremely difficult to replace Mr. Bazzard." This, as has been said before, is by far the most important of the proof changes discovered by Sir William Nicoll. Surely, when Dickens made this alteration he had clearly in his mind the fact that Bazzard was already on duty at Cloisterham.

The theory that Datchery is Bazzard is by no means a new one. Both Kerr and Morford advance it. More significant is a letter to the *Pall Mall Magazine* for June, 1906, from Dickens's daughter, Mrs. Kate Perugini, in which she discusses the story and remarks incidentally that "there are reasons in the story against the supposition that Helena is Datchery, and many to support the theory that the 'old buffer' is Bazzard." Other critics have arrived at the same conclusion; but all of them have been berated by the adherents of the Drood and Helena Landless theories as commonplace and unimaginative. Mr. Proctor says, "No one at all familiar with Dickens's method would for a moment imagine that Datchery is Bazzard." Mr. Cuming Walters says, "Literary art rebels against the idea. Bazzard was one of Dickens's favourite low comedy characters." Dr. Jackson says, "I am sure that Bazzard is incapable of playing the part of Datchery." Sir William Nicoll adds, "In these judgments I agree."

It might be pointed out that these are not so much judgments as expressions of opinion. As to Bazzard's alleged incapacity, there is absolutely no proof of it in the story. And the part of Datchery, with his melodrama and air of tragedy and mystery, is one which Bazzard would have loved to play. He would have played it just as Datchery does, in fact, play it. As to the theory being obvious and commonplace, it should be pointed out that the writer of mystery stories who relies for his solutions upon theories which are strange and far-

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fetched is riding for a fall. The highest art in the detective story is to impress the reader with the entire reasonableness of every detail; not to startle him at the end by exploding an unexpected bomb, but to hold his interest by the logical development of the plot, whose end he may, to some extent, foresee. Perhaps Dickens was incapable of this peculiar art; he was never first-rate at plot, and he was writing this story under the tremendous disadvantage of immediate publication *in parts*; but surely he was incapable of attempting to fool his readers by a grotesque trick.

And yet, at this point, the manuscript gives eloquent testimony to the fact that Dickens was in trouble. The eighteenth chapter, in which Datchery is introduced, shows an unusual number of additions and erasures. It has been gone over with great care, for Dickens was evidently afraid that he might, inadvertently, give a hint as to Datchery's identity. If we add to the manuscript changes the changes made in proof, we have a still further evidence of his anxiety on this point. Which brings us to the two omissions marked by Dickens and not carried out by Forster which are of real importance.

Datchery, having been informed that Mrs. Tope, living near the Cathedral, has lodgings to let, sets out to look for them. "But the Crozier being an hotel of a most retiring disposition, and the waiter's directions being fatally precise, he soon became bewildered, and went boggling about and about the Cathedral Tower, whenever he could catch a glimpse of it, with a general impression on his mind that Mrs. Tope's was somewhere very near it, and that, like the children in the game of hot boiled beans and very good butter, he was warm in his search when he saw the Tower, and cold when he didn't see it."

A little farther on he finds a boy, whom he asks to guide him to the spot.

"Lookie yonder," says the boy. "You see that there winder and door?"

"That's Tope's?"

"Yer lie; it ain't. That's Jasper's."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Datchery with a look of some interest.

It seems a rather remarkable coincidence that in the present writer's copy of *Edwin Drood* both these passages should have been marked as giving the strongest evidence that Datchery is Bazzard, and that, after careful consideration, Dickens should have cut them both out of the final proofs. The parts he marked for omission are precisely the significant parts: in the first quotation, from "with a general impression on his mind" to the end of the paragraph; and in the second, the phrase "with a look of some interest."

The point is this: If Datchery was Edwin Drood or Helena Landless or any one else familiar with Cloisterham, he might, indeed, intentionally seem to lose his way in order to deceive any one who might be watching him, and go "boggling about and about the Cathedral Tower," but it could not possibly have been "with a general impression on his mind that Mrs. Tope's was somewhere very near it." If that clause indicates his mental state, then Datchery was unquestionably a stranger to Cloisterham, since it indicates that he was really lost; and if it had stood unaltered in the text it would prove conclusively that he was neither Drood nor Helena. But Dickens, in his final revision of the chapter, cut it out, although Forster allowed it to remain in the printed book.

Now Dickens cut it out for one of two reasons: either he feared that it pointed too clearly to Datchery's identity, or he perceived that it was not in keeping with that identity. The first of these reasons is undoubtedly the right one. Dickens was very anxious to throw every possible cloud about Datchery, for this was one of the few secrets remaining in the story, but here, in a single sentence, was the proof that he was a stranger to Cloisterham. It was a finger pointing straight at Bazzard, the only stranger to Cloisterham who had thus far appeared in the story. On the other hand, if Datchery

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had been Drood or Helena, or any one else familiar with the town, Dickens would never have written the words. He would have seen at once that no such thought could have been in Datchery's mind.

The excision of the clause "with a look of some interest," is of less importance. But, unless Datchery was a stranger to the town, there was no reason why he should look at Jasper's window with interest; and this thought, perhaps, occurred to Dickens, and decided him to cut the words out.

One point more. When Datchery is asking the waiter at the Crozier to refer him to possible lodgings, he is very particular to explain that what he wants is "something old, something odd and out of the way; something venerable, architectural and inconvenient." As the waiter hesitates and scratches his head, Mr. Datchery adds, "Anything cathedrally, now." It is evident that the whole object of these inquiries is to guide the waiter's thoughts to Mrs. Tope, who, with her husband, occupies the old gatehouse of the cathedral, and who lets lodgings to John Jasper, and it has been argued that they prove that Datchery was familiar with Cloisterham. But they prove no such thing. They prove merely that his employer, Mr. Grewgious, had told him that it was at Tope's he must get lodgings, and had carefully coached him in the questions to be asked.

There is one other point which the advocates of the Helena-Datchery theory have strangely overlooked. In the story as printed, it is obviously impossible for Helena to be Datchery, because Datchery appears in Cloisterham in Chapter XVIII, which is entirely devoted to his doings, while it is not until the following chapter that Helena's school at Cloisterham closes for the summer vacation and leaves her free to join her brother in London. Dr. Jackson, however, discovered by an examination of the manuscript that what is now Chapter XVIII was intended originally by Dickens to be Chapter XIX, and that the two chapters were transposed after what is now Chapter XIX was completely written, and when what is now Chapter XVIII was about half done. As originally placed, the chapter would not bring Datchery to Cloisterham until at least a week after Helena had gone to London, where, it is supposed—entirely without any corroborative evidence—the plan of disguising herself and returning to Cloisterham to watch Jasper is carried out with the knowledge and assistance of her brother and Grewgious.

In setting the chapter forward, Dr. Jackson and Sir William Nicoll argue, Dickens overlooked this very serious clash in the chronology of the story; and this in spite of the fact that the opening paragraph of the very next chapter, which was already written and which Dickens must have had clearly in his mind, is concerned with the closing of Helena's school. They further argue that, even in the proofs, Dickens did not detect this blunder. But the true inference is, not that Dickens thus carelessly and blindly wrecked his whole plot, but that there was no connection in his mind between Helena and Datchery, and so no necessity to delay Datchery's appearance at Cloisterham until after Helena's departure from it. In fact, the transposition of these chapters is a very strong proof that Helena is not Datchery.

HOW WAS IT TO END?

To the third question, "How was the story to end?" it is possible to give a partial answer, in spite of the fact that Dickens left absolutely no notes nor memoranda for the unwritten chapters. Jasper, of course, was to be caught and punished; the instrument of detection was to be the ring which Drood carried next his heart unknown to Jasper, and which would serve to identify the body, which Jasper had partially destroyed by quicklime. It seems probable that an advertisement written by Grewgious and either inserted in a newspaper or printed as a broadside, stating that the ring was on Drood's person when he disappeared and offering a reward for its return, was to be used to lure Jasper to the place

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where he had hid the body, and so into the arms of the law—a device already used by C. Auguste Dupin, and afterward to be used many times by Sherlock Holmes. Rosa is to marry Tartar, and Helena is to marry Crisparkle; Neville is to be killed in the capture of Jasper, which will be only after a chase up the tower and over the roof of the cathedral —a chase for which Tartar, with his extraordinary agility, is carefully prepared beforehand.

So much is fairly certain from the internal evidence of the story, as well as from the hints which Dickens inadvertently let drop. But he found himself confronted by this difficulty: he had wound up his plot and must now begin to unwind it—but his book was only half done. It was to run to twelve numbers and he had written only six. The unwinding could not possibly be prolonged for more than a number or two. Therefore it was necessary to introduce some seconding story to occupy at least four numbers.

That this seconding story was to be concerned with the old opium-woman and with the reasons for her hatred of Jasper seems very probable, but there is absolutely no clue to its details. Andrew Lang goes so far as to assert that Dickens himself did not know how the story was to end. But before he commenced it, he had outlined its plot roughly to Forster, and had stated that its originality "was to consist in the review of the murderer's career by himself at the close, when its temptations were to be dwelt upon as if, not he, the culprit, but some other man, were the tempted. The last chapters were to be written in the condemned cell, to which his wickedness, all elaborately elicited from him as if told of another, had brought him."

There is nothing to show that Dickens had given up this plan, but it does not seem to be very original or very promising. It is doubtful if the average reader would care to know in detail about Jasper's life previous to the opening of the story; certainly no one would care to hear from Jasper's lips what the action of the story had already disclosed. It is impossible to imagine this as a satisfactory climax, but there is no telling what Dickens's genius would have made of it. Probably he would have found himself compelled to modify it very greatly.

It is rather the fashion to speak of *Edwin Drood* as a masterpiece; but as a detective story, which is the only way in which it should be judged, it has many faults. Although his main occupation should have been with plot, Dickens could not resist the temptation to amble aside into caricature. Sapsea, with his unbelievable inscription for his wife's monument, is caricature; Mrs. Billickin is caricature, and rather poor and tiresome caricature, too—certainly not good enough to delay the flow of the story, with which it has absolutely no concern. One great requisite of the detective story is that it *should* flow without serious interruption from the first page to the last. It must be regretfully added that Dickens drops occasionally into the dark and mysterious manner of Wilkie Collins, whose work in this field he greatly admired, and that some of his clues leave the reader incredulous.

It will be sufficient to analyse only one of these. Two or three days after Drood's disappearance, Crisparkle, the athletic Minor Canon of the cathedral, is moved by some mysterious and unexplained influence to walk to Cloisterham weir, two miles above the town. As he stands gazing at it, he descries, far out from the bank, a bright object sparkling on the weir, and, swimming out to it, finds that it is a gold watch firmly caught between the timbers by its chain—so firmly that the sweep of the water over the weir has not dislodged it. After repeated diving, he also finds "a shirt-pin sticking in some mud and ooze." Both watch and pin are identified as having belonged to Drood, and everybody at once jumps to the conclusion that the murderer, having removed these articles from the body to prevent its identification, sought to get rid of them by casting them into the river.

A moment's thought will show how

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preposterous all this is. In the first place, the chances against the watch-chain being caught in that way by accident would be about a million to one. In the second place, if watch and pin had been thrown into the river together, the pin, being much the lighter, would have fallen far short of the watch. If they had been thrown separately, they would very probably have been thrown in different directions. In neither case could the pin have been "sticking" in the mud, since, as the head was the heavier, it must have gone to the bottom head-first. Of course it might have stuck in the mud head-first, but this is evidently not what Dickens meant, for in that case Crisparkle would have had to perform the incredible feat of discovering a pin-point protruding from the mud at the bottom of a river. The feat, as Dickens indicated that he *did* perform it, is surely remarkable enough!

The plain inference to be drawn from these circumstances is that the watch reached the spot where it was found not by accident but by design, that it could have been placed there only by the murderer, who then proceeded to drop the pin into the water as he sat on top of the weir (we must overlook the "sticking," which is evidently a slip); and that his purpose in doing all this must have been to throw suspicion upon some one else, or at least to divert it from himself. This is so very obvious that, outside of a book, it would be at once apparent to any thinking person—so obvious, indeed, that the very fact that Jasper sought to avail himself of a device so clumsy and transparent is convincing proof that he was only an ordinary villain, after all!

THE GRUB STREET PROBLEM

BEING A CONSIDERATION OF THE SCRIBE AND THE COST OF LIVING IN VARIOUS PERIODS

BY ALGERNON TASSIN

PART III—THE AGE OF QUEEN ANNE

FROM several sources one may gather that even as late as the threshold of the eighteenth century it was possible to sustain life on about two shillings a week. Thus, although provisions by and large had risen a great deal since Jacobean days, the most ordinary foods were still cheap. The average price of labour during the whole century, says Arthur Young, was 10¼d. a day, whereas in the sixteenth century it had been 6½. It must also be borne in mind that the standards of comfort, especially for the labouring classes, were also increasing; and certain luxuries had become necessities. In 1690 Sir William Petty put the expense of what he calls "the middle head between the highest and lowest" at £7 a year. The ordinary artisan, he says, earns 20d. a day, or £26 a year, and may very well live on £12 and save £14. Arthur Young says the price of provisions had increased during the century 65%, but in 1689 Lord Chief Justice Hale computed that a labourer's family of six could get along on 10s. a week.

Pepys advised his father to live within the compass of £50 a year, which seems rather liberal for a tailor; especially when he thought that £7 a month for his own ordinary housekeeping was a great deal in so large an establishment as his. Being the son of a tailor, he came naturally by his love of clothes. One month he found he had laid out as much as £55 upon himself. This included two periwigs. He had no stom-

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ach for a periwig, but finally came to it because the pains of keeping his hair clean was so great. Two mighty fine periwigs ("too fine I thought for me") cost £4 10s.

DRYDEN

Dryden would probably have dressed less expensively than Pepys and he would not have kept up a much more elaborate establishment, for Pepys's house was finely furnished and he often entertained noble friends. Yet even when Pepys became a rich man he never spent as much as the poet; and though he watched his expenses, he was open-handed.

A very prosperous gentleman was Dryden, making money in a dozen different ways, yet never making enough for his needs. His pension was £100 for the laureateship, £100 for historiographer, and an additional pension of £100. When he was ejected from office, Dorset gave him £100 a year out of his own purse, which the poet had not the slightest scruple in taking. An author of that day, says Macaulay, was something between a pander and a beggar. For an elegy on a countess he received 500 guineas; and the Duchess of Ormond gave him £500 for his *Fables*. The first edition of these brought him 250 guineas from Tonson the bookseller. He received £40 for *Saint Cecilia's Day*, and Pope says he got £1200 for his *Virgil*. Prologues from his pen were much in demand, and his fee for them was 2 guineas. For some reason he never made more than £100 all told by each of his most successful plays; though as he contracted to furnish four a year, this was more than he could have made in any other way by the same amount of labour and time. He once asked Southerne how much he got by one of his plays, and Southerne answered that he was ashamed to tell the great poet that he had cleared £700 by his last. But, though Dryden could not make the public flock to his plays, he drove a shrewd bargain with the booksellers who published them. The poet, indeed, deserves no sympathy on the score of greedy publishers—it was largely the other way. "He is reported," says Johnson, "to have inherited £200 a year. Such a fortune ought to have secured him from that poverty which seemed always to have oppressed him; or if he had wasted it, to have made him ashamed of publishing his necessities. Thus I am inclined to believe that this was false." But certainly, in spite of his high-born and exacting wife, he had no reason to complain of his poverty, even without this inheritance; and certainly he had not the least hesitation in publishing his needs. His accomplished and fulsome dedications never brought him less than 20 guineas, and he tagged everything he wrote with them. Malone calculates his income for a great part of his life at fully £700 a year—equal in purchasing to nearly £3,000 now.

The average income of a knight in 1688, says Gregory King, was £650, of an esquire £450, of a gentleman £280. Here was Dryden with more than any of them, yet blithely begging right and left—as confident of the divine right of authors to be supported as ever Charles had been of the divine right of kings. Frances North, the Lord Keeper, often said that if he had been sure of £100 a year to live on, he had never been a lawyer. His father allowed him, the cadet of a noble house, £60 a year, but reduced it to £50; his grandfather allowed him £20, but took it away in anger. Sir Dudley North said that if he could have valued himself at £200 a year, he would have asked no more of fortune. Bab May, according to Pepys, had told the king that £300 was enough for any man but them that lived at Court; Marvell had said that £500 was more like it. Sir Robert Walpole found an old account book in which his father had set down his personal expenses—in three months and ten days in London one winter as member of Parliament, he had expended but £64 7s. 5d., and there were many 18d. dinners. The salary of the great Betterton, the most noted actor and one of the most sought after

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men of Dryden's time, never exceeded 80s. a week. Cibber says his yearly income was £120, about a fifth of Dryden's. Yet out of this he had saved £2,000 by the age of sixty, in spite of the fact that everybody praised him and courted him and he enjoyed the friendship of three kings—Charles, indeed, lent him his coronation suit for one of his parts. Yet here was Dryden with £700 perpetually parading his poverty and saying that necessity alone had driven him to indecency in his plays.

COFFEE HOUSES

Dryden, too, had, as far as one can tell, no extravagant vices. He did not gamble to excess; and though he told Mrs. Stewart he had a strong stomach, he seems to have meant that he was not particular rather than that he could notably over-drink and over-eat in a time when everybody was doing both. For the rest he passed most of his social hours in the cheapest way of spending time ever invented—in the coffee houses.

People spent so little at these places that the proprietor never could have got along if they hadn't been crowded from morning till bed-time. The sum of one penny was laid down at the bar and admitted to a long room partitioned off into boxes and separated by a central walk. The regulation price of a dish of coffee or tea was 2d., and this gave free reading of all the journals and permission to write and receive letters. The coffee house was a London institution. Not until the reign of Charles II had coffee and tea come into general use. In 1637 Evelyn first saw the former, and he says it became a custom thirty years afterward. In 1659 Pepys had his first cup of "tee—a China drink." But coffee houses had no sooner started than they became universal. Foreigners remarked that they were the homes of the Londoners. Certainly if London husbands had to take their pleasures away from home all the time, their wives could not have desired for them a less expensive form of dissipation—except, indeed, for the hours it took from business. Mrs. Dryden, however, could not have complained of this, for every moment he spent there meant money in his pocket. The tracts of the time are equally full of censure of the coffee houses for breeding idleness and of praise for their convenience and cheapness. *The Character of a Coffee House with the Symptoms of a Town Wit* says, "He that comes often saves 2d. a week on Gazettes, and has his news and his coffee for the same charge—as at a 3d. ordinary they give you in your broth a chop of mutton." *Coffee Houses Vindicated* says, "Here for a penny you may spend two or three hours, have the shelter of a house, the warmth of a fire, the diversion of company, and conveniency if you please of taking a pipe of tobacco. It hath grown almost a general custom among us that no bargain can be done or business concluded but it must be transacted at some public house. This to persons much concerned in the world must be injurious." Hence the coffee houses kept one from the temptation of stronger drink. By the days of the *Tatler* and *Spectator* they had acquired great political as well as social importance. "About twelve o'clock," says *A Journey Through England* in 1712, "the beau monde assembles in several coffee or chocolate houses. The best are so near one another that in less than an hour you see the company of them all. After the play, the best company generally go to Tom's and Will's near adjoining, where there is playing and the best of conversation till midnight. And what is most incredible, you can hardly enter a coffee house in an evening but you will find company —although there be above 8,000 of them, by a modest computation."

OVER-EATING AND DRINKING

If Dryden did not over-eat and drink, however, almost everybody else did. In 1657 Reeve accused the Londoners of the most abominable eating propensities. If a true account could be obtained of the expense of the kingdom in inordinate eating for one year, he believed it would exceed the income of the Spanish Indies;

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and they drank as if they were nothing but sponges. Pepys gives much evidence that people were unable to transact their business after their early dinners. Perhaps this was why they began work so early in the morning, though that fashion was open to the embarrassment of treading upon the heels of the night's debauch. The ordinary hour for getting to work was six or seven; Pepys used to be at it by four or five, though he often confessed to being heavy from his late supper. Francis Smith, Bunyan's publisher, said in 1680 that out of every £3,000 spent in the city, above £500 went in wine. In 1688 it was estimated that more than twelve million barrels of beer were brewed for the five million populace of England. Even children from their infancy drank small beer; and no one touched water. Every tenth house in some parishes of London was a drinking-house, and in others every seventh and even fifth. "His Lordship," says North, "was one of the most sober men that ever marched through the world as he did. I, that was almost continually with him, never saw him in a condition they call overtaken; and the most hath been but just discernible in his speech, for he had strength of head to bear a great deal; and when he found that infirmity coming upon him, he used to sit smiling and say little or nothing." In 1704, said Chamberlayne, "Since the Rebellion, England hath abounded in a variety of drinks over any other nation in Europe. The quantity of beer drank in London will to foreigners be incredible. Strong beer is 12s. 6d. a barrel, small beer is 6s. 6d. the barrel (a great advance on Elizabethan prices); and there is also consumed a vast quantity of French and Spanish wines." And Chamberlayne was not a moralist like Francis Smith, but an optimist, even if an inconsistent one. For though he says in a characteristically British way that the English had got their fashion of heavy drinking from the Netherlands, yet he notes that they are not so much addicted to gluttony and drunkenness as they were. But, he adds, this is because so many eminent families were in the late Rebellion impoverished.

When one recalls Pepys's menus, the observation of Sir William Petty in 1690 that few in the kingdom do not eat by a twentieth part more than does them good, is amusing. "We had nothing," says Pepys of a dinner he was invited to, "but a venison pasty, a leg of mutton, and a pullet or two." He called a dish of marrowbones, a leg of mutton, a loin of veal, a dish of fowl, three pullets and a dozen larks all in one dish, a great tart, a neat's tongue, a dish of anchovies, and a dish of prawns and cheese—a homely dinner. But he was very proud of one which he spread for his friends—a fricassee of rabbits and a chicken, a boiled leg of mutton, three carps, a side of lamb, a dish of roasted pigeons, a lamprey pie, a dish of four lobsters, three tarts, a dish of anchovies, and good wine of several sorts.

TAVERN PRICES

At an ordinary one could pay in Pepys's time 7s. to a guinea for dinner; and once he paid 34s. a man. "Ordinaries here," says Macky in 1712, "are not so common as abroad, yet the French have set up two or three pretty good ones. The general way is to make a party at the coffee house to go to dine at the tavern, where we sit till six, then we go to the play—except you are invited to the table of some great man. Near the Exchange are two very good French eating-houses where you may bespeak a dinner from 4s. to 5s. a head to a guinea or what sum you please." But these were the highest-priced and most fashionable places "where Town Gallants drank briskly of Burgundy." You could dine very well indeed for half the sum even at Haycock's Ordinary—a first-class place much frequented by members of Parliament. Here usually dined Andrew Marvell, member for Hull and famous wit. "Having eaten heartily of boiled beef with some roasted pigeons and asparagus and drank his pint of port, he took a piece of money out of his pocket, held it between his finger and

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thumb, and said to certain members of the House known to be in the pay of the Crown: 'Gentlemen, who would let himself out for hire while he can have such a dinner for half a crown.'" This shows that ordinaries had not risen much since 1633. That year, when expenses had bounded upward in the city, the prices of food were once again fixed by law, both in the market and the shops (where a difference of 2d. to 4d. was allowed) and the first-class ordinaries were limited to 2s. a head and 18d. for a servant attending his master. The critical Pepys had at an ordinary in Old Exchange "very good cheer" for 18d. He dined at a cook's upon roast beef for 1s. ½d. "Went to the King's Head Ordinary but, coming late, dined at the second table for 12d." In 1711 Chamberlayne said that one could dine well at an ordinary for 18d. At a chop-house Swift got for 10d. ale, broth, and three mutton chops. But one could eat much more cheaply than that. Threepenny ordinaries could still be found even in 1700; and at a time when 4d. was allowed to an apprentice for his day's food, a Grub Street author could certainly have eaten his fill there.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF GRUB STREET

The first use of Grub Street in an offensive sense was made by Marvell, and before the close of the seventeenth century the term had become a synonym for the lowest class of literature. Over fifty years later Dr. Johnson defined it as "a street in London much inhabited by writers of small histories, dictionaries, and temporary poems; whence any mean production is called Grub Street." Stow had said it was inhabited by makers of archer's supplies, and it was not until after the Civil Wars that it became associated with authorship. "The writers of seditious and libellous pamphlets and verses were for the most part men whose indigent circumstances compelled them to live in obscurity," wrote Sir John Hawkins, "and Grub Street then abounded with mean old houses, which were let out at low rents to people of this description, whose occupation was in publishing anonymous treason and slander." Fox, the martyrologist, one of the original inhabitants of the street, would have been much surprised at its future reputation. But it was Pope and Swift who later gave it its worst significance; and Pope, to whom poverty was a sin, "linked forever the name of its poor writers with ribaldry and malice."

The first toilers in Grub Street had contrived to exist, as had the professional writers in Elizabeth's day, on translations for the publishers and on pamphlets, ballads, accounts of wonders, and of the crimes and dying speeches of criminals to whose executions all London flocked. To prepare the newsletters distributed by the post had now become a Grub Street calling, and the newswriters collected items from the coffee houses. That important person known as the general reader was just beginning to emerge, and it was he who changed the literary outlook. The publisher Tonson was the first man to recognise that a professional court-writer like Dryden was getting a popular following and must be reckoned with as a power. Roger North had written in his biography of the period about 1680: "The trade is now contracted into the hands of two or three persons. The rest of the trade are content to take their refuse, and it is wretched to consider what pickpocket work these demi-booksellers make. They crack their brains to find out selling subjects and keep hirelings in garrets at hard meat to write and correct." Thus the hackney-writer came into existence. Thomas Amory said of a bookseller, that his translators lay three in a bed at the Pewter Platter Inn, Holborn. Doubtless none of these men were so untrue to their birthright as to take much thought for the morrow, but it was still some time before the average run of them—though earning probably more than could have been earned in any other congenial way—was able to dissipate to the extent of the pamphleteers and playwrights in the Elizabethan days, when

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things cost less. Not yet had come the glorious days of Grub Street, when by reason of not infrequent political windfalls, the most mediocre scribbler there could glory in his eccentric prodigality and recklessness as the true hall-mark of his tribe.

But even when they were earning a pittance at one job after another, it certainly mounted up in the aggregate to as much as the mediocrities of the other gentler professions were making. "The twelve petty canons of Durham," writes Sir W. Brereton in 1635, "are worth about £10 a year in a minster endowed with mighty large revenues." He saw at Shrewsbury—"a fair, large, spacious town, one of the richest in these parts—a school-house neatly contrived which is divided into three rooms in every whereof is there a master. The first teacheth to read, who hath £10 yearly; the second teacheth the grounds of the Latin tongue and hath £20; the third, who is most learned, teacheth the highest scholars, who are thence sent to the university, who hath a stipend of £40." In 1641 a tract called *The Curate's Conference,* presents a dialogue between Master Poorest and Master Needham. Out of £8 a year Master Poorest, who was a country curate, had to get his own victuals, clothes, and books; and when he rebelled he was told another could be had for less. Poor curates in the city, says Master Needham in reply, can go no higher than the three-penny ordinaries—"but sure the proprietor had been a cook in college, for he dexterously plays the logician in dividing the meat." The Crown livings within the gift of the Lord Chancellor were all under £20 a year in 1712. The seven professors of Gresham College, London, had £50 a year with handsome apartments in the college. "A poor scholar," said the *Spectator,* "is willing to be banished for £20 a year and a little victuals to take a boy on the Grand Tour. In 1693, when Queen Mary went to see Congreve's *Double Dealer,* the leading man was ill and the author recommended for the part a young man who had recently entered the company. He did so well that his salary was raised from 15s. to 20s. a week. That young man was Colley Cibber; and when he was playing leading parts regularly, his salary had reached but 30s. a week. When he went on the stage, the highest theatrical salary was 6s. 3d. a day. Thus even at low ebb, Grub Street inhabitants could have made as much as other learned or artistic folk, and there was no reason why they could not have existed on their earnings. In 1690 *The Present State of London* notes that there was no place in the kingdom where poor people or such as would be frugal might live cheaper; and Petty records that fuel and all the most necessary sorts of victuals, fish, and drinks were cheaper in London than in Paris.

THE PALMY DAYS OF GRUB STREET

In the next generation, one cannot but judge from the money spent with such fitful prodigality in Grub Street, that it was fairly plentiful—though doubtless its irregularity made it fly all the swifter. In the days of Anne, "the favour of great men" was still the chief endeavour of those who succeeded with authorship just as it had been in the days of Dryden; but those who were not of the mettle to succeed in any calling maintained by it a happy-go-lucky existence. Purses for dedications came almost as often to nobodies as to somebodies. All of the latter expected and received pensions and sinecures; and if they went actually into politics, they might mount to the highest. Addison's pension of £300 made him a rich man until it was stopped by the death of the King. Not long, however, was he in "his garret up three flights of stairs." For a political poem, *The Campaign,* he was appointed to a commissionership of £200; and from then he was a child of fortune. Steele, Congreve, and many others won places by their pens; and from the start Swift had the patronage of Sir William Temple. Johnson wrote the lives of thirty poets, of whom only seven are nowadays ever mentioned; but most of the insig-

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nificant ones the Government had lifted from Grub Street into commissioners, envoys and secretaries. The Duke of Wharton is said to have given Young £2,000 for the dedication of his tragedy *Revenge*. "Books were frequently printed," says Macaulay, "merely that they might be dedicated. The pen of the author was at the service of any political party that would pay for it, and the intemperance of their pens was superlative." Sir Robert Walpole gave Savage 20 guineas for a panegyric upon himself in 1728. From 1731-41, Walpole bribed writers and newspapers with £50,077, 18s. In four years Arnall received £1,079, 6s. 8d. of this amount, and is said to have had besides a pension of £400 a year.

This was the heyday of Grub Street, yet Grub Street was always needy. Savage may be taken as its typical inhabitant at that period, for although he received a pension of £50 a year, it always disappeared at once. "By no means equal to the demands of vanity and luxury," says Johnson, "this is yet found sufficient to support families above want and was undoubtedly more than the necessities of life required." Yet Savage lived almost as a vagabond and spent many a night in the streets because he could not buy the poorest lodging. Speaking of *The Wanderer,* Johnson wrote, "That he sold so valuable a performance for so small a price was not to be imputed either to necessity, by which the learned and ingenious are often obliged to submit to very hard conditions; or to avarice, by which the booksellers are frequently incited to suppress that genius by which they are supported; but to that intemperate desire of pleasure and habitual slavery to his passions." Boyse laid out his last half guinea to buy truffles and mushrooms for his last scrap of beef, says Sir Leslie Stephen; and Johnson once collected for him sixpences to redeem from pawn clothes which two days afterward were pawned again. "The merry rogue when he wanted a dinner," says Addison in the *Tatler,* "sent a paragraph of Table Talk and his bookseller paid the reckoning." Lintot told Pope that by giving the hungry critics a piece of boiled beef and a pudding he could make them see beauties in any author he chose. Swift wrote to Steele that he went to see a poor poet in a nasty garret, very sick, and gave him 20 guineas from Lord Bolingbroke —a somewhat larger sum than Gregory King had said would keep a labourer's family for a year.

FRANKLIN'S EXPERIENCE

If we turn for a moment from intemperate Grub Street to Benjamin Franklin, the traditional hardships of that boisterous thoroughfare will appear in a more genuine light. Franklin arrived in London in 1724. He and his friend Ralph took lodgings at 3s. 6d. a week each. His friend endeavoured to get employment as a hackney-writer, to copy for the stationers and lawyers about the Temple. When Ralph went to Berkshire, he taught reading and writing to a dozen boys at 6d. a week apiece. Franklin's companion at the press drank every day a pint of beer before and with breakfast of bread and cheese, a pint before and with dinner, a pint at six o'clock, and one when he had finished his day's work. "From my example," said he, "a great many of them left their muddling breakfast of beer, bread and cheese, finding they could be supplied with a large porringer of hot water-gruel sprinkled with pepper, crumbled with bread, and a bit of butter in it for the price of the beer, three half-pence." Five shillings drink money was demanded of him when he went into the composing room. When he moved to other lodgings he paid the same rent, but there was a lodging nearer his business for 2s. a week; and when he spoke of moving, the landlady took off the 2s. and lodged him for 1s. 6d. In the garret of this house lived a lady of some gentility who had given away all her estate to charitable uses but £12 a year to live on. And out of this she gave a great deal to charity, living herself on water-gruel and using no fire but to boil it. Though she

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looked pale she was never sick, says Franklin; "and I give this as another instance on how small an income life and health may be supported."

PRODIGALITY AND VANITY

The prodigality of people who have a meagre or irregular living or who are not sure of their next meal has always been a matter of wonder. But observers as well as moralists of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries in London are constantly asking the question, "Where does the money come from?" The extravagance of the English as a people had long been the comment of all foreigners. Pepys, too, is full of it. "I do not remember when I first began to be able to bestow a play upon myself," he writes in 1667, "that I saw so many by half of the ordinary prentices and mean people in the pit at 2s. 6d. as now; I going for several years no higher than the 12d. and the 18d. places—so much the vanity and the prodigality of the age is to be observed in this particular." Again he writes, "To see how people in ordinary clothes come hither (to a gaming-house) and play away one, two, and three guineas without any kind of difficulty!" Sir Dudley North said that when he was a boy if he had but 3s. in the world, he gave a half-crown for entrance to a cock-fight, reserving 6d. to bet with. Of a cockfighting Pepys says, "But, Lord! To see the strange variety of people, from a Parliament man to the poorest prentices, bakers, butchers, draymen, and what not! It is strange to see how people of this poor rank, that look as if they had not bread to put into their mouths, shall bet three or four pounds at a time, lose it, yet bet as much at the next battle; so that one of them will lose ten or twelve pounds at a meeting." The animal-baiting of an earlier age had become vulgar. Though there was still plenty of it for the commoner sort of people, "it is a rude and dirty pastime," wrote Evelyn. The Bear Garden was now the resort of peer and prentice to see the prize fight, which had become the favourite brutality of the Augustan age. The genteel sat on high benches at half a crown, the rabble crowded beneath them in a sixpenny standing-place. Then, one could lose a great deal of money on ninepins; and, indeed, on anything that came or didn't come along. Almost every comedy of the period refers to the universal practice of wagering, which made London a sort of Calaveras County. "For variety of sports and recreation," says Chamberlayne in 1704, "no nation exceeds the English. They think it a piece of frugality beneath a gentleman to bargain beforehand or to account afterward for what they eat in any place, though the rate be most unreasonable." The orange girls in the theatres were able to pay £40 to the management in Charles Second's time for the privilege of selling their fruit to open-handed young gallants. An orange girl once tricked Pepys into buying eight oranges at 6d. apiece, the customary price at the theatre, by telling him before a lady that he had ordered them.

De Foe in 1704 said that no man in England of sound limb and senses could be poor from want of work. "The difficulty to get Englishmen to enlist is because they live in plenty and ease, and can earn 20s. a week at an easy steady employment. He must be drunk or mad when he lists for a soldier to be knocked in the head for 3s. 6d. a week. Where an Englishman earns 20s. and but just lives as he calls it, a Dutchman grows rich and leaves his children in a very good condition. We are the most *lazy diligent* nation in the world. I can produce a thousand families in England within my particular knowledge who go in rags and wanting bread, whose fathers can earn 15 to 20s. a week, but will not work. They drink as long as their money lasts and then only go to work for more." Even as early as the reign of James, the dwelling of a rich merchant began to rival a nobleman's. "It is with no small concern that I behold," says the *Tatler*, "the tradesman of this city put off the smooth, even, and ancient decorum of thriving citizens for a

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fantastical dress and figure improper for their persons and their characters." *The Compleat Tradesman* in 1726 was more vigorous. "Not a shopkeeper, not a barber, not hardly a barber's apprentice, but must have a shirt of fine Holland of 6s. an ell; and the ordinary beaus run it up to 10 and 12s. an ell. Their grandfathers, perhaps as clean though not so gay, contented themselves with good Holland of half the price and with shifting their linen perhaps twice the week—to correct which our nicer gentlemen have brought it to two clean shirts a day." De Foe, of course, was the village scold, and few people would have been willing to make their point by complaining of a surplus of clean linen among the tradesmen in London in the first quarter of the eighteenth century. Perhaps he stayed nearer to statistics when he said in 1726 that the beggars of London ate more white bread than the kingdom of Scotland. But extravagance of all kinds there was; and seemingly, if such a thing could be possible, it was constantly beyond the pockets of people. "I must observe to you," said Macky in 1712, "that taverns are innumerable," and gaming was the universal passion. The first number of the *Tatler* said of Will's Coffee House, "This place is very much altered since Mr. Dryden frequented it. Where you used to see songs, epigrams, and satires in the hands of every one you met, you have now only a pack of cards."

THE POST, COACHES, AND CONVEYANCES

Postage in 1635, when the Home Post-office originated, was fixed at 2d. the single letter for any distance under 80 miles, 4d. up to 140, 6d. any longer distance, 8d. any place in Scotland. The mode of conveyance contemplated was horseback. In 1680 came the London penny-post, carrying all letters about London for a penny each from four to eight times a day. In 1658 the system of stage-coaches began. After the Restoration the ordinary fare was about 2½d. a mile in summer and somewhat more in winter. With them there began to be an increased desire to travel and the inland baths became popular. Before that time, even to visit London from a distance was an expense only great proprietors could indulge in often. The usual charge grew to be 1s. for five miles, and the best coaches made as many as fifty miles a day. They met with the bitter opposition and bad logic which is the fate of all novelties. *The Grand Concern of England* in 1673 gravely charged the new coaches with spoiling the breed of horses, making men effeminate, ruining trade at inns by permitting several passengers to club together for a shilling dish of meat instead of having each a dish for himself, ruining the tailors by keeping clothes from wear and tear, and allowing men to travel without pistols and a body-guard.

In town, so great had traffic become that foot-passengers rarely could cross London Bridge, and the river was still constantly used. Pepys paid a sculler 6d. to take him from Whitehall to Lambeth and back again in time of crowd. This was practically what it had been in Elizabeth's day, and in 1712 the price was the same—anywhere above the bridge to Westminster in a boat with two rowers for 6d. and with one for 3d.; and below the bridge to the extremity of the city that way the same, says Macky. "Hackney-coaches you have at the corner of every street," he says, "which will carry you anywhere within a reasonable distance for a shilling, and for two from one end of the city to the other." The 800 coachmen were probably as turbulent and as ruffianly as the 4,000 watermen, for the free and easy intimacy of the London streets was notorious. "We are carried to places of entertainment in chairs or sedans, which are here very cheap," Macky goes on, "a guinea a week or a shilling per hour. And your chairmen serve you for porters to run errands as your gondoliers do in Venice."

AUTHOR'S PRICES

But though successful authors might expect pensions from the Government and even scribblers counted on substantial sums for dedications and for political

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pamphlets, the prices paid by the booksellers were by no means small. Indeed, when one remembers how narrow was the literary world and that the publisher assumed all the risk in buying the copyright, they were surprisingly large. The author's profits were in many cases higher than would be derived nowadays from a royalty. For plays, Farquhar received £30 for *Beaux's Stratagem,* Steele £21 10s. for *The Lying Lover,* Southerne £36 for *The Fatal Marriage* and £120 for *The Spartan Dame,* Smith £50 for *Phædra,* Rowe £75 for *Lady Jane Grey* and £50 for *Jane Shore,* Gay £25 for *Wife of Bath* and £400 for *The Beggar's Opera* and £1,200 for *Polly.* Tillotson's *Sermons* brought £2,500. Young received £2,500 for his *Satires,* and Gay £1,000 for his poems. Hume had £700 a volume for his history, Hawkesworth £6,000 for his *South Sea Expedition.* In novels, Smollett got £2,000 for one, Fielding £700 for *Tom Jones* and £1,000 for *Amelia,* Swift £200 for *Gulliver's Travels.* Mrs. Rundell's *Art of Cookery* brought her in 2,000 guineas.

Pope made a very handsome fortune, and from the beginning had it easy. His small patrimony gave him some independence at the outset and enabled him to refuse a pension when George I came to the throne. Shortly afterward he received nearly £10,000 for his Homer. But it must not on these two accounts be thought that Pope was loftily above the author's arts of his time. He flattered for dedications or manipulated personalities as abjectly as any poorer man. He found it paid him to say that Lord Lansdowne's name on the title-page of *Windsor Forest* was the poem's greatest ornament, and to accept from the Duchess of Marlborough £1,000 merely for suppressing the Atossa lines. This is perhaps the cheapest earned money in all literature, especially since he used them later with slight modifications as a picture of the Duchess of Buckinghamshire, who is not recorded as having come forward with hush-money. *The Country Gentleman's Vade Mecum* in 1717 gives the annual expenses of a nobleman's family of twenty-five to thirty people at £1,200 to £1,500. Pope from his *Homer* alone could have maintained such an establishment for half a dozen years. "But he rejected," says Johnson, "all temptations to expense unsuitable to his fortune"; indeed, some people called him niggardly.

Pope said he could not drink tea without a stratagem, and Swift told him that he paid more for two bites and a sup beyond his wont than most men for a debauch. It is rather curious that the only other literary man of the time who constantly kept his head above water was also unfitted by nerves and stomach for the gross pleasures of the age. Richardson started a printing shop as soon as he had served his time as apprentice. *Pamela* made at once an amazing success, and *Clarissa* and *Sir Charles Grandison* followed with equal enthusiasm and increasing sales. But Richardson calmly pulled down his old house and eight others which he bought with his profits, and erected a larger printing office. This he ran until his death, and used to hide a half-crown among the types so that the earliest riser might find it.

Fielding on the contrary was a very robust fellow, and Macaulay would have done well to bear this fact in mind when he said that even so notable an author had to pawn his best coat to get tripe at an underground cook-shop. Lady Mary Wortley Montagu said Fielding had to choose between the career of a hackney-coachman and a hackney-writer. He began to write for the stage at once, and his second play was successful. With one of his plays which ran only six nights, he made £50; two very hasty adaptations from Molière had great success; one of his plays ran fifty nights. He produced twenty-five before he was thirty, as at this rate he need not have descended to underground tripe. Furthermore, in this period he inherited an estate of £200 a year and married £1,500; and in three years had devoured both. When he gave up plays, it is pleas-

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ant to note that he gave up Grub Street roystering; and although he never learned to save money, he did try to fulfil his obligations as far as his generosity would let him.

The expenses which a wife of £1,500 might legitimately put one to in London at the date of Fielding's marriage (provided of course one kept her in the style of her dowry instead of spending it on one's self) are fortunately at hand. In 1729 appeared a tract called *The Bachelor's Estimate of the Expenses of a Married Life. Being an Answer to a Proposal of Marrying a Lady with £2,000 Fortune.* It called forth two tracts in reply, which are more sprightly than statistical. In them but two items concern us. *The Married Man's Answer* charges the bachelor with neglecting to reckon his dinners at the tavern, which cost him 1s. 3d. a day. *The Woman's Advocate* also challenges tartly his table of expenses. Threepence, she says, will find coffee or tea for any two persons, and what pays for bread and butter at a coffee house will serve a whole family at home. Here is part of the Bachelor's Estimate.

"I now live in chambers, which cost me £12 10s. As soon as married, I must take a house, which I cannot have suitable to me and my business under £50.

"To my bed-maker I pay about 50s. a year; when married I must keep two maid-servants and a man, whose wages and the man's livery must at least come to £20.

"Coach and chair-hire for my wife to make visits, take the air, to see plays, etc., at a reasonable and yearly computation £3 10s.

"It costs me now about 40s. a year in coals. I am sure it must then cost me £10.

"My wife's necessary wearing apparel £30.

"One year with another cannot come short of £5 for the Apothecary.

"Washing my wife's and the family linen £8.

"As to the evening expenses, you know married men go abroad as often at that time as bachelors; and I won't promise to be more uxorious than my neighbours. So that instead of £25 a year at the most it now costs me in dinners, I shall have for all kinds of household expenses, butcher, baker, etc., £210 10s."

* * *

Little Holland's glories as a home of etching do not all lie in the more remote past when Rembrandt, himself the greatest individual genius that ever held a needle, was the head of a whole school that in some ways still remains the most brilliant the world has ever known. Beginning with Jongkind, the Dutch etcher with a French education, she has played an important part in the modern revival, and contributed her quota of notable executants to the art throughout the second half of the nineteenth century. Perhaps no really big etcher of the period has been more popular than Charles Storm van's Gravesande, with his splendid representations of the sea, and of the shipping in Dutch harbours. Then there are other notable Dutch etchers. The famous trio of painters, Israëls, Maris, and Mauve, whose work is known the world over, also handled the needle from time to time and produced plates of the highest interest. While more recently still there has appeared a new etcher named Bauer who, combining the spirit of Rembrandt with that of Flaubert and of the Arabian Nights, has conjured up scenes and visions of the Orient that are too little known here in America at present, though all Europe is enthusiastic over them. The BOOKMAN *will reproduce for the first time two of these fascinating masterpieces, together with a selection of the work of the other artists represented in Mr. Cleveland Palmer's notable article.*

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FIRST NOVELS AND SOME RECENT BOOKS

BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER

THE difference in attitude between the professional reviewer and the general public is perhaps nowhere more apparent than in the case of new authors. The average reader quite naturally has a preference for certain established favourites; he has formed a liking for Hewlett and Galsworthy and Leonard Merrick, or for Meredith Nicholson and E. Phillips Oppenheim, as the case may be; and when he buys the latest volume of any of these authors, he knows pretty nearly what he is getting; it is like buying a familiar brand of laundry soap or breakfast food, and he not unnaturally resents any attempt to beguile him into accepting an unknown make as being "just as good." But to the veteran reviewer, there must always be a certain latent promise in a first book which the maturer work of writers who have "arrived" does not have; there is always the hope, no matter how often deferred, that the next "first book" will mean the discovery of a new genius, or at least a talent of the first order; and this hope, always smouldering, serves the sustaining purpose of the pioneer spirit, and turns what would otherwise often be drudgery into the possibility of a great adventure. To the reviewer, the reading of a certain book does not mean merely an hour or two of pleasure or the reverse; it means also the necessity of saying something more or less intelligent and more or less new, in reference to it. Stop for a moment to consider what it means to have read in order, as they successively came out, a score of volumes by Marion Crawford or Eden Phillpotts, or any other similarly prolific novelist of deserved popularity, and to have endeavoured in each case to place the volume honestly, according to its deserts,—and you will realise that, however much delight the reviewer may personally find in any one of these authors, he regards the necessity of criticising a twenty-first volume with a feeling akin to dismay. He simply has nothing left to say, for he knows in advance all of this author's tricks of style, all of his aims and aspirations, the whole gamut of his possibilities; and there is nothing left to do but to indicate perfunctorily the specific details of the new plot, and the position of the volume in regard to the author's general average of excellence.

But in the case of a new writer it is all unbroken ground. And this fact constitutes in itself the excuse for many a review that has sinned by too fervent commendation. Oftentimes, the critic knows that a certain volume bearing an unknown name has many crudities, many faults of construction, that in point of worldly wisdom and literary style it is not in the same class with another volume, standing side by side with it, that has come from the pen of some veteran novelist with a solid reputation in two continents. And, in spite of this, he finds himself giving indulgent praise to the new writer and only a perfunctory, half-hearted appreciation of the old,—and for the simple reason that the new writer sees life from a new visual angle; his ideas may be crudely conveyed, but they have the inestimable advantage of being fresh and different; his pages are full of the unexpected, and, consequently, they are stimulating. And the reviewer, looking through and beyond this first crude book of promise, is quite apt to put into his estimate of it a certain measure of the brilliant future that he foresees for its author. And this is perfectly natural: because a first book of real merit must always be less interesting for its own sake than because of the vista that it opens up of future achievements. The author, of course, may never be heard from again; or he

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may remain, to all intents and purposes, the author of just one book, vainly striving to repeat his first success and never again rising above mediocrity. Or again,—and this is the far commoner case,—he will soon prove to be a workman of fairly even ability who can be relied upon to produce readable volumes of a predetermined style and subject at fairly regular intervals. And then again, there is the far rarer type of erratic genius, who simply refuses to be labelled or pigeon-holed, and who is no sooner identified by the public with one field of literary activity than he bursts forth, Kipling-like, in an entirely new direction, dividing his readers into two hostile camps, eternally contending as to the relative merits of his earlier and later manner. Prophecies are always rash; and yet the temptation to make them, now and then, is a very natural human weakness; and perhaps one of the keenest joys that a reviewer has is that of looking back over a decade or two and noting the cases where a prediction, based upon the merits of a first book, has been justified by a subsequent solid reputation.

As a matter of fact, the authors of first books who are never heard from again are not nearly so numerous as most people would unthinkingly assume. If you should start to make a list of the new novelists of the past ten years who suddenly leaped into prominence with a first novel and then quietly dropped out of sight, the names that you might get together after an hour or two of thinking would look rather lonely. Of course there are a few cases, illustrated by *David Harum* and *The House with the Green Shutters,* where death intervened to make a further career impossible. And it would be easy to collect an abundance of instances where some English novelist, quite unknown in America, has been introduced to us by just one volume imported on the strength of its London success; and if it fails to meet with the expected response from the American public, the experiment will not be repeated, no matter how prolific its author becomes at home. But these cases are not really exceptions to the general rule that a popular first novel is the corner-stone of a long and successful career.

And this is not at all surprising, if you stop to think of the qualities which the average first novel must possess to a rather marked extent. The low water line of mediocrity in fiction has been considerably raised in the past few years. There is still a great mass of ephemeral stuff put out annually with no higher aim than to kill an idle hour or two agreeably. Yet even in this class of books a certain degree of technique is essential; it presupposes a more or less careful apprenticeship. But the first novel by an unknown writer has to do something more than attain the minimum standard of technique. Lacking the prestige of a well-known name, the possession of an assured clientele, it must be able to call attention to itself unheralded; it must possess that magic and indefinable something which will suddenly spur a jaded reader to a contagious enthusiasm; in short, it must have a distinct vein of originality, an appeal of unusual interest, in character, or setting, or plot, —often in all three. In fact, a high percentage of first novels by authors who have since become highly successful are more strikingly original than a majority of their later volumes,—witness Marion Crawford's *Mr. Isaacs.*

And this brings us to a little fact which helps to explain the occasional meteor-like brilliance of the "first novel" —namely, that the term is in a measure a convention and a misnomer. The first book actually published over a new signature does not necessarily represent a maiden effort. Many a so-called first novel owes whatever qualities it possesses to the toil and disappointment represented by half a dozen bulky and bedraggled manuscripts which have failed to run the gauntlet of the professional reader and publisher, and which their author, if wise, will not try to resurrect on the strength of his long deferred success. And even where a really

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first novel is of unquestioned workmanship and perhaps represents the patient labour of several years, it is not uncommon for the author to elect to give precedence to a later work of more popular character, in order to win a wider public and give his more serious volume a better chance. Thus, Winston Churchill set aside *Richard Carvel,* after three years of diligent toil, in order to make his first public appearance as author of that amusing satire, *The Celebrity;* and Frank Norris elected to hold back *McTeague,* on which he had expended four years, and give right of way to the fresher and more breezy *Moran of the Lady Letty.*

The same thing may hold true for any one of the new recruits in fiction that make their appearance month by month: an unpretentious piece of airy frivolity may be a preliminary bit of verbal fireworks, intended to usher in a more serious performance, or it may represent the sum total of its author's capabilities. A wild melodrama of the Desperate Desmond order may be the first attempt of an author who later finds that his true bent is rural home portraiture of the Old Homestead variety. A first novel does not necessarily prove anything; it is no more conclusive than the first glimpse of a pretty woman,—subsequent developments may prove to be sadly disenchanting. But in the meantime, let us be grateful to the new authors who succeed, even temporarily, in stirring us to a mood of hopeful expectation and interest, for their handicap is not a light one.

"BACHELOR'S BUTTONS"

Take, for instance, such a volume as *Bachelor's Buttons,* by Edward Burke. The author's name means practically nothing to the reviewer, beyond the fact conveyed upon the book's outside cover, that the *Pall Mall Gazette* has hailed him as a "new humourist." We are free to speculate to our heart's content as to the personality of Mr. Edward Burke, his favourite books, his choice in smoking tobacco, his views on politics, and all the other stereotyped questions of the newspaper interview. But all that we actually know is that, by accident or design, he has succeeded in producing at least one book that affords an hour or so of quiet satisfaction and inward laughter. It is simply the ostensibly very candid confession of a bachelor who is unquestionably shy, but not nearly so helpless or lacking in the rudiments of worldly wisdom as he professes to be. A scholar and a recluse by instinct, he delightedly grasps the opportunity given him by the unexpected inheritance of a very substantial fortune, to become a landed proprietor, in a remote little English village, where he can keep out of people's way and "grow things,"—and when friends ironically ask him, "What sort of things?" he can think off-hand of nothing more appropriate by way of answer than "Bachelor's Buttons!" Now, this shy and yet, in his own way, very determined bachelor is afflicted with a sister who has reduced the art of managing other people's affairs to a science, and she promptly undertakes to manage his: she knows precisely the sort of prim, sour, middle-aged housekeeper he ought to have, the way his household should be regulated, and the share she ought to have in regulating it. And she is especially determined that the poor man shall not be hoodwinked into marrying one of the rector's seven designing daughters. The good lady means well; but the servants that she chooses cheat him right and left, and when he discharges the lot of them, they take his new silver service with them bodily. He is so happy at the discovery of his own courage that he cheerfully wires to London for a new service, and betakes himself to an employment bureau to procure a housekeeper after his own heart, one who is young and pretty, with a melodious name. Any attempt to convey, at second hand, the light and elusive humour of the subsequent happenings when this shy bachelor gets his household put in order to his own satisfaction, with a housekeeper who in outward appearance is all his

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fancy painted her and at heart is a jewel of good sense and practicality, would be to defeat the very purpose of this review, which is meant to pass on a contagious interest in a volume that is distinctly out of the common. Even the shrewd, cautious, slow-spoken Scotch gardener, who hates the housekeeper violently and ends by marrying her, constitutes one of those rare and delightful minor characters whose attraction baffles explanation for the simple reason that the author possessed the trick of conveying his personality, — a trick which needs more space than the permissible few hundred words of a review. There are other characters in the volume whom it would be ungracious not to mention: a pathetic, overworked, little drudge of a child with a precocious wisdom learned from sad years of nursing, protecting and burying the foredoomed offspring of her consumptive mother and drunken father. It is easy enough to make grim tragedy out of such material; but to ring a laugh out of it, the sort of laugh that catches in your throat with an unexpected sob, is a different and far rarer achievement,—and that is precisely what Mr. Burke has done, without apparently being aware that he was doing anything out of the ordinary. It is quite likely that some readers will be mildly annoyed by this volume, on the ground that the bachelor of the title rôle represents himself as being a good deal more of an ass than he really is; but this is because they miss the sly twinkle in his eye at his own expense, which those who really appreciate the spirit in which the volume is written will discover it between the lines.

"BOBBIE, GENERAL MANAGER"

Another first novel of the current month is *Bobbie, General Manager,* by Olive Higgins Prouty. Here is a case of a book which, as the reviewer happens to know, to a certain extent built itself out of a series of episodes that were originally conceived in the short-story form. Now, you cannot take a series of highly sensational adventure stories and afterward successfully weld them into a connected whole; but if your material happens to be of the intimate, homespun variety, such as makes the warp and woof of Mrs. Prouty's volume, the several episodes drop quite naturally into their fitting sequence, because they are the stuff of which life, average, simple, home life in America to-day, is woven. Perhaps the best and most direct way of explaining just what is the type of *Bobbie, General Manager,* is to say that it belongs in kind, if not in degree, in the class with Miss Alcott's *Little Women.* It has that same sense of the sacredness of the home circle, of the importance of the little, everyday things of life. It magnifies, precisely as we all of us magnify, small, individual successes and disappointments, trivial attentions and injuries. And throughout the whole book there is a pervading spirit of self-sacrifice that is not spoiled by being abnormally unconscious. From the time that the death of Bobbie's mother shifts to her young shoulders the responsibility of looking after her father and her numerous brothers and sisters, down to the moment when we take leave of her as a happy wife, serene in the consciousness of duties well performed and ambitions deservedly achieved, Bobbie has been no saint with a golden aureole; what constitutes the strength of her appeal is that she is so consistently and so deliciously human, in her faults as well as in her virtues. To attempt to epitomise *Bobbie, General Manager,* would mean either to retell the story at great length or to fail disastrously in conveying the real flavour of this distinctly uncommon book. It is one that the discerning reader ought not to miss; it leaves such a pleasant sense that we have been privileged to be, for a time, in contact with a number of people, not only of extremely good breeding, in the old traditional New England sense, but of quite distinct and enjoyable personalities as well. Olive Higgins Prouty is one of the new writers whom it will be worth while to watch.

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"TACKLING MATRIMONY"

Tackling Matrimony, by George Lee Burton, defines its general scope and shortcomings in its own title. There is a lamentable and growing tendency in the current American vocabulary, to indulge in terse and flippant unions of noun and adjective. In an age when a well-known educator quotes with approval the utterance of a child, "Hurrah for God!" it would be hypercritical to object to having the legalised sexual relations expressed in football terminology. The publishers define this volume as a "delightful story of two people who loved and were not afraid to begin poor." As a matter of fact, it is a story of a young man who is not afraid to marry a girl accustomed to the third or fourth power of anything that he is able or likely to afford for the rest of his life. The initial situation is common enough, thanks to our easy American democracy. Impecunious young men, so long as they have presentable evening clothes and an agreeable manner, can always make their way socially, especially in our smaller towns and cities. There is a really big idea underlying this book, which the author has just missed, in quite an exasperating manner. Many a young couple have started out on their married career with a rather heavy handicap of having to live up to what is socially demanded of them by their families and friends. Undoubtedly it would be far wiser if they could have the courage to say: "No, we are not going to begin foolishly: we mean to be economical and to save." But the young couple in the present volume do not represent the typical case. The young husband who complacently tells his story takes much pride in having married a girl who might have made the most eligible match in town, and he takes her to live in a house which rents for twelve dollars a month, and one of their neighbours is a former servant of the young wife's mother. There is a certain unconscious selfishness on the young husband's part that ends by becoming irritating. It would require a certain degree of blunted sensibilities to enable a man to live through half a dozen years of married life such as is described in this book with the unfair burden, steadily augmenting, thrown upon the shoulders of the woman, without feeling a sense of shame so keen as to debar him from ever making public confession. Mr. Burton is not lacking in ability as a writer; but he needs the salutary discipline of the ordinary experience of life.

"PIPPIN"

Still a fourth newcomer, Evelyn Van Buren, is represented this month by a novel entitled *Pippin.* In so far as we have been informed, the author is an American. Nevertheless, this "story of London streets" might, excepting for its slightly sentimental vein, have been written by some exponent of the Arthur Morrison and Pett Ridge school. The story of *Pippin* is simply that of an American girl who has wavered between her stage-struck aspirations and her half-formed love for a man who is "worth while." She has encountered hard luck in London, where the company she was with expected big results; and, as blind chance wills it, she runs across a little Cockney girl, equally destitute and brave. This Cockney girl, familiarly known as Pippin, because of her red cheeks, is fighting a threefold battle: She is trying to support a consumptive younger brother; she has inherited the fatal taste of her inebriate father, and she has been trained by her associates to be an expert pick-pocket. This volume might have been written by an Englishman excepting for one reason: no one knowing the actual conditions in the phase of life described could have seen any gleam of hope. The book simply could not have ended cheerfully. We enjoyed the reading of it; but we quite earnestly recommend that the author confine her next effort to her own native town, her street, and, preferably, her own back yard.

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"THE INVADERS"

The Invaders, by Frances Newton Symms Allen, is a story built around an idea that has become fairly familiar. The present reviewer remembers a manuscript submitted to him under the title *The Mongrel,* several years before Mr. Zangwill achieved an even greater failure of a really big theme in *The Melting Pot.* Now, *The Invaders* succeeds in doing, quite unpretentiously, precisely what these other authors have flamboyantly attempted to achieve,—and has done it with far closer adherence to actual conditions. The present writer had occasion a few years ago to revisit the scenes where one of his great-great-grandfathers had once lived in central Massachusetts, and found, in the course of a morning's investigation, that the old homestead was now tenanted by a Frenchman, the great-uncle's house by a German, and the reserve space formerly adjacent to the local cemetery had been acquired by a Sicilian. *The Invaders* brought this experience vividly to mind. Its theme is briefly this: in a small New England town consternation reigns because, it appears, that the young men and women who are really worth while are not interested in each other, but have fallen in love with our foreign importations,—from Ireland, from Poland, from nobody knows or cares where: and the moral of the whole book is precisely in accord with the latest doctrine that racial intermixture is destined to bring about the ultimate improvement of the species. *The Invaders* is not a great book; it is like playing with kittens, when the real issue is a question of leopards and tigers. And yet, unconsciously, the author has made a very commendable approach to the real truth.

"THE CHEQUER BOARD"

Another new author, who is no less a person than the daughter of Lord Rosebery, has published a volume of short stories, some of them curiously original in their mystical flavour. A vein of occultism runs through them. A single instance will probably suffice to place definitely a writer with whom the present reviewer has scant patience: take, for example, one of the Indian stories, in which a young Englishman has become imbued with Eastern occultism: and he has carried his newly acquired powers to a point where he can receive into his dwelling and actually lure to him, leopards and tigers fresh from the jungle. And the climax of the story comes when some outside influence breaks the charm, and the young Englishman falls a victim to one of the beasts that he himself has for a long time hypnotised.

"THE HEART OF THE NIGHT WIND"

The Heart of the Night Wind is not, strictly speaking, a first novel, since its author, Miss V. E. Roe, already has one historical novel to her credit. In the present book, however, she has really found her proper sphere. The volume is undoubtedly defective. It has an unfortunate intermixture of the East, with which the author apparently is unfamiliar; and of the West, with which she is unquestionably profoundly intimate. The story, outlined as briefly as possible, is simply this: a human waif, of the female sex, having been befriended by a kindly tribe of Indians, becomes the protegée of a very remarkable and exceptional old woman who is cook, mother, and general-in-chief of a certain lumber camp in Oregon. Picture to yourself a young girl with sensibilities of high tension, who has never known any life outside of a lumber camp; who, within hearing of the thunderous beat of ocean waves, has never seen the open sea. And then try tc imagine what it means to a girl like that to come in contact with a man from the East,—a young man and a physically handsome man, whose only fault is that he has the word "East" written all over him,—and you have the essence of the whole situation. It would be a pleasure to review this particular book at considerable length. The author cer-

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tainly has an exasperating and quite ungoverned style. Furthermore, she is unaware how unreal she becomes when trying to portray characters purporting to come from Riverside Drive. But, on the other hand, her pictures of the giant mountainlands of the West, the wonderful vistas of towering peaks, the miraculous stretches of multi-coloured haze, suggests, in spite of the wide interval of locality, the kindred treatment, by Eden Phillpotts, of far-off vistas, seen through a mingling of sunshine and slanting rain.

NEW BOOKS BY NEW WRITERS

E. C. Bentley's "The Woman in Black"*

Although he just fails of making Philip Trent a personality, Mr. E. C. Bentley, in *The Woman in Black,* has constructed a detective story of unusual originality and ingenuity. An American multi-millionaire, a power in the world's finance, is murdered on his estate on the south coast of England. Half a dozen persons are presented to the reader as possible objects of suspicion—the dead man's young wife, the "Woman in Black," his American secretary, his English secretary, an elderly Englishman with whom he has had a violent quarrel, his butler, and a French maid. Trent, a painter, who on several previous occasions has shown decided talent in solving criminal mysteries, is sent to the scene of the crime by a great London newspaper. There is the inevitable foil in the person of Inspector Murch, of the official police, whose years of experience in the practical service of Scotland Yard avail him but little when pitted against the superior imagination of the brilliant amateur. Trent finds the key to a greater part of the mystery in a pair of worn patent leather shoes that had belonged to the dead American multi-millionaire, and in certain finger prints. But the story of the affair that he writes out but does not send to his newspaper lacks accuracy in one or two important points, the explanation that seems to cover everything when the book has run less than two-thirds its course is not quite complete, and it is not until the final chapter is reached that the reader is in possession of the full account of the events surrounding the death of Sigsbee Manderson. In his use of Americanisms, Mr. Bentley is rather better than most English writers, which is not saying a great deal.

*The Woman in Black. By E. C. Bentley. New York: The Century Company.

Margaret Turnbull's "W. A. G.'s Tale"*

This is a wholesome little tale that youngsters will enjoy, with illustrations which are like Sherlock Holmes's *Dancing Men,* and which every child who ever drew with a crayon has invented for himself. W. A. G., otherwise William Ainsworth Gordon, called them "Zobzees," and peoples the pages of his book with their quaintly leggy shapes crossing bridges and going into houses, and riding in boats, and otherwise disporting themselves in truer accord with the text of the book than most illustrators, and finer skilled ones, manage to compass.

"I have been sick," begins W. A. G. in the great blank book provided for him after the anti-toxin has killed the diphtheritic germs, and he is slowly convalescing from the double attack. He is an orphan and his father's chum is his guardian, but Uncle Burt, being about to depart for the Philippines, hands W. A. G. over to his sister Edith and his sister's chum May, for a summer in Pennsylvania. There is nice local colour plucked

*W. A. G.'s Tale. By Margaret Turnbull. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.

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from the Pennsylvania station, the Pennsylvania porters, the changing of cars at Trenton, all precisely the sort of thing a small boy the size of W. A. G. would be likely to notice. He likes particularly old Mr. Taylor's cats, seven of them, all of them named Teddy—after whom, children?—named universally thus because when he wanted to feed them, "Here, Teddy," brought them all, and when he wanted their room, "Shoo, Teddy," dispersed them!

There is an Indian boy in the story and a nice canal boy who drives his mule with aplomb, and there is an island on which W. A. G. is stranded for hours, and learns more about Robinson Crusoe than the book ever taught him. There is a black and yellow snake to make things exciting for his nice young aunts, and a hay barn that is fired and burned to the ground.

If once in a while, such a book, so naïvely written, might be written without the "love interest" so unchildlikely plastered on it. Boys ten years of age do not observe so sagely the psychology of reluctant sweethearts or the cause and effect of a passing change of colour on a cheek. Otherwise W. A. G. tells his story of his eleventh summer with much effect of sincerity and reality.

Louise K. Mabie's "The Wings of Pride"*

It is Olive Muir who has grown the wings of pride upon her haughty young shoulders, and they flutter with wrath when her mother dares invite a young Western girl to spend the winter with them in their New York home. For the first forty-five pages the young heiress's pride overreaches itself and falls on the other side into the ditch of unconvincing vulgarity, so deeply indeed as to make the flight up from the mire into the cerulean blue of incipient sainthood entirely unconvincing. In other words, the pride is too black and the humility too white.

*The Wings of Pride. By Louise K. Mabie. New York: Harper and Brothers.

It is the humiliating discovery of her real origin that changes her so completely and sends her out to Ohio to take up her duty to others. To tell in detail just the chain of melodramatic incident that leads her to this step would be to forestall the dramatic effect of Chapter XI. But once over this and with only scant reminders of her period of pride, the remainder of the story flows on gracefully and interestingly. From New York the place of action is removed to Lake City, in Ohio, and a political intrigue that involves the young Western lawyer whom Olive has come to love, her inebriate father; and Kavanaugh, a typical Western boss, who is madly infatuated with Olive, is used to work out the spiritual salvation of Olive, and to solve her love dilemmas.

There is one tremendously real bit of psychology in this book, done so casually as to seem an unconscious piece of work—the non-resisting attitude of utter devotion that Mrs. Muir feels toward Olive. It is not weakness as it might be were the tie that bound her to the girl one of blood; it is the determination of a woman who has tampered with human relationships to let Fate work it out. It has happened many times before in life, and it will happen many times again, this precise attitude of resignation before a responsibility that goes beyond blood ties and family bonds.

But a modern Messalina, a white-faced, red-lipped Lucrezia Borgia—to use the good old names that stand for unspeakable cruelty and crimes in women—does not change over night into a Saint Olive. She may not be either, but she cannot be both.

Edith Stotesbury Hutchinson's "A Pair of Little Patent Leather Boots"*

Letters again—the safest way of telling a story!—all these, and many of them, from Bob to Jack! The little

*A Pair of Little Patent Leather Boots. By Edith Stotesbury Hutchinson. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

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patent leather boots belonged to a delightful young woman who was really the young Widow Morton, who is called Miss Jane Morton all through, and who, in the final chapter, to add one more tickle to a glutted palate, poses as a Nameless Young Woman from Maxim's, the same who flashes across one of the early pages, to appear no more until the gathering together firmly of all the threads of plot within plot!

Jack and Bob were to motor together through Europe, but Jack breaks his hip the day before the *Lusitania* sails, and all is off of plans to date. It is just here, at the Coburg Hotel, near Grosvener Square that Bob, who is picking up his shattered plans, sees in the corridor outside his door A Pair of Little Patent Leather Boots, undoubtedly of American make, and decides to fall in love with them. He learns that a Mrs. Morton and a Miss Jane Morton have that booted suite, and of course it never occurs to him that the sixty-year-old woman is Miss Jane, and the twenty-two-year-old girl wears the wedding ring. Until the hand that wears it smooths his faint brow in a motor accident weeks later!

Very well then. He loves The Little Patent Leather Boots passionately, and life is not worth the living if he cannot trace them from hotel corridor to hotel corridor. So his immense motor—a Packard by the way!—follows the Morton motor from London to Paris to Nancy to Augsberg to Munich to Vienna to Buda-Pesth. Bob takes pictures on the way, many of which are faithfully reproduced. There is his chauffeur, Dalton, who contrives to pick up hotel information from the Mortons' chauffeur, together with road plans, the starting hour, etc.! So that life, while not all beer and skittles, nevertheless has hours filled with those delectable synonyms for happiness. Bob keeps finding rings and lockets and purses and pocket kodacs, all marked "J. M." which he fondly kisses all unwitting that they are the property of old Aunt Jane Morton and not of young Mrs. Audrey Morton. But since they stood in otherwise lonely hours for the beer and skittles of human happiness, he cannot complain. Of course one of the pictures in the pocket kodak is of the young lady standing in her own delicious little boots and the arms of a young man—her brother! But Bob knows not this, nor is he like the reader in suspecting it a moment before the inevitable, no longer preventable breaking forth of the truth about Audrey.

These letters of Bob's to Jack also contain a good deal of feminine comment on things in general and European incidents in particular. When will women stop writing letters signed by their hero's names, and passing the finished product off as genuine masculine productions? Particularly letters from man to man!

Nina Wilcox Putnam's "The Impossible Boy"*

To be eighteen; to have just-begun to know wonderful New York; to recognise therefore, with delighted surprise at the extent of one's worldly experience, references in books to Washington Square, and the West Tenth Street eating-place, where "one may not enter without an introduction from an habitué of the place"; to have dined and wined just enough in the cellar at Mouquin's to know that one must, to be truly Bohemian, go always "downstairs"; to have drunk amer picons and played games at the Lafayette at least one night in order to know the detail of it—and then to read Nina Putnam's *The Impossible Boy,*—that should be pure joy! But one must be under twenty, and one must have just-begun to know one's New York!

Otherwise the Bohemianism creaks slightly as it faithfully grinds the hours away; and the local colour is a little too fresh and vivid for eyes older than the eyes of twenty to gaze on without squinting; and the long arm of coinci-

*The Impossible Boy. By Nina Wilcox Putnam. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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dence, from too excessive stretching over twenty chapters and four hundred pages, gains several permanent inches to its length. And those who know their *Mademoiselle de Maupin* too well will be rather bored over the April Fool at the end.

But there is no reason why this book of Youngness for the Young should not be judged solely upon its simple joyous intent, and, so judged, it stands the test. Even the setness of the love speeches; naïvetes like: "That I am not an artist does not prove that I am not a Bohemian and utterly accustomed to freedom of thought and action!" or: "Take warning—before you succeed in singeing your wings at some earth fire such as you have tried to light to-night! Love is a sacred, a wonderful thing, and it comes to us but once!"—all this belongs to Youth and Youngness and the Joy of Life as we set it down in novels. As for the revolutionists' plottings, and the revolutionists, they may interest Youth, but we rather doubt it—that particular portion of Youth described above. The evil, lurking, plotting, hissing Venezuelans, who, like all their villainous tribe, are after "the papers"! might just as well have been left out, if not a little better. The bear is a nice, genial little character, and how firmly it is proved that all things work together for good! The little shopkeeper down near the river front was wildly distressed when his display case was shattered, but if the dancing bear had not broken the glass and got the honey, the extremely wicked and vicious Venezuelans might never have been traced. We do know our romances better than that, but it must have been by another, and perchance a longer way around!

A nice, happy, joyous book for the nice, happy, joyous Young who are just beginning to know their New York! But since the Young are the only ones who ever look at the illustrations of books—or aren't they?—Mr. Keller's conception of the impossible boy almost gives the whole plot away.

Natalie Sumner Lincoln's "The Lost Despatch"*

The first chapter of *The Lost Despatch* covers only seven pages, but it wears seven league boots and enough is set forth to make you turn to page eight. Time: the Civil War period of 1864; Place, Maryland, en route to Washington; Personæ, Secret Service men, spies (off stage) and a United States trooper; Object, The Papers; Action, halting of trooper by Secret Service Agents Lloyd and Symonds, and immediately ensuing head-smashing of their heads by trooper who rides madly away, has his broad cavalry hat jerked from his head by a low-hanging branch, and—Denouément: "My God! It's a woman!" gasped Symonds.

There is more to know, beginning with page eight. The erstwhile trooper's name is Nancy Newton, and she owns a dog Misery, whose name affords opportunity for the personal exploitation of private wit from time to time. Misery wears a collar with a secret drawer so to speak, and here various "papers" are hidden. Nancy also owns red-gold hair, some strands of which of course adhered to that ill-fated cavalry hat, and young Lloyd, talented, of fine social position, but who nevertheless declares bitterly that he has "no desire to associate with society people," is the Secret Service man who picked up that hat and laid those red-gold strands carefully away in his pocket.

Of course Lloyd and Nancy meet, and the latter is instantly recognised by the keen-eyed Secret Service agent who bears her a grudge for the smashing blow upon the temple she dealt him with her brave revolver butt. He knows but cannot prove she is in communication with the Southrons. Stanton's secret code has been stolen; Nancy knows telegraphy and takes the most poignantly important message of the Civil War off the dancing keys by ear. This message

*The Lost Despatch. By Natalie Sumner Lincoln. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

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and the code in Nancy's handwriting are found upon the dead body of her Southern cousin, and Lloyd, at the top of his voice, in his boarding-house, where also lodges Nancy's lover, a Union officer blinded by a recent bad fortune of war, orders Nancy's arrest and then flings himself upon his bed to take well-earned repose. A few hours later Nancy is seized and thrown into prison to await trial for conspiracy—and murder!

For Lloyd is dead before the girl's arrest! And the blind officer was found lying in Lloyd's undisturbed room with a battered head. And how or why Lloyd died when he did is not told the reader until the end. Lincoln circulates through the pages, getting arrested by that blunderer Lloyd, telling stories to his friends, feeling Tad's pulse, and pardoning the deserving.

W. Riley's "Windyridge"*

A pleasant enough tale this, of a young woman photographer who leaves London because she is "nervy," and takes a cottage at ten pounds a year in Windyridge, Yorkshire. There is, fortunately, an old, disused conservatory to one side of the cottage, which gives her a "studio" without cost of reconstruction, and once her sign is up she is ready for customers.

Customers come to her and a certain sort of social life in a group composed of the squire, the vicar, the vicar's wife, and Philip Derwent, otherwise the Cynic. The natives of the village and the surrounding country come to be photographed, and from a lonely city dweller she becomes one of the community, a personality to be counted in, and to be reckoned with. Of course she enjoys it.

Without being cast in the diary form, the chapters nevertheless have the rambling informality of construction that makes the absence of definite plot or even story something that is not missed. The love affairs of the Windyridge boys and girls, the troubles of wives and husbands, and the "love interest" that trails gently through the tale in the affair between the young artist and the Cynic make up the story. There is a good deal of discussion of the modern woman problems, none of it likely to be quoted as furthering or confirming the stand of the progressive wing; and there is a good deal of gentle moralising written down here and there. None of it—the discussion or the moralising, nor even the story such as it is—is of the imperative order. That is, there is no particular need that Windyridge seems likely to satisfy. And yet, like so many books written to-day, it cannot be dismissed as trash, because it is not badly enough written and has, such as it is, a point of view. However, the diary or letter form of constructing a story gives almost too much freedom for just the precise amount of skill in actual writing of English that this book shows, together with the paucity of plot and story and pertinent incident that this book also shows. Written in the third person, and definitely plotted out in novel form, it would have fallen in, roof and cellar together. And the personality back of its present form is too typical of the average mind to make the book stand out among all the teeming "spring lists."

*Windyridge. By W. Riley. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

Frances Nimmo Greene's "The Right of the Strongest"*

Ma'y 'Lizbeth is the educated daughter of an "informer." If we knew the Alabama distillery districts we should know what that meant for Mary Elizabeth when she came back to her native mountains and tried to be friendly with the natives.

The Right of the Strongest is a story of mountain feuds, and of a modern business scheme that involves buying up the squatters' patches of land that belong by right only to the strongest. John Marshall has a vision of the

*The Right of the Strongest. By Frances Nimmo Greene. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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whole valley in which this group of mountain whites live being converted into a reservoir for all-round-the-year usage, for the generation of electric power to run a yet unbuilt city twenty miles away, where two yet unbuilt railroads shall cross to carry away the steel that is yet to be mined and melted and moulded. Of course the valley dwellers resent this invasion of the outer world, and John Marshall, falling in love with Mary Elizabeth, who has dedicated her life to educating these people, finds in her idealism and Puritanism a stubbornness of misunderstanding and harsh judgment that makes the conflict between love and business rather a fierce one. He discovers that her father was not a traitor to his people, and that the "bad man" of the book was the real villain. Finally he gives up the secrets of his fight for modernising this region in order that Mary Elizabeth, by warning her people against him, may convince the natives of her devotion to any cause that is theirs. But he fights on and finally prevails on the last man who holds out to sell his land. From the others whose titles are defective he merely takes it.

The final chapters of the book are taken up with Mary Elizabeth's pleadings for the rights of the valley dwellers to the homes of their fathers in the face of his implacable vision of civilising the community at whatever cost to the few. There is the final stand of the people against Marshall, the battle in which he is desperately wounded, and finally the temporary triumph of the ideal over the material in Mary Elizabeth's order for the freeing of the "hillites" before the sheriff and his posse reach them. John Marshall lies a very sick man as she puts her hand over his mouth and gives this order, to which, perforce, he subscribes.

This is another book which, with the perfectly obvious intent of defending the rapt idealist against the practical materialist, serves more to make the thoughtful reader question seriously if the so-called modern materialist has not the wider vision and the nobler, finer aim. Mary Elizabeth is too hard on Marshall.

Frank Waller Allen's "The Lovers of Skye"*

Spring in the village of Skye, on the Kentucky side of the Ohio! A nice little, sentimental little, dear little book; of all books of its sort just the book to give to people who like its sort! Nothing like it ever happened on land or sea —except in flashes of surpassing moments that come only to go, and in the household of the deceased Marquis of Paç, with its snobbish old mother, its devoted, sacrificial daughter, its idle, blindly selfish son, and the old black quondam slave there is plenty of material over which some modern realist would gloat, and gloating, bring forth a soul-wrenching, blasting, piteous piece of work. The sons of the House of Paç never worked, you see, and the daughters never married except for rank and money. So Jill, because she could not marry and because Hyppolite could not work, taught music to the pupils whom she "consented" to take. Jill is always quite happy over all of this—in the book; and the only really poignant moments are those in which Madame Paç discovers that her son is in love with the daughter of an Irish gardener and is considering marrying her. Madame Paç suggests that her son's grandfather Paç would have proceeded differently in his generation, but Hyppolite, with no particular convictions one way or another, declares that here is one Paç that shall wed for love.

The courtship of Hyppolite and "Eve" begins on a ferry-boat and continues on the waters of the river and in the golden April meadows. Like two young ostriches, they hide their heads in the valleys and on the expanses of the river and call their work of concealment done. But all Skye watches and talks and finally a state of being that the author himself and all his characters with sur-

*The Lovers of Syke. By Frank Waller Allen. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company.

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prising unanimity term nympholepsy seizes the little Kentucky town and shakes it. Old lovers whom pride and poverty and Family in capitals have kept apart for from one to two score years decide to "live their lives," for they are watching the two youngest lovers of Skye floating on the tawny river under blue heaven and beside green and golden meadows. There is a great deal of affirmative matter in *re* family pride and Duty and all the old virtues. Which of course only makes it all the more precisely the book for the sort of people who will like it. Father Kelly, in the last few chapters, is absorbed in marrying and giving in marriage the old beaus and ancient spinsters of his flock. There could have been no other name for this little book than *The Lovers of Skye.*

Ethel Gertrude Hart's "The Dream Girl"*

Another nice, lovery, saccharine-sweet, spring romance for the Young Person! Letters this time, from Max Herrick, Six-Foot-One, invalid pro tem and desperately tired of his nurse, his doctors, his friends, even of Polly, his chum and pal, who has typed for him the stories that do not sell—from Max Herrick to *The Dream Girl,* who is Polly's friend and not much else in the way of a personality, since all the letters from Him to Her and from Her to Him go through Polly's hands—— Do you begin to suspect the mystery? Right you are—Polly and the Dream Girl are the same, and it is all Polly's little trick to find out another side of "Six-Foot-One's" character, as well as to show him the fanciful, fay side of her! If this were not all but told in the first chapter, it would be betrayal to tell it here. But here are the facts, as all but stated in Chapter I.

Max Herrick is a self-confessed hero, and his illness is the result of an attempt to rescue a child from a burning building. We do not know the result to the child, but Max is laid up with a burned foot, a set of nerves, and a rather precipitately ended love affair with a girl who at twenty resembles her mother, and whose mother looks like a hard, worldly, scheming creature! Such as these, except as provocative obstacles, must be eliminated from pure romance; and therefore, out they go in the second or third letter, to appear no more. There is no room for them, for descriptions of brooks and "types" and county and city—and Polly! —fill the letters.

Finally Polly is stricken with typhoid fever, and the letters from the Dream Girl stop because Max does not know her address. But he writes on and on and on, the details of Polly's fight for life. And as he writes he comes to know that he loves Polly, in spite of or because of—who shall ever say!—the Dream Girl. The last two letters are Polly's confession of her crime of deception and his radiant condoning of her crime!

The binding is blue-green and lavender, and there are drawings and decorative end leaves and lettering. There are also, prefacing each "letter," at least two apropos quotations from the Brownings, Byron, Emerson, Shakespeare, and "From Max Herrick." Here is a quotation from Bourdillon, heading Chapter VIII:

> Just the opposite of dreamy
> She laughs at sentimental woe,
> Her eyes are always bright and beamy.

This sounds incomplete.

*The Dream Girl. By Ethel Gertrude Hart. Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company.

More new books by new authors will be discussed in the June issue, in addition to a number of the more important books by authors of established reputation. Despite the fact that this issue of the Bookman *contains one hundred and thirty-six pages of text, we have been obliged to hold over much of the material planned for May to next month's number. Among the special articles thus delayed is the first paper in the "Literary Baedeker" series.*

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FROM THE BOOKMAN MAIL BAG

I

MR. STEWART EDWARD WHITE is not only hurt but crushed by that innocently intended little paragraph at the end of the "Mail Bag" in our January issue. We have his own word for it. So there is nothing to do but to express deep contrition. Also to temper contrition with candour. So in proffering the *amende honorable* we confess that we are actuated with two emotions. In the first place, we wish to do the right thing. In the second place, we acknowledge a lively curiosity. We are anxious to hear that Arabian Nights tale about Agamemnon, the Brown Derby Hat, and the Real Estate Man. Yes, and by the lamp of Aladdin, the beard of Sindbad, the sealed Jar of the Fisherman, and Cave of the Forty Thieves, we promise to believe it.

I notice in the January "Mail Bag" a most genial letter from a business man in Worcester protesting against my letter from some kind of a dago, not because it is not a good letter, but because it was submitted as being a genuine letter, "received in the actual course of business," and goes on to say that he has seen said letter a dozen times, and ten years ago. I quite sympathise with the gentleman; but I want in fairness to myself to say that I did not state the letter was received by myself. It was handed me by an acquaintance, with a voucher for its authenticity. Being innocent—and not in business—I believed him. It was a new story to me, and evidently to the editor of the BOOKMAN, and perhaps to many others also innocent and not in business. But I am saddened as to my friend. I am not surprised that the fish scale story was sprung by Noah to explain Shem; for it is known that all fishermen are liars, and my friend was no exception. But I had begun to have hopes for industrial regeneration.

I shall never dare detail another story reported as true. It is a pity, for I have just heard a fine one about Agamemnon and a brown derby hat. It was told me as true by a real estate man; but I am so crushed that I do not even believe real estate men any more.

Most sincerely,
(Signed) STEWART EDWARD WHITE.

II

Another eminent man of letters with an amiable grievance against the BOOKMAN is Mr. Jack London. As Mr. White's letter comes from Santa Barbara, California, and Mr. London's letter from Glen Ellen, Sonoma County, in the same State, we might ascribe their condition of mind to the invigorating California air. These are the facts in the case of Mr. London. To the February issue of the BOOKMAN Mr. Bailey Millard contributed an article entitled "The Ailing Author." The points in dispute are covered by Mr. London's letter.

In the February number of the BOOKMAN I read that in former years I "suffered greatly from insomnia, and kept a little supply of food at the head of my bed," since I found that eating tended to produce slumber. Of late years I learn that I have been relying upon riding, yachting, and shooting to keep me in good writing trim.

Now, my old friend Bailey Millard has got the thing turned just precisely about. I have never in all my life suffered from insomnia, and in fact have been so good a sleeper all my life that I am compelled to have something to nibble on as I lie in bed reading and working late at night in order not to put myself to sleep but to keep myself awake. Sometimes it seems that this is the chief trouble of my life—my gorgeous capacity for sleeping. I could do ever so much more work if I did not have to sleep so much.

Sincerely yours,
(Signed) JACK LONDON.

III

Dr. Frederic Taber Cooper's article on the current fiction in the January issue appeared under the title "The Mag-

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nitude of Themes in Some Recent Novels." In the course of that paper he discussed James Lane Allen's *The Heroine in Bronze,* Alfred Ollivant's *The Royal Road,* Edith Wharton's *The Reef,* W. J. Henderson's *The Soul of a Tenor,* Dolf Wyllarde's *The Career of Beauty Darling,* Elizabeth Robins's *My Little Sister,* F. Berkeley Smith's *The Street of Two Friends,* and Ida Vere Simonton's *Hell's Playground.* Offhand, we don't recall just what Dr. Cooper said in the course of that article, but whatever it was it brought the following to the "Mail Bag" from 111 Rosebery Road, Muswell Hill, N. London, England.

There is one sentence in Frederic Taber Cooper's article "The Magnitude of Themes" which seems to me poignantly true of modern fiction— ". . . the net impression of the actions of the principal actors is that they all savour of the ignoble."

What possible excuse can the modern novelist have for continually serving us up the sordid fare of the underworld? Every man with the most elementary knowledge of the work-a-day world knows that the seamy side of life exists—but one doesn't hang a badly painted picture on the best wall in the room.

I suppose the novelist would say the object of his story was to preach a moral lesson in a palatable form—stuff and nonsense!

An author wrote a little book
Which started quite a quarrel.
The folk who read it frowned on it
And said it was immoral.
They bade him write a proper screed.
He said that he would try it. He did.
They found no fault with it,
But neither did they buy it!

That's the secret!

Censor a book and you can withdraw, or at least modify, your advertising campaign. Why just recently Provincial Bumbledom in a town in England withdrew *Tom Jones* from the public library and ordered the copies to be burned. Result—a boom in *Tom Jones!*

Mr. Cooper mentions one of last year's books which deals with stage life; he calls it "this rather exceptional book"—it is, for the baldness of its totally unnecessary details; for its utter sensuality; for its insidious suggestion. I suppose THIS writer was solely actuated by the highest moral motives!

Clever! why, I should be ashamed to acknowledge such a book the product of my mind.

I endeavour to keep abreast of the literary times, and my reading is, consequently, of a varied type, and I do not think my greatest enemy could call me narrow and certainly not puritanical. But this constant stream of fiction written round prostitution nauseates the most hardened palate.

Everybody knows that this evil exists, and will as long as the world lasts continue to exist; but that is no reason why writers of undoubted ability should prostitute their talents by making money out of prostitution—for that is exactly what they are doing.

Themes there are aplenty, as is proved by a dozen recent novels which do not even boast an illegitimacy!

Surely, sir, the publisher has no inconsiderable part to play in the purity of our literary life, and it is to be hoped he will do his share to cleanse its somewhat tarnished virtue.

Yours faithfully,
A. STUART CRAIG.

IV

Then, from the Pastor of the First Christian Church of Gainesville, Texas, there comes the following comment on Mr. Cleveland Palmer's paper on "Modern English Etchers" which appeared in the February BOOKMAN.

The BOOKMAN is becoming an essential part of my life. How any person who loves the best in literature and art can do without it is beyond my understanding. I read everything in it.

My interest in etchings was quickened by the illuminating contribution of Mr. Cleveland Palmer, in the February number, on "Some Modern English Etchers." Being an open forum, however, you will doubtless allow an expression of mild disappointment. Mr. Palmer's survey was necessarily incomplete, but how he could marshal modern English etchers and absolutely ignore Hubert Herkomer is a bit surprising. My personal

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acquaintance with Herkomer and familiarity with his life and art may bias me in his favour, but any study of this character should have given considerable space to the etchings of this most versatile artist.

During my early residence in Southampton I came to know Herkomer first through a little etching called "Summer." This nature study is a rare specimen of the effects which come within the sphere of the etcher's art. Herkomer's efforts came within the bounds of the Rembrandt traditions and is seen to best advantage in his perfect little "Charterhouse Study." "Dean Liddell" of Christ Church is a fine example of his portrait etchings. Herkomer, after Whistler and Haden, occupied a rather unique place among the etchers of England. He invented a new white ground, which increased greatly the etchers' facility for execution. He became famous by reason of his skill with the burin and the etching needle.

Through the influence of Professor Max Muller and Dean Liddell, Herkomer was elected to the Slade Professorship of Art at Oxford in 1885. In 1883 he established a School of Art at Bushey, fifteen miles out from London. The school grew and prospered from the first.

Herkomer would not rank in all particulars with Alphonse Legros and Sir Seymour Haden as an etcher, but his independence in methods and perfection along certain lines of achievement in execution have won him a place worthy of rank in any study of modern English etchers.

Respectfully,

ERNEST C. MOBLEY.

V

Here is a letter from the editor of the Book Department of the American Baptist Publication Society, of 1701 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, which calls for careful consideration:

For some time now I have been an interested and profited reader of your magazine, THE BOOKMAN. Its articles have seemed to me well selected and the general conduct of the magazine most excellent. On one occasion, however, some time ago, I felt impelled to suggest that at times at least the magazine needs a little closer editing, and that it would be benefited thereby. I have just been reading the March number, and instances have presented themselves therein which lead me to make the same criticism and furnish to me the material which, as I think, sustains it.

For example, on page 41 at the beginning of the second article, this sentence is to be found: "Few quotations bob up so temptingly as the Psalmist's remark, 'of making many books there is no end.'" The citation is found in the twelfth verse of the twelfth chapter of Ecclesiastes. The author of that book is often called the Preacher, but never, so far as I know, the Psalmist. The reference is evidently misleading.

On page 69 in the eighth line from the bottom may be found these words: "He has just drank the health." A tyro in grammar should know better than to construct a sentence in this way. The perfect tense is formed by prefixing "have" and its variations to the perfect participle. The perfect participle of "drink" is "drunk," and hence the phrase should be "has just drunk the health."

On page 77 in the eleventh line of the first column from the top occur these words: "Why some one else's manuscript had been," etc. The possessive in this case, as a glance will tell, is appended to the adverb when it should be adjoined to the preceding word "one," and hence should read "Why some one's else manuscript," etc. This is a mistake that is frequently made, but should not be made in a magazine of the class to which THE BOOKMAN belongs.

On the same page and the same column in the tenth line from the bottom is found this combination of words: "She could remember of any manuscript." "Remember" is a transitive verb and should not be followed by the preposition. This, likewise, is a mistake frequently made, but should not be found in THE BOOKMAN.

On page 89 in the second column and the third line from the top is found a mistake which, if it should occur in any publication with which I had to do, would seem to me worst of all. The combination of words is this: "Such a man could set down amid the wreckage of his cause." Any grammar-school scholar would be sent to the foot of

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his class if he could not tell the difference between "sit" and "set" and determine which word should be used in this instance.

I think I have made out my case that THE BOOKMAN needs a closer editing and would be benefited thereby. I am quite aware of the fact that ordinarily volunteered advice or criticism is not gratefully received. It may not be in this case. I do not know. But whether it is or not, if it shall help to make THE BOOKMAN a little better than it now is, I shall feel that I have been repaid.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) PHILIP L. JONES.

To begin with, without looking the matter up, we are going to concede the point about the "Psalmist." Our correspondent is probably right. Then, for the moment, we shall pass over the paragraph referring to page 69 in the March BOOKMAN, and take up the two references to page 77. In objecting to the two expressions "some one else's" and whether "she remembered of having heard," our correspondent bases his contention on the ground that *else* is an adverb and *remember* a transitive verb, both of which statements are debatable, if not actually erroneous. If he will take the trouble to consult *Murray's New English Dictionary* under the word "else," he will learn that "from the standard of modern usage, it is hard to say whether the word should be regarded as an adjective, . . . or whether it should be classed as an adverb," and that while its use in the possessive case is comparatively modern, we find as early an instance of it as Pepys' *Diary* for December 7, 1668, "My pleasure was the same as yesterday, and no more, nor anybody else's about us." The simple fact is that *else* is historically an adjective, closely akin to the Latin *alius,* and with the same meaning; and that, while in the course of time it has tended to crystallise into an adverbial form, the more modern tendency is to revert to its original meaning, and in phrases like "some one else's," to treat it as though it still signified *other.*

As to the form *remember of,* it is really not necessary to say more than that *remember* always has had, and still has an intransitive as well as a transitive use. *Murray's Dictionary* states the case concisely: "many intransitive verbs in Old English took the genitive and are found with *of* in Middle and Early Modern English; . . . some, as *accept, admit, allow, approve, conceive, recollect, remember,* still have both constructions," —and it cites as examples, Chaucer, *Parson's Tale,* 1, 83: "At every time that I remember of the day of doom, I quake"; Shakespeare, *Henry VIII,* 1, 2, 190: "I remember of such a time"; Milton, *Apol. Senect. Wks.,* 1851, III, 285: "And yet he can remember of none but Lysimachus Nicanor"; Scott, mem. in Lockhart 1, 1842, 6/1, "I remember of detesting the name of Cumberland"; H. Stephens, *Bk. Farm,* 1, 594, "I remember of another case."

As to the allusions to pages 69 and 89. In a spirit of the utmost good nature we submit that our correspondent is just a little bit disingenuous. In his heart of hearts he knows very well that such childish errors as "set" and "drank" must be due to typographical errors and not to crass ignorance. Not that typographical errors are to be always condoned, but in extenuation it may be pointed out that with the March issue the BOOKMAN assumed an entirely new dress and font of type, and was thus a little unfamiliar to all who had a part in making it. As a matter of fact, the "drank" was not an error at all, for it was actually in that way that Wilkie Collins penned it. Of course our correspondent did not know that, and we were unquestionably in error in not printing a footnote of explanation.

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THE BOOK MART

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the most popular new books in order of demand as sold between the 1st of March and the 1st of April

NEW YORK CITY

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
6. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report

ALBANY, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.
5. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
6. The Case of Jennie Brice. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. Guide to the Montessori Method. Stevens. (Stokes.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

ATLANTA, GA.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
4. The Life Mask. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.30.
5. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
6. The Island of Beautiful Things. Dromgoole. (Page.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
3. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. American Nobility. Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.35.
5. The Crystal Stopper. Leblanc. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
6. The Case of Jennie Brice. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Introduction to a New Philosophy. Bergson. (Putnam.) $1.00.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. Reminiscences of a Diplomatist's Wife. Fraser. (Dodd, Mead.) $3.00.
4. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. The Secret Garden. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.35.
2. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.25.
3. Little Nell. Jackson. (Jacobs.) 75 cents.

BALTIMORE, MD.

FICTION

1. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
5. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. Woman and Labor. Schreiner. (Stokes.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

2. Every Child Should Know Series. (Doubleday, Page.)
3. The Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
4. The Gay Rebellion. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.30.
5. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.
6. Seven Keys to Baldpate. Biggers. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
3. The Mischief Maker. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) $1.25.
5. Concert Pitch. Danby. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
6. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Industrial Day. Redfield. (Century Co.) $1.25.
2. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
3. Personal Traits of Lincoln. Nicolay. (Century Co.) $1.80.
4. The Story of My Boyhood and Youth. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Betty-Bide-at-Home. Dix. (Holt.) $1.25.
2. Nancy Lee. Warde. (Penn.) $1.20.
3. The Junior Trophy. Barbour. (Appleton.) $1.25.

BOSTON, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) $1.25.
5. The Candid Adventurer. Ladd. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.20.
6. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Lectures on the American Civil War. Rhodes. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Life of the Spider. Fabre. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Auction of To-Day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. Enchanted Island and Other Poems. Noyes. (Stokes.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
4. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. One Woman's Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
6. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES.

No report.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. The Flirt. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
3. One Woman's Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
4. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
5. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
6. The Night Riders. Cullum. (Jacobs.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Auction of To-Day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
4. The Story of a Roundhouse. Masefield. (Macmillan.) $1.30.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Mountain Divide. Spearman. (Scribner.) $1.25.
3. The Boy Scouts of Bob's Hill. Burton. (Holt.) $1.25.

CHICAGO, ILL.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. The Maiden Manifest. MacLeod. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
5. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
6. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILE

No report.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. The Case of Jennie Brice. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
5. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. The Maxwell Mystery. Wells. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Lucky Pehr. Strindberg. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.50.
2. How to Grow 100 Bushels of Corn per Acre on Worn Soil. Smith. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.25.
3. Easter. Strindberg. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.50.
4. The Quiet Courage. Appleton. (Stewart & Kidd.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Betty Wales Series. Ward. (Penn.) $1.25.
3. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
4. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. The Mischief Maker. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.
3. Seven Keys to Baldpate. Biggers. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
4. The Harvester. Stratton-Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
5. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (Book Supply.) $1.30.
6. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. To-Morrow. Mackaye. (Duffield.) $1.25.
2. Everywoman. Brown. (Fly.) $1.00.
3. One Hundred Prayer Meeting Talks and Plans. Barton. (Barton.) $2.50.
4. Twenty Years at Hull House. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Tom Swift Series. Appleton. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 40 cents.
3. Rover Boy Series. Winfield. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 60 cents.

DENVER, COLO.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. Atlantis. Hauptmann. (Huebsch.) $1.50.
3. The Penny Philanthropist. Laughlin. (Revell.) $1.00.
4. Witching Hill. Hornung. (Scribner.) $1.25.
5. The Return of Peter Grimm. Belasco. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. The Shadow. Stringer. (Century Co.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION.

1. Thais. Wilstach. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
2. Everywoman. Brown. (Fly.) $1.00.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
4. In the Beaver World. Mills. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Pan. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Golden Goose. Brooke. (Warne.) $2.00.

DES MOINES, IOWA.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. Poor, Dear Margaret Kirby. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.30.
3. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
5. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
6. The Life Mask. Anon. (Stokes.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
4. The Inn of Tranquillity. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.30.

JUVENILES

1. Uncle Peter; Heathen. Stapp. (McKay.) $1.25.
2. The Kewpies and Dottie Darling. O'Neill. (Doran.) $1.25.
3. The Boy Aviators Series. Lawton. (Hurst.) 50 cents.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. Song of Sixpence. Kummer. (Watt.) $1.25.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
5. The Road of Living Men. Comfort. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
6. Martha-By-the-Day. Lippmann. (Holt.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION.

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
2. Psychology and Industrial Efficiency. Münsterberg. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Auction of To-Day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. Guide to Montessori Method. Stevens. (Stokes.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Sue Jane. Daviess. (Century Co.) $1.25.
3. On the Trail of the Sioux. Lange. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.00.

DETROIT, MICH.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Flirt. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
6. The Case of Jennie Brice. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. The Flirt. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
3. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
4. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
6. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
2. The New Industrial Day. Redfield. (Century Co.) $1.25.
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. The Provincial American. Nicholson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Peter and Wendy. Barrie. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Racketty Packety House. Burnett. (Century Co.) 60 cents.

JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
4. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
5. The Melting of Mollie. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
6. Martha-By-the-Day. Lippmann. (Holt.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Pictures of the Panama Canal. Pennell. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
4. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) $1.25.
4. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

5. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. The Mischief Maker. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The Necessary Evil. Kennedy. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. Education of the Will. Payot. (Funk and Wagnalls.) $1.50.
4. Plays. Hauptmann. (Huebsch.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

1. Hollow Tree and Deep Woods. Paine. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Little Women. Alcott. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. One Woman's Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
3. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
4. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
5. This Stage of Fools. Merrick. (Kennerley.) $1.20.
6. The Red Hand of Ulster. Birmingham. (Doran.) $1.20.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. George Frederic Watts. Watts. (Doran.) $10.00.
3. Panama. Edwards. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Story of a Roundhouse. Masefield. (Macmillan.) $1.30.

JUVENILE

No report.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
4. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. The Mischief Maker. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

FICTION

1. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
5. Tante. Sedgwick. (Century Co.) $1.30.
6. A Romance of Billy Goat Hill. Rice. (Century Co.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. One Woman's Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
5. The Case of Jennie Brice. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
6. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
3. Marriage. Wells. (Duffield.) $1.35.
4. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. Seven Keys to Baldpate. Biggers. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
6 The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Nogi. Washburn. (Holt.) $1.00.
2. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
3. Creative Evolution. Bergson. (Holt.) $2.50.
4. Modern Problems. Lodge. (Doran.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. Sinopah, the Indian Boy. Schulz. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.
2. Old Mother West Wind. Burgess. (Little, Brown.) $1.00.
3. The Book of Woodcraft. Seton. (Doubleday Page.) $1.75.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
4. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
5. The Mischief Maker. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. Jean Christophe. Rolland. (Holt.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Christianising the Social Order. Rauschenbusch. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Nogi. Washburn. (Holt.) $1.00.
3. The Inn of Tranquillity. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) $1.25.
4. Along the Road. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Tommy Sweet Tooth. Gates. (Houghton Mifflin.) 50 cents.
2. The Poor Little Rich Girl. Gates. (Duffield.) $1.25.
3. W. A. G.'s Tale. Turnbull. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
4. The Mischief Maker. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. The Silent Battle. Gibbs. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

FICTION

1. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
2. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Irresistible Mrs. Ferrers. Kenealy. (Dillingham.) $1.25.
4. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.30.
5. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
6. One Woman's Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. Atlantis. Hauptmann. (Huebsch.) $1.50.
2. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
3. The Eldest Son. Galsworthy. (Scribner.) 60 cents.
4. The Madras House. Barker. (Kennerley.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Just So Stories. Kipling. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.50.
2. Miss Billy's Decision. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
3. Sky Island. Baum. (Reilly and Britton.) $1.00.

NORFOLK, VA.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
3. Running Sands. Kauffman. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.35.
4. Corporal Cameron. Connor. (Doran.) $1.25.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. Stella Maris. Locke. (Lane.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. England and the English. Collier. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
3. For Each Day a Prayer. Davis. (Dodge.) $2.00.
4. Barrack Room Ballards. Kipling. (Brentano.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Pewee Clinton—Plebe. Stevens. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. The Son of Columbus. Seawell. (Harper.) $1.25.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. One Woman's Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
5. American Nobility. Coulevain. (Dutton.) $1.35.
6. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Auction of To-Day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
4. Americans and Others. Repplier. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.10.

JUVENILES

No report.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

3. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
4. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
5. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
6. The Night Riders. Cullum. (Jacobs.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Along the Road. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.
2. Auction of To-Day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
4. Heroines of Modern Progress. Adams. (Sturgis and Walton.) $1.50.

JUVENILES

1. Little Queen Esther. Rhoades. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.00.
2. Young Minute Men of 1812. Tomlinson. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. The Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. The Mischief Maker. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
4. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
5. The Case of Jennie Brice. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.
6. The Parasite. Martin. (Lippincott.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

FICTION

1. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
2. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
3. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
4. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.
6. The Case of Jennie Brice. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Auction of To-Day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
2. Pictures of the Panama Canal. Pennell. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
3. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Boy Scouts' Manual. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 25 cents.

PORTLAND, ME.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. The Mischief Maker. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
5. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. The Impossible Boy. Putnam. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
2. Along the Road. Benson. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. The Story of My Boyhood and Youth. Muir. (Houghton Mifflin.) $2.00.
4. A New Conscience and an Ancient Evil. Addams. (Macmillan.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

PORTLAND, OREGON

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
2. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. Jack Norton. Hofer. (Badger.) $1.25.
5. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. When Dreams Come True. Brown. (Fitzgerald.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Opera Goers Complete Guide. Melitz. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. The Necessary Evil. Kennedy. (Harper.) $1.00.
3. The Guardians of the Columbia. Williams. (Gill.) $1.50.
4. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Japanese Twins. Perkins. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.00.
2. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Army Boy at Pekin. Kilbourne. (Penn.) $1.20.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. The Mischief Maker. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.

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4. The Impossible Boy. Putnam. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
5. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
6. The Gay Rebellion. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. In Beaver World. Mills. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. Dr. Livingstone. Blackie. (Revell.) 50 cents.
3. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
4. Panama Canal. Barrett. (Pan-American Union.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

RICHMOND, VA.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. The Flirt. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
6. The Dragoman. Stiles. (Harper.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

FICTION

1. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
2. Bunker Bean. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.
3. Poor, Dear Margaret Kirby. Norris. (Macmillan.) $1.30.
4. Miss Minerva and William Green Hill. Calhoun. (Riley and Britton.) 80 cents.
5. The Prodigal Judge. Kester. (Grosset and Dunlop.) 50 cents.
6. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Anatol. Schnitzler. (Kennerley.) $1.00.
2. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
3. Different West. Bostwick. (McClurg.) $1.00.
4. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. The Kewpies and Dotty Darling. O'Neill. (Doran.) $1.25.
2. Sammy and Susie Bushy Tail. Garis. (Fenno.) 50 cents.

ST. LOUIS. MO.

FICTION

1. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
2. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
3. The Place of Honeymoons. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
4. The Hollow of Her Hand. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.30.
5. The Harvester. Porter. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.
6. Cease Firing. Johnston. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.40.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. Love and Marriage. Key. (Putnam.) $1.50.
3. Everywoman. Browne. (Fly.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Mary Ware's Promised Land. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Patty's Butterfly Days. Wells. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
3. Dave Porter on Cave Island. Stratemeyer. (Lothrop, Lee and Shepard.) $1.25.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
6. Martha-by-the-Day. Lippman. (Holt.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
2. The Blindness of Virtue. Hamilton. (Doran.) $1.00.
3. Development of Auction Bridge. Irwin. (Putnam.) $1.25.
4. With the Indians in the Rockies. Schultz. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Boys' Make-at-Home Things. Bailey. (Stokes.) $1.25.
2. Girls' Make-at-Home Things. Bailey. (Stokes.) $1.25.
3. Scout Master of Troop 5. Thurston. (Revell.) $1.00.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
3. One Woman's Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. The Night-Born. London. (Century Co.) $1.25.

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6. Daddy-Long-Legs. Webster. (Century Co.) $1.00.

NON-FICTION

1. Care Free San Francisco. Dunn. (Robertson.) $1.00.
2. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
3. The Star-Treader. Smith. (Robertson.) $1.25.
4. The Spell of the Yukon. Service. (Barse and Hopkin.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

1. Baldy of Nome. Darling. (Robertson.) $1.00.
2. Two Years Before the Mast. Dana. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.

SEATTLE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. Joyful Heatherby. Erskine. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
4. Sally Castleton. Marriott. (Lippincott.) $1.25.
5. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. The Lost World. Doyle. (Doran.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
2. Rhymes of a Rolling Stone. Service. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.00.
3. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.
4. The Story of a Roundhouse. Masefield. (Macmillan.) $1.30.

JUVENILES

1. The Fourth Down. Quirk. (Little, Brown.) $1.20.
2. The Secret of the Clan. Brown. (Macmillan.) $1.25.
3. The Rocket Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.

SPOKANE, WASH.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. One Woman's Life. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.35.
4. The Lost Million. Alden. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. A Cry in the Wilderness. Waller. (Little, Brown.) $1.35.
6. The Net. Beach. (Harper.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. Advertising as a Business Force. Cherington. (Doubleday, Page.) $2.00.
2. A Montessori Mother. Fisher. (Holt.) $1.25.
3. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
4. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

TOLEDO, OHIO

FICTION

1. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
2. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
3. The Stain. Halsey. (Browne.) $1.25.
4. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
5. Within the Law. Dana and Veiller. (Fly.) $1.25.
6. The Flirt. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

No report.

JUVENILES

No report.

TORONTO, CANADA

FICTION

1. Where Are You Going? (My Little Sister). Robins. (Briggs.) $1.25.
2. The Happy Warrior. Hutchinson. (McClelland and Goodchild.) $1.50.
3. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Frowde.) $1.25.
4. The Lady Married (The Lady and Sada San). Little. (Musson.) $1.00.
5. Long Patrol. Cody. (Briggs.) $1.25.
6. Their Yesterdays. Wright. (McLeod and Allen.) $1.50.

NON-FICTION

1. Rhymes of a Rolling Stone. Service. (Briggs.) $1.50.
2. Flint and Feather. Johnston. (Musson.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

No report.

WACO, TEXAS

FICTION

1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
2. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
4. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30.
5. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

NON-FICTION

1. Brann, the Iconoclast. (Herz.) $3.00.

JUVENILES

No report.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Mating of Lydia. Ward. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.35.

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3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.30.
4. Pollyanna. Porter. (Page.) $1.25.
5. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40
6. The Gay Rebellion. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.30.

NON-FICTION

1. The Montessori Method. Montessori. (Stokes.) $1.75.
2. The New Freedom. Wilson. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.00.
3. Auction of To-Day. Work. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. A Montessori Mother. Fisher. (Holt.) $1.25.

JUVENILES

1. Peter Rabbit Series. Potter. (Warne.) 50 cents.
2. Bird Children. Gordon. (Volland.) $1.00
3. Little Colonel Series. Johnston. (Page.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

FICTION

1. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35.
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40.
3. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35.
4. Bobbie, General Manager. Prouty. (Stokes.) $1.25.
5. The Mischief Maker. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.25.
6. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35.

NON-FICTION

1. The Promised Land. Antin. (Houghton Mifflin.) $1.75.
2. Your United States. Bennett. (Harper.) $2.00.
3. Three Plays. Brieux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
4. South America. Bryce. (Macmillan.) $2.50.

JUVENILES

1. Boy Scouts' Manual. Seton. (Doubleday, Page.) 50 cents.
2. Boy Scouts' Series. Payson. (Hurst.) 50 cents.
3. Tom Swift Series. Appleton. (Grosset and Dunlap.) 40 cents.

From the above list the six best-selling books (fiction) are selected according to the following system:

		POINTS
A book standing	1st on any list receives	10
" " "	2d " " " "	8
" " "	3d " " " "	7
" " "	4th " " " "	6
" " "	5th " " " "	5
" " "	6th " " " "	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS.

According to the foregoing lists, the six books (fiction) which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Heart of the Hills. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.35	349
2. The Amateur Gentleman. Farnol. (Little, Brown.) $1.40	250
3. The Judgment House. Parker. (Harper.) $1.35	248
4. My Little Sister. Robins. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25	125
5. Andrew the Glad. Daviess. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.30	106
6. The Valiants of Virginia. Rives. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.35	102

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